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From the
Fine Arts Library
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Harvard University



ANGELICA KAUFFMAN,
In the dress of her own Canton. *Painted by herself.*

Frontispiece.

[Vide *page* 150.]

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN

A BIOGRAPHY

BY

FRANCES A. GERARD



LONDON

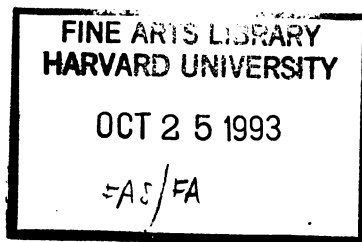
WARD AND DOWNEY

12 YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN W.C.

1892

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PREFACE.

ANY one who can look back some thirty years will remember how much interest was excited by the appearance of a story in *Cornhill Magazine*, called "Miss Angel," which, written as it was by a young authoress, taught the English public something of the successes and the misfortunes of a pretty German artist, to whom our great Sir Joshua Reynolds went on his knees at Ranelagh—and whose name was Angelica Kauffmann.

Charming as it is, however, Miss Thackeray's story was a novel. It began, as all novels should do, with the heroine at the age of eighteen, and ended in the legitimate manner with the heroine's marriage. A biography goes somewhat deeper; it is, or

ought to be, the true record of a life, and it has to take up the two ends of the long thread—the beginning: when “all the world is young, the trees are green, and the birds sing for ever;” and the reverse side, when the world grows very, very old, the trees very brown—and the birds sing no more for *us*. It comes to this with all lives, only there is a difference. Some have a great flood of sunshine, others a dull monotony more terrible and harder to bear than worse misfortunes.

Angelica had plenty of sunshine. She said in her old age she had one consolation: she *had* lived in the past! “a tinted life,” some one called hers, so varied by joy and sorrow, success and failure, a life full of interest. She comes before us through a mist of tender memories. A sweet artistic woman, made doubly interesting by her sad story of betrayal, by her beauty and her grace, and by a sympathetic attraction which won all hearts in her lifetime, and sheds a certain tenderness over her when dead—and yet with all her charm, her undoubted gifts, Angelica

has not quite kept her place as an artist. It may be that she was too much extolled by a former generation, and by the present is unfairly judged, in fact almost forgotten. In England especially, where she spent the flower of her youth, and where she was the pet of the aristocracy, and the cynosure of English painters, we look in vain for traces of her life ; those who may wish to know more concerning her than what is contained in Miss Thackeray's story, must seek for it from foreign sources ; the English notices would not fill a small magazine article. Half a page in Sir Joshua Reynolds's life by Taylor, three or four allusions in Smith's "Life of Nollekens," a stray mention here and there, is all of information concerning a woman who was at one time in the first rank of artists. Even Horace Walpole, who expends all the encomiums of the English language in praise of Lady Diana Beauclerck's Gypsies and Mrs. Damer's busts, has hardly one word to say of Angelica, although she was an R.A. and he was an art critic. But if there is a paucity of information concerning the artist

on this side of the channel, the libraries abroad teem with notices, memoirs and ana. The Germans have written copiously on their gifted countrywoman, not altogether in her praise. Steinberg, whose pen is always dipped in the bitterest ink of criticism, has little to say for her, her principal ground of offence, in his eyes, being her adoption of England, which country he holds in contempt. Oppermann, Weissely, Wurzbach, Gering, Nagler, Steinberg, Bernsdorff, Sturz, Guhl, have exhaustive notices and memories of the artist. The French, too, are not behindhand either in fiction or biography. Leon de Wailly's novel is well known abroad. The *Biographie Nouvelle*, *Biographie Contemporaine*, *Biographie Universelle*, the *Manuel des Curieux et des Beaux Arts*, Leblanc, Berault, etc., have notices of her life. In Italian there is Rossi's life, which has been translated into German by Weinhart, who in his preface says, "he can vouch for the truth of all contained in this volume, as he was not only a near relative, being the artist's first cousin and brother to Johann Kauffmann, who

resided in her house and managed her affairs for twenty-two years, but also as all her papers and those of her father, Joseph Kauffmann, came into his hands."

It is from these different sources that the present biography has been compiled, and it is hoped that the fact of its being the *first life* of the artist written in English, together with the great interest of the subject, may incline the reader to overlook the shortcomings which must manifestly find place in a work of the kind undertaken by an inexperienced writer.

There is a want in both Rossi's biography and Weinhart's translation, which, to a certain extent, has been supplied in this.¹ They are both destitute of correspondence. Without letters the story of a life cannot be told satisfactorily, they make, in fact, the backbone of biography. As Angelica corresponded with some of the most interesting persons of

¹ It is interesting to know that the late Prince Consort made a collection of letters and MSS. concerning Angelica. Some of these were kindly lent to the writer. They will be found on pages 279, 280, 282, 283.

her time, her letters would be of great value. Unfortunately before her death she burned a great portion of them.

For assistance in procuring letters and information most grateful thanks are offered, especially to Professor Gebhardt, Director of the King's Library, Berlin ; Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie ; William Rosetti, Esq. ; C. S. Hopwood, Esq., Foreign Office ; Messrs. Sotheby ; Messrs. Deprez and Entkunst ; Alfred Morrison, Esq. ; Berton Benjamin, Esq. ; Mr. Algernon Graves ; Mr. Harvey ; Arthur Sketchley, and Walter Armstrong, South Kensington ; Mr. Colwyn ; and the officials of the British Museum.

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INTRODUCTION.

BEFORE entering on the biography, it might be useful to take a glance at the condition in which art found itself in the first portion of the eighteenth century. It has a very distinct bearing upon the life itself, and although to many it will be an oft-told tale, to others, not so well instructed in the history of the past century, it may come in the light of a new and interesting revelation.

Oppermann, who has written a volume upon the decay of art, says that in Germany, Italy, the Netherlands and France, although there was a multitude of schools, a plethora of artists, there was no master. "There was no inspiration to be found in Nature or in Love—there was no strength with which to represent a delicious world of imagination, passion, or heroism—in one word, genius, without which the hand of the painter is

paralyzed—genius, the wonderful creative gift—was *dead*.”

Meanwhile, students of all kinds filled the schools, and pictures without end flooded the market, but with very few exceptions the names of the artists have fallen into a well-deserved oblivion. They were, for the greater part, copyists of the most servile description, but they were not so much to blame for this pernicious and fatal habit—fatal alike in literature as in art. It was not, indeed, so much the fault of either the school or the student that copying became such an integral portion of art in the last century; it was attributable in a great measure to the taste which had grown up for overlaying a picture with details conceived in the highest style of finish.

The Netherlands was the head centre of this species of “genre” painting in which genius was replaced by a perfection of execution not to be surpassed. One must study the works produced in this period to be able to judge of the utter misery and poverty of mind into which men had sunk.

In the schools each student followed the style of such and such a master ; they copied the colouring, the arrangement of light and shade ; their ambitions went no further than to produce a faithful copy, and so far they succeeded perfectly.

Raphaels, Correggios, Rembrandts, said to be originals, filled the shops, and the work was so excellent, the imitation so perfect, as often to mislead the best critics, and it is in this way, Oppermann says, that can be explained the number of replicas of the same picture, each of which is supposed to be by an "Old Master," but none of which was ever touched by his brush.

It is easy to understand how such a process of imitation, however faithfully executed, extinguished every germ, if such existed, of natural genius, and so cramped and fettered the imagination of the student, that he soon became a characterless, insipid copyist, who had no right to the name of artist, and, in fact, approached the level of a clever photographer of our own day.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his lecture to the

students, condemns most emphatically this pernicious habit. "I consider," he says, "copying a delusive kind of industry, the student satisfies himself with the appearance of doing something, he falls into the dangerous habit of imitating without selecting, and labouring without a determinate object. He sleeps over his work, those powers of invention and disposition, which ought particularly to be called out and put into action, lie torpid and lose their energy for want of exercise. The man of true genius, instead of spending hours as many artists do, while they are in Rome, in measuring statues and copying pictures, soon begins to *think* for himself and endeavours to do *something like* what he sees."

It cannot be denied, however, that the luxurious and effeminate tastes of the eighteenth century had its share in this lowering of the true standard of art; a love had grown up for decoration, conceived, it must be owned, in an artistic spirit, but still not belonging to the region of art. One could hardly imagine a Titian or Paul Veronese expending his genius on adorning a king's palace with painted

ceilings and elegant panellings. Still this new method of "*prostituting a divine mistress*" soon found followers.

Fra Presto and Charles Lebrun led the way; their handiwork, exquisite in design and colouring, is to be found at Versailles and elsewhere. Such groups of charming nymphs—such fairy shepherdesses—such colins and collinettes—they are delicious to look at. Even the spinnets were made vehicles for highly decorated designs. Some of these can be seen at the Kensington Museum. So too with the bureaux with their delightful little medallions painted sometimes on enamel, and the Watteau fans which are rare and exquisite.

The fashion spread quickly, demand invariably creating supply, and soon all over Europe and in every capital there were swarms of Italian, Dutch, and French artists eager to get taken on for this sort of work. Princelings, dukes, noblemen and rich men of all classes, considered it necessary to decorate their palaces and country seats, and every man of rank and influence was a patron

a

of some needy artist, who formed part of the household and ranked with the poor cousin and the chaplain. This would be naturally deteriorating to the noble art, and the result soon began to show itself, in the decay of which Oppermann, Steinberg, and all who have written upon or have studied the subject speak.

Oppermann tells us that perhaps the country which suffered least was France. He says: "In Germany the perseverance of the Teuton race made their schools famous for the perfection to which they brought the technique of their handiwork; the German artist was a pedant, and precisely because he knew actually nothing of the eternal laws of art, he was perpetually talking of rules and taste." But he goes on: "With the French it was somewhat different; the French literature, the French mind, which in the eighteenth century governed educated Europe, was not by any means conducive to art; the enlightenment of the encyclopædists, with Voltaire to help them, possessed too much negativism and too little positivism to

exercise upon the arts any useful influence ; in fact, to understand this, one has only to cast an eye over the romances and the poetry of the day, for the most part written by the Galants Abbès."

Nevertheless he goes on to say : " If the encyclopædists had no good influence over the schools of painting, they brought, nevertheless, to bear a certain influence in the direction and formation of taste in the higher classes.

" In spite of their effeminacy and love of pleasure the French aristocracy possessed a truer sense of art, more elegance of taste, and more freedom of thought than prevailed elsewhere, and this freedom showed itself in every walk."

The landscape-gardener used his own discretion in varying the stiff style of planting which had been introduced from Holland, and which had grown into fashion in France as elsewhere, but although at Versailles and St. Cloud the straight walks and yew trees of Hampton Court are to be seen, the artistic vistas cut through the shrubberies, the grottoes and shady laurel walks "for

whispering lovers made," all these bear testimony to a more refined taste, and a certain emancipation from slavish imitation in our French neighbours. So too with their schools for painting. It is agreed by all writers on the subject that at this period they showed some faint traces of inspiration, and were less trammelled than were the others by the curse of imitation ; they offered, too, some evidences of feeling in their compositions, and for that reason the French school stands out, as it were, in this dark and melancholy period, which may be with justice called the decadence of art. It was at this epoch, and Oppermann especially mentions the fact, that the pernicious influence exercised by the *amateur* or *dilettante*, who for the first time came prominently to the front, began to make itself felt, and led to the worst results.

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century some symptoms began to arise which gave better hopes for the future, without in any way reviving the old and ancient glories of art. These symptoms were identical with the appearance of a new art history. This

book, the work of an unknown German student, Winckelmann, appeared in 1755. It was called the "Imitation of the Antique," and was principally directed against the pernicious taste of the day, and in particular against the prevailing idolatry for Bernini, whose outrages against nature and the universal laws of beauty were shown up pitilessly.

Winckelmann's inspiration, his knowledge of Greek antiquity, his artistic feeling, breathed through the book. He wrote in words of fire, and his words did not fall upon barren soil. He rose up like a prophet of old, and denounced the vile system of copying; he annihilated the trivial pedantic mannerism which prevailed, and created an entirely new school, which, if not free from faults and from grave imperfections, nevertheless contained the seeds of all that is noble, fresh, inspired, and which, like all true inspiration, had its root in the sincerity of the man who caused this sudden reaction.

For all this, and without in any way detracting from the debt of gratitude art owes

to its benefactor, Winckelmann, it would be idle to maintain that the artists contemporary with Winckelmann ever attained the standard of true art. The efforts, however, made by some amongst them were in the highest degree commendable, and go far to prove that every return to the laws of nature or to the true models of antiquity must have excellent effects, even if art itself is not at its highest point of development.

From the desolation and general decay which prevailed in the early part of the eighteenth century, it is not easy to give any but meagre details. Oppermann, however, says, and he is supported by Steinberg and Goethe, that the French (so-called) *galanterie* painters, Boucher, Watteau, Greuze, form a group, to which imitators of less merit belong. Amongst the German school he sets apart another group, Christian Dietrich—Rafaell Mengs and Angelica Kauffmann, of whom he says: "There have been few artists who remained as she did so persistently true to her own nature. She was always tender, womanly, sympathetic, and, although occasion-

ally she erred on the side of exaggerated sentiment, she never offended against good taste. She leaves us a pleasant recollection of a sweet woman, who has in a certain degree influenced the development of art. Her memory will be always cherished, not only in her own country, but wherever art is revered."

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

CHAPTER I.

1741—1765.

CHILDHOOD.

KAUFFMANN is by no means an uncommon name, in fact, it bears in Germany a family likeness to our Smith, Jones, or Robinson. The all-sanctifying "Von" has never graced the plebeian patronymic.

John Joseph, the father of Angelica, was a Tyrolese, the family belonging to the Bregenz, and living for centuries in Schwartzenberg. They were simple, kindly folk, and not a little proud when John Joseph declared he would be a painter. A painter he was, accordingly, but in no wise an artist; his

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talent never rising beyond church decoration and a little portrait painting. The church work took the lead, especially as, being a devout Catholic, he found patrons amongst the bishops and heads of monasteries, and so made a comfortable living.

He was engaged in such work when we first hear of him, at Chur or Coire—capital of the Grisons—whither he had come from his native mountains in the Bregenz ; here also, he married one Cleophas Luz or Lucin, still more commending himself to his patrons by bringing his heretic wife into the fold of Catholicity.

The first and only fruit of this marriage was Marie Anne Angelica Catherine, who was born on the 30th of October, 1741. Gering says, “An angel gave Angelica her name, and under a strange sky she received the soul of her native country.”

This rather poetic flight to one side, it was certain that the child had peculiar graces and attractions, which were visible to others besides her adoring parents. She was a mere baby when, the work at Coire being

finished, John Joseph moved his little family to Monbegna, the capital of the Balkin, where he had fresh engagements, and here the education of the future artist began.

It was early days to distinguish talent, but it is evident that from the very beginning the father had resolved that his little daughter should be a prodigy. It was fortunate that he did not (as so many parents have done) altogether spoil the rich harvest lying ahead by an injudicious system of forcing. That he did, however, injure the early seed committed to his care is certain.

Rossi tells us, that when the painter began to teach the child how to write, he remarked that when he gave her her first copy-book, in place of copying the text she imitated the ornamentations and hieroglyphics, and that her drawing was in infinitely better taste than the original. Also that her greatest delight was to be allowed to stay in her father's work-room, where her attention was attracted by the plaster models. As she grew older she spent her play-time in copying little heads and figures, either with a pen or pencil,

and always with astonishing precision and neatness.

Kauffmann gladly encouraged the child's fancy, and watched with intense anxiety for the moment when she would be old enough to begin to learn in real earnest ; but by way of losing no time, she was shown every day some rare prints, of which John Joseph had a large collection, and these he explained to her with much care. He was convinced that this method of teaching, although slightly over her head, would by degrees form her taste and educate her eye.

Under such a training the little Angelica became wonderfully precocious. At the age when most girls play with their dolls, she had begun a course of study, her father being a very strict master.

She might have had worse, for setting aside his eagerness in pushing on his pupil, he was conscientious enough in the principles he laid down. It happened in this case, as it has happened often before, that an indifferent or mediocre artist has produced a pupil of astonishing merit.

She had to study from the plaster models. She had to copy heads without end, her father not being content that she should only sketch them, but forcing her to re-copy them in oil, so as to learn the proper treatment of light and shade ; and it was to her early practice in this manner that she owed her lightness of touch and the great power of relief, in which she afterwards excelled.

At this time the child artist was barely nine years of age, and already her talent was beginning to be noticed. Friends and acquaintances blamed both father and mother for working a child of such tender years so hard. They accused them of undue severity, but this is an unfair accusation. The little girl was the idol of both parents, and to John Joseph especially she was the very apple of his eye. In her were centred all his hopes and ambitions. The high place on the ladder of fame to which he had never dared to raise his humble eyes, was, he imagined, reserved for his fair-haired daughter.

Anyone who had seen her in her father's studio, would have been convinced that no

undue pressure was put upon her infant strength; she herself ran eagerly to the corner where her palette and brushes were kept, and established herself at her work with the most infinite content; the praise which she received was the sweetest reward that could be given to her.

Nevertheless, with all due reverence to the authority from which I quote, it must be confessed, that when a couple of years later we read of Angelica, aged eleven years, practising *as a portrait-painter*, to whom no less a personage than the dignified Bishop of Como, Nevroni Cappucino, sat, we are inclined to think that John Joseph's critics were in the right; it was at all events to be deplored that the little girl was pushed forward as an infant prodigy.

The portrait-painting began at Como, whither the Kauffmanns had removed in 1752, and the Bishop, we are told, was a most dignified prelate, stately in figure, with fine eyes, long grey beard, and brilliant colouring. It must have gone hard with the little maiden of eleven to transfer all this to her canvas.

We are assured, however, that she was not in the least affrighted, but set to work with a will. When one comes to think of it, it must have been a pretty sight, and one which would make a pleasing subject for a picture—the child painter sitting opposite her venerable model. The portrait, which was in pastel, gave universal satisfaction, and the Bishop expressed himself much pleased with the likeness.

The Kauffmanns remained two years in Como. Rossi says that the soft southern breezes of the lake, the richness of the gardens and villas on its shores, the romantic charm of its laurel hedges, in which marble statues spoke silently of past ages—all this had a distinct influence on the impressionable mind of a precocious and highly-sensitive child, such as Angelica was, and laid the groundwork of what afterwards developed into a tendency somewhat unhealthy and morbid.

In Como, too, the young artist was an object of great interest, her youth and beauty, together with her wonderful proficiency,

exciting much sympathy. In later years she always recurred to this period as the happiest of her life. The time had now come, however, when it would be necessary for her to enter upon a wider field of instruction than it would be possible for her father, unassisted, to supply. The works of the great masters were as yet only known to her by hearsay, or through the medium, in some instances, of copies or engravings.

Kauffmann (who, it must be owned, lost no opportunity of cultivating to the utmost his child's gift) resolved, therefore, to move onwards, and the family left Como for Milan, where the opportunities for instruction would be greater.

It was like the opening of a new world to the girl when she saw this beautiful city, about the most beautiful in Europe, full as it is with lovely churches, fairy-like palaces, magnificent theatres.

Here, too, Leonardi da Vinci had once held a school of art, and the sight of the splendid works of this great master was not without its influence upon the young artist's

future career. She studied the softness of expression and the stately repose of feature, which is the leading characteristic of the great Lombardian painter, and traces of which are very evident in all Angelica's works.

Her residence in Milan had, however, other and more direct influence upon her life. In these days female students were rare. The life of an artist was not one to be chosen willingly by women, as the drudgery was considered unfit for their strength, and the Life schools equally unfit for their sex. When, therefore, the Governor of Milan, Rinaldo Este, Duke of Modena, heard that a young girl was copying in his gallery, he wished to see her, and both he and his duchess were at once impressed by her talent, and charmed by her beauty and simplicity. All through her life Angelica seems to have possessed this strange power of attraction, which in her case was almost irresistible, and yet, perhaps it proved more a dangerous gift than one that secured her any tangible or lasting advantage.

The Duchess of Modena took a fancy to

the young girl, and, to the delight of John Joseph, honoured her by sitting to her for her portrait, and her example was immediately followed by the obsequious courtiers. On all sides orders came in and favours were showered on the Duchess's favourite ; Cardinal Pozzobonelli, the Bishop of Milan, and Count Firmini took especial interest in her career, and through their means she had access to some of the best private collections in Milan.

The two years which the Kaufmann family spent in Milan were of the greatest use in developing the young artist, and it was no doubt due to her constant intercourse with the nobility of the Milanese Court, that she acquired that ease of manner and great confidence, for which she was, later on, remarkable, and which never deserted her, even in presence of the most exalted personages. Her pleasant life in Milan, amidst her courtly friends, was, however, to come to an end.

Her mother, Cleophas Luz, died in March 1757, just as her young daughter had

reached her sixteenth year, a dangerous age for a girl of her temperament to be left to the sole charge of a rather silly father, whose judgment was blinded by his affection and paternal pride, to the great detriment of the future artist.

Both father and daughter were overcome with grief for the loss of poor Cleophas, and Milan with its associations becoming insupportable to them, John Joseph determined to visit his old home in the Bregenz, where he had not been since the Bishop, his first patron, had called him thence to Chur.

He had hosts of relations there, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, to whom he wished to present his golden-haired Angelica. And besides, he had the offer of a commission to decorate the parish church of Schwarzenberg—his native village. The journey was therefore determined on, to the great joy of Angelica, to whom her once-loved Milan had become a desert ; she also, with the versatility of youth, looked forward with rapture to seeing a new country—her father's birth-place.

To give my readers, who may not have

visited this delightful spot, an idea of its beauty, I cannot do better than quote from Oppermann's "Walk through the Bregenzer Walder (or Valley of the Bregenzer Ach)," a charming little book to read in the original. "I made a very early start," he says; "five o'clock saw me on my way. In the parish church of Alberschwende the bells were ringing for morning service, and pious women were hurrying to begin the day by prayer. I ascended the 'Lorena,' which is a mountain-comb, from which the road winds into the valley below. The fresh dew of the early morning lay on the hill-side and the vale beyond, hiding the landscape. Suddenly the mist lifted, and before me I saw the hill and dale clothed in all the glory of the morning sun. It was a sight to remember; the eye did not know where to turn first to take in all the beauty of the scene. To the east, the little village I had left behind me—Alberschwende—with its scattered farm-houses, the towers and buildings of the convent of Bildstein, and farther on the Suabian country, encompassed by undu-

lating hills, which seem to reach almost to the horizon, and mix themselves with the blue of heaven itself.

“A new and altogether strange world opened before me as I turned to the other side. Rich with meadow-land, and a luxuriant growth of shrub and tree, is the slope of the mountain which sinks gradually as it descends into the lovely valley. The Ach, which has been winding circuitously in and out of the hill-side with all the coquetry of a mountain stream, now bursts into momentary importance as it reaches the valley, and covered bridges span its increased width at Schwartzenberg and Egg.

“Just at the foot of the mountain, and in the centre of the greenest meadow-land, surrounded by rich fruit gardens, embosomed in woods and hills, lies the picturesque village of Schwartzenberg ; almost joining it are Egg and Andelbach, with their cosy farm-houses nestling in the trees ; and farther on, built up the hill-side in terrace fashion, Huttesau.”

The German writer goes on to describe the village of Schwartzenberg as he saw it.

“The inhabitants were all busy with their harvesting, and all was quiet in the hamlet. The doors stood open, and one could see the sunny grass-plots behind the houses. Under the apple-trees laden with fruit sat some children playing with flower-chains. A dog lay yawning in the heat upon the doorstep. The pigeons cooed on the roofs, and in the distance the murmuring of the Ach made a musical sound. It was a true summer's day; and, to pass an idle hour before dinner, I walked across the grass-grown village square, in the centre of which stood an old well full of fresh water, and made my way to the churchyard, in the middle of which stands the church—an enchanting spot. The door stood invitingly open, a delicious coolness breathed upon me as I went in. The altars were richly dressed, the standards were fixed in each circle of seats, the frescoes on the walls are the work of Angelica Kauffmann—gigantic Apostles copied from Piazzetta's engravings.”

This charming description of village and

church brings us, so to speak, in touch with Angelica. More than a hundred years have gone by since the girl artist worked in the parish church. Her memory still lives in the little hamlet ; they talk of her and what she did and said, as if the hundred years were only a few weeks. Any visitor coming to Schwartzenberg cannot be an hour in the village without hearing these traditions, and being shown the marble bust, placed in the church to her honour, together with her early attempts at drawing, which are in possession of one fortunate individual.¹ This fidelity of the simple Tyrolese is the more touching as constancy towards departed genius is somewhat rare.

In after years, Angelica would often recur to this time spent in her native village, and would tell the circle of friends who congregated round her anecdotes of the simplicity of her life—how she would have to rise at break of day and go through deep snow to the parish church to hear mass ; also, how on one occasion, when staying with her uncle,

¹ Herr Walch, schoolmaster of Schwartzenberg.

Michael, a goatherd in his service, coming to bid her welcome, sat down at the same table with her, a proceeding which she was wont to contrast with her present position.

"Who would imagine," she used to say, "that I, who have been in company with some of the most exalted personages, once dined with a goatherd?" This remark would seem to us to savour of pride, although all her German biographers tell it as if it were a proof of her humility. They contrast her simplicity with the pride of others, who, "like the haughty beetle in the fable ignore their old companion, the worm." Angelica, however, would hardly have relished this somewhat doubtful compliment.

After a time both father and daughter began to weary of the solitude of Schwartzenberg, and to pine, especially Angelica, for the society and the pleasures which she had enjoyed in Milan. This feeling, most natural to one of her age, and to one so fitted to shine in even the most refined circles as she was, induced her father, who was proud of his darling and eager to gratify her

wishes, to accept the invitation of Cardinal Roth—to whom their friend, Cardinal Pozzobonelli, had given them an introduction and special recommendations.

The visit was most satisfactory, the Cardinal receiving them with the greatest distinction. The young artist received a commission to paint his Eminence's portrait, an undertaking in which she succeeded so well that some persons in the town of Morsburg, where the Cardinal's palace was situated, also sat to her.

From Morsburg father and daughter made their way back to Constance, and thence into Northern Italy, stopping to pay a visit to Count Montfort, where they remained some time, Angelica painting the portraits of the noble family.

All the biographers of our artist agree that at this period her personal attractions were great. She was in the first blush of youth, and although she was not of a commanding or striking order of beauty, she possessed—what was perhaps even better—a wonderful power of winning hearts.

Her portraits all tell the same story. A face of extraordinary sweetness and sensibility, an enchanting smile, and long seductive eyes. She was tall and graceful, quick of intelligence, and to these charms was added a fascination of manner and a ready sympathy which all through her life secured for her hosts of friends. As is often the case, she possessed almost as much talent for music as for painting. She played both the clavichord and the zither with exquisite taste, and her voice was wonderfully sweet, and of extraordinary flexibility—so much so, that many of her intimate friends advised her to abandon painting and make music her profession. Foremost amongst these advisers was a young man then staying at Monfort Castle—a musician of much promise. That the affair should not be wanting in the element of romance he was deeply attached to her. In the debate that followed, Angelica was torn one way and then another. She naturally inclined to the brilliancy of an operatic career. She believed the promises of success that were assured to her, and there is little doubt

that with her grace and talent she would have succeeded. Her father, who was easily led and greedy for money, was persuaded to take the side of those who advised the new career, and who assured him that she would make a rapid fortune. Kauffmann was poor, and his failing health incapacitated him from work. For Angelica, therefore, despite her talent for painting, there was a long and weary round to travel before she could hope to obtain the fame which would lead to fortune. It was heavy work for so delicate and refined a creature, to plod through all the difficulties which lay in the way.

All these reasons combined induced John Joseph to throw in his vote for the stage. At this juncture—a critical one for our young artist—an old priest appeared on the scene. He had known Angelica from her childhood, and some say she confided to him the doubts and scruples which were agitating her mind, and asked him to interfere. Any way he did so, representing to the father the temptations which were likely to beset the path of so young and beautiful a girl, and the danger to

which he, her guardian, was exposing her. The stage at that time was in a debased condition. Players and singers alike were ranked as an inferior class, and for one of her religion especially, there were pains and penalties attached to those who belonged to the profession, which made it in their case a virtual surrender of every principle of their faith.

Kauffmann and his daughter were devout Catholics. It was enough to hint at these penalties, to produce a change in the ideas of John Joséph, the project of the operatic stage as a profession was abandoned and never renewed. Angelica, however, lost her lover the musician, who never renewed his suit. Zucchi, who told the story to Rossi, added that in her picture of Orpheus enticing Eurydice, which she painted at Montfort Castle, Orpheus is the portrait of the musician who endeavoured to entice her from her beloved art.

Many years later she showed that the recollection of the time of struggle still dwelt in her memory. She painted herself as



ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

By ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

From a Print in the British Museum.

WARD AND DOWNEY.

standing between the rival arts of music and painting in a painful state of indecision ; this picture she presented to her friend Bernini.

During her stay at Count Montfort's Angelica had for the first time recognized the power of her own attractions ; she was surrounded with admirers and flatterers. Her biographer, Steinberg, blames her severely for listening to their beguiling words ; he forgets that to her good sense was due the departure of the Kauffmanns from this enchanted castle. She was the one to persuade her weak-minded father to leave these pleasant surroundings, and to take her where she could pursue a course of study which was most necessary for perfecting her in the art she had adopted. It was difficult at first to make John Joseph see the matter in its true light. He was growing old, and was glad to remain where he was in comfort. Angelica, however, had begun to take the lead in the little household, where now the added spur of poverty was keenly felt. If money were to be gained, it should be by the brush of the younger artist.

From all points of view, therefore, it was all-important she should go where the best opportunity for study could be afforded. With this view father and daughter set out on their pilgrimage, visiting Monbegno, where Joseph Kauffmann's sister was married to Florini, an Italian; thence father and daughter proceeded by way of Bologna Parma, arriving in Florence, June, 1762.

They were provided with excellent introductions, and as usual the beauty and charm of the girl-artist produced its effect. She received much gratifying attention, and a room in the Duke's Gallery was specially set apart for her, where she could copy whatever picture she was engaged upon, without being disturbed by the prying eyes, or annoyed by the unpleasant remarks of other students. She applied herself to her work with extraordinary diligence, sometimes working from sunrise to sundown; and when she returned home in the evening exhausted with the day's incessant toil, she only waited for the necessary time to get some refreshment, and then recommenced work.

She was at this period of her life entirely possessed by that enthusiasm which at times seizes upon the artistic mind. She lived only for study and for her art ; looking at the work of the dead giants who had gone before her, ambition grew up in her soul to be like them—to fill posterity with wonder and admiration. That this wish remained to a certain extent unfulfilled was in a great measure owing to the circumstances which befell her in after life, and also to the hindrances which then—far more than in the present time—stood in the way of women who sought to make their mark, and rendered their best efforts somewhat incomplete.

In spite of her heavier work, Angelica found time to execute several historical pictures, together with portraits of distinguished persons, during her stay in Florence. These last were the necessary pot-boilers which kept the wolf from the door, and they are proofs of the industry and goodness of the young girl who had all the burden of supplying the daily wants of herself and her father.

After a year's residence, Angelica with

her father proceeded on her journey to Rome, there to continue the course of study so well begun in Florence.

No time could have been better chosen for her visit. Rome was brilliant—scintillating at all points with genius—crowded with princes, statesmen, artists, it offered a fascinating spectacle rich with everything that could appeal to a mind like Angelica's. To Rome she vowed an eternal fidelity, a vow she most faithfully kept. Later on, when there was a question of an advantageous marriage, she wrote to her father, "Not so early will I bind myself. Rome is ever in my thoughts." And so it was until the day she passed hence under the shelter of its walls.

Our heroine's usual facility for making friends came well to the front during her stay in Rome. She made lasting friendships, which were of much use to her in her future career. Notably with English visitors, as Lord and Lady Spencer, Lady Wentworth, some members of the ducal family of Devonshire, and many others.

By the artists she was most favourably received, and admitted into the inner circle, which was presided over by the great art critic, Winckelmann, who at this time had supreme influence in the Art World.

All German writers from Goethe downwards are apt to gush somewhat as to the giant intellect of the art restorer or apostle (for so he may be justly called) of the eighteenth century. His onslaught on the false teachings that prevailed was courageous and deserving of all the gratitude and encomiums bestowed upon him by his own countrymen, in the very longest and biggest words in their formidable vocabulary—formidable merely so far as the mileage of the words are in question.

Anyone who has ever read Goethe's travels in Italy will remember his outburst, "To-day Winckelmann's letters fell into my hands. With what emotion have I read them! Thirty years ago, at this time of year, he came here a yet poorer fellow than I am. He too was full of an earnest wish

to fathom the depths of ancient Art. How bravely he worked, and what remains to me but the memory of this man who lived where I live now!" Again, "Winckelmann's letters are not a representation of life, they are life itself—they induce hope, desire, mis-giving. Goethe devotes pages to his hero; "There are peculiar minds," he says, "who find in themselves a necessity to seek in the exterior world a counterpart of what nature has implanted in themselves, and through this the soul becomes elevated and purified, and we can have full assurance that such an one will have created for himself the most perfect existence here and hereafter. So it was with Winckelmann; in him nature had found what makes and adorns man. A miserable childhood, insufficient instruction in his boyhood, and the iron pressure of poverty had chained the young student to the school-master's desk in an obscure village. He was fully thirty years of age before a ray of sunshine crossed his path."

Goethe goes on to tell us (investing his subject with all the charm this great master

of word-painting possessed) how the poor schoolmaster educated himself. The blind rector, whose reader he became, returned this service by giving the lad the run, so to speak, of his small but well-chosen library, and here Winckelmann, following his bent for ancient lore, read mostly the dead languages in which he was almost his own teacher.

A short time after this, and before the academical year commenced, he went to one of the Berlin colleges, and there continued his studies; but whether he found a teacher who could instruct him in the old literature he affected, does not appear, and seems unlikely. It must have been a singular and fragmentary course of study to adopt; only one scholar had preceded him on this path, and to him Winckelmann now made his way.

This was a certain Gottfried Sellius, whose name was well known in Germany. He was the Professor of Jurisprudence and Philosophy when Winckelmann arrived in Halle in 1738.

Here he was given the delightful task of putting the Ludovizsche library in order, which — as is sometimes the case with a body of learned men—had got into the direst confusion, and for his services received the thanks of the Stadtdirektor. From Halle, Winckelmann went to Dresden, and became librarian to the Northentz Library belonging to Count Burnard. The years which he spent here were years of profound study which bore its fruit later. He studied the commentaries and exercises, and laid the foundation for his wide-stretching knowledge of all literature which made him the wonder of all who knew him in later years.

What, however, distinguished him from all other Librarians was the quiet firmness or obstinacy with which he resisted the temptation into which most official librarians fall—of being nothing more or less than a walking, breathing catalogue.

In Dresden his first literary efforts appeared, and the result of his well-directed reading was made evident in the

manner of his composition. His maxim never to use two words when one would do, was manifested clearly, and it gave to his style a perfect rhythm and a dignity mixed with simplicity which few, if any, works of the present time possess.

In the Autumn of 1755 he came to Rome. He came poor and sickly, he had only a pension of two hundred thalers, but he brought with him a "soul of fire," a soul which "thirsted for the really beautiful in Nature and in Art, as a wanderer in the desert longs for a drink of pure spring water."

At the moment at which this wonderful man entered Rome, Art was nigh to extinction. We have seen in what a hopeless condition it had sunk, and how the work of each artist, sculptor, or painter went further and further from the divine original. Winckelmann brought new fuel into the decaying fire of genius. He came fresh from nights and days of ceaseless study, he awoke men from their trance of indifference, and once more the standard of true art was raised.

His first work, the famous "History of Art," attracted the attention of Cardinal Albani, who at once appointed him the custodian of the art collection his enormous fortune had allowed him to amass. It was the moment when Pompeii and Herculaneum were vomiting forth Caryatides, Vases, Statues, Bas-reliefs, Antiques of all kinds, and to contain these the Cardinal added hall to hall, building to building, gallery to gallery, and still the collection grew. It was one of the most wonderful museums in the world at the time of the Cardinal's death, and by its means attention was drawn to Winckelmann, who was soon acknowledged to be *the most* learned teacher of a pure ideal in art, which is to be sought only in the Greek School as it was developed in the true artistic period called the Periclean.

This subject is too deep to find place here. Moreover it has been handled by able hands, and is only introduced now for the reason that Angelica's future was much influenced by the teaching of Winckelmann, which, together with the instruction of

Rafael Mengs, who was her master, left distinct traces upon her work.

It was through the friendly offices of Rafael Mengs that the Kauffmanns were received into the inner circle which congregated round the great Apostle. He had just published his "*Aümerkungen über die Baukunst der Alten*," and it was this work which riveted Angelica's attention, and made her anxious to know the writer and to profit by his instructions.

Winckelmann, who was then forty-nine, was much taken with the grace and talent of the young artist, who sat in girlish fashion at his feet, and listened with her large serious eyes to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips. The philosopher was after all but a man, and there can be little doubt that he fell paternally or platonically in love with his fair pupil.

"It is pleasant," says a German writer, "to form to oneself a picture of these two students, each animated with the same interest, the same longings, each enjoying the intimate communion they held with

one another—two students separated by almost half a century of years, the maiden of eighteen summers, and the greybeard more than double her age. A portrait which the gifted young artist painted of her beloved master shows how well she had studied his features and caught his expression. Winckelmann, writing to a friend, mentions with evident pride that his likeness has been painted and engraved by a very pretty young lady."

This was when writing to his friend Franck. He says, "I have just been painted by a stranger, a young person of extraordinary merit. She excels in oils. Mine is a half-figure seated, and she has herself engraved it (*à l'eau forte*), as a present for me. This young girl is a Swiss; her father, who is likewise an artist, brought her to Italy when she was only a child, so that she speaks Italian as well as she does German—as for German, she speaks it as if she were born in Saxony. She expresses herself equally well in French and in English, and in consequence of the latter, she paints the portraits of all the English in Rome.

She sings so well that she stands comparison with our best virtuosi. Her name is Angelica Kauffmann."

That her constant intercourse with the first Greek scholar of his time left indelible traces upon the pupil was evident in all her future works.

Angelica's romantic nature naturally inclined to the study of classical mythology, or, as Oppermann calls it, "the sentiment of past ages." Her sensitive mind readily embraced all the beauty of the ideal world; she listened to Winckelmann's preaching upon Greek art and the story of the Periclean era, until she became saturated with the fables of mythology and set up the forms of gods and goddesses as the standard of all merit. From that time she could draw no face without giving to it a Greek profile, and this without regard to the circumstances in which she placed her subject.

One of her critics says, "Angelica painted Greek men and women without having the faintest idea of the world wherein they lived, just as she drew knights of the Middle Ages,

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with as little knowledge of the century which produced Gotz von Berlichingen.

The truth was, in her early youth she was somewhat superficial; her imagination, as is the case with many artists, being more lively than her reading was deep, and she did not remain long enough under the care of men, such as Winckelmann and Mengs, who were no flatterers, and would have in time corrected the faults which even her greatest admirers have to acknowledge spoil the beauty of her pictures.

Stemberg is of opinion that had she had enough resolution to continue the life of study and hard work she had begun, she would have become, not a great or creative genius, for such power did not lie in her scope, but a "very respectable artist," capable of transmitting to posterity the new art religion; but unfortunately circumstances were against her. Her father, without intending to injure, spoiled her by compliance with all her girlish whims, and there was, besides, the ever-grinding need of money; so now, when an offer came for her to go to

Naples and make some copies in the Capodemonte gallery, she dared not refuse. Naples was crowded with English, who all sat to her for their portraits, so that the trip was very profitable. In the October of this same year she went to Venice, and there made the acquaintance of Lady Wentworth, wife of the English Resident at Venice, Mr. John Murray.¹

In the eighteenth century, the two favourite amusements amongst the English aristocracy were "The Grand Tour" and "Patronage." No lord or gentleman's education was considered complete until he had passed the Alps, studied every continental vice, bought a certain number of pictures, and patronized a certain number of artists.

Lady Wentworth loved patronizing; she was devoted to art. She was fascinated with

¹ This lady was Bridget, daughter to Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart., she married, first, Sir Butler Cavendish Wentworth of Howsham, York; this gentleman dying in 1741, she married, secondly, Mr. John Murray (not Morris as stated in the dictionary of national biography), his Majesty's Resident at Venice from 1754 to 1765, when he was appointed Ambassador to Constantinople.

Angelica, and insisted on carrying her off to London, assuring her charming young friend that she would speedily make a fortune. Angelica and her father listened and believed, with the result that their plans were changed. John Joseph returned to Monbegno to remain with his sister while Angelica accompanied her patroness to England. Angelica's German biographers blame her for undertaking this journey. Stenberg talks of her frivolity in abandoning substance for mere shadow, sacrificing her art for the love of pleasure, the greed of money. Oppermann accuses her of forsaking a lover who would have made her far happier than any of the titled or rich husbands to which she aspired.

There does not seem any foundation for Oppermann's insinuation that she preferred ambition to happiness. Rossi, who is a most faithful biographer, makes no mention of this unknown lover, who in all probability had no existence.¹ Rossi tells the story of her leaving Rome in the following words :—

“ Although Angelica was much considered

¹ Nathaniel Dance, the artist, was her lover during her

in Italy, and her name was beginning to be well known, still the Italians ordered no work from her, and what she did sell was poorly and insufficiently paid. Strangers, on the contrary, and the English in particular, showed an immense predilection for her paintings."

In the last century England was the Eldorado of artists, much as America is in the present day. It was there they received substantial reward for their efforts; nevertheless, the German writers speak most contemptuously of the artistic condition of the nation.

"It is well known," says Stenberg, "that in matters of art the Little Island is of no account; there are *nations* whose voice makes or mars the reputation of painter or sculptor, but England, in the matter of pictures or statues, is a modern Pompeii. Whatever treasures she may possess she covers them with the ashes of a cold egotism. They are for her—not for the world. She has no stay in Rome, but she never encouraged his attentions, and ultimately refused him.

generous desire to elevate or to kindle a wish for emulation. She collects only to possess."

He goes on : " The Frenchman, when he buys a picture, makes a great fuss ; he lets the whole of civilized Europe know what he has and where it is to be seen. The German ornaments his own sitting-room with the work of art, he shows it to his friends, he enjoys it himself, his eyes turn constantly to his treasure, as do the eyes of the lover towards his beloved. The Italian, the true disciple of art, places the newly-acquired masterpiece in a public gallery where everyone may see it. To him its beauty is a subject of devotion, and this devotion to be complete must be shared by the rest of his countrymen. Now mark the conduct of the Englishman ! He locks up his picture in his own gallery under the care of a surly guardian. He never sees it himself, he is content to have been the purchaser, the one who has money enough to outbid others, and who has bought *a very dear picture*. With this, all is said and done ! "

CHAPTER II.

1766.

GIRLHOOD.

THE season was at its height when, in June, 1766, Angelica arrived in London. An exceptionally brilliant season this, for only a few weeks since the royal Princess, the king's youngest sister, Caroline Matilda, of most unhappy memory, had been wedded to her cousin the King of Denmark. The town, therefore, was seething with the effervescence of the late festival. The rank and fashion of England had crowded into the capital, and there was a going and coming, and a deal of noise and chatter, and a general air of pleasure and dissipation abroad. Moreover, the young king had not long been on the throne, and his queen, good, homely Charlotte, was almost a girl, albeit already busy with the royal nursery.

Lady Wentworth had a house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and here Angelica was in the way of seeing the best society, her patroness, Lady Wentworth, being a woman of fashion, besides a pretender to the authority of a connoisseur.

In the latter part of the last century there was growing up an emulation amongst ladies of quality, to be more than "the toast" at men's dinners—the Bluestocking Club, later on, was the outcome of this laudable desire. Lady Wentworth was, however, not to be classed with Mrs. Montague, or even Mrs. Vesey—she was what Carlyle would call a windbag. She knew little of art, but *talked* a great deal. She loved patronizing a rising artist; bringing one forward, much to his or her injury, as her injudicious praises and constant flattery were sure to have mischievous results.

So it was with Angelica, who was now presented to the world of London, heralded by the busy tongue of Lady Wentworth, the lady running from house to house singing the praises of her new *protégée*.

Angelica didn't know this proclivity of her ladyship, so she fell into the net, and was carried about as my lady's new favourite. A hundred years ago people of fashion did not know what domestic life by the chimney-corner meant. They were, in a sense, far more dissipated than the butterflies of our own time; they lived for ever in society. No big crushes or cultivation of city millionaires or American squabs or squabesses were then, but a constant give and take of invitations between the same people in the same set.

It took Angelica a long time to understand the ins and the outs of this curious world into which she found herself so suddenly transported; it was so unlike the world in which she had hitherto lived, totally different, even from the court life at Milan, which was more polished, but had not half the formality, the bowing, and the complimenting which prevailed in England. Angelica was well pleased with the attentions she received.

Shortly after her arrival in London, she wrote to her father; her letter is dated the

11th July, 1766 : "I have been told many a time that the English, when you meet them in their own country, are apt to forget all the promises of friendship which they made when abroad, but I find this to be quite untrue, and my experience is altogether opposed to this false statement. *The gentlemen* particularly are most kind (*Molte Gentile*), and their kindness is quite *sincere*, and, generally speaking, their words are full of good sense."

One cannot forbear a smile at this very naïve confession that her merits were more recognized by the sterner sex than by her own—but this was only natural, as Rossi tells us that Angelica was now in the full perfection of her charms. She was not a perfect beauty, but possessed the most wonderful attractions. "There was a witchery in her sweet blue eyes, and in the pupil so much expression that one could almost guess her thought before she spoke."

Everyone must remember how charmingly she is described in the opening chapter of *Miss Angel*:—



PORTRAIT OF ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

After the Painting by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WARD AND DOWNEY.

"Yesterday, at Mr. Colnaghi's, I saw a print lying upon the table, the engraving, by Bartolozzi, of Sir Joshua's picture. It was the portrait of a lady, some five or six-and-twenty years of age. The face is peculiar, sprightly, tender, a little obstinate, the eyes are charming and intelligent, the features broadly marked—there is something at once homely and dignified in their expression—the little head is charmingly set upon its frame, a few pearls are mixed with the heavy loops of hair, two great curls fall upon the sloping shoulders, the slim figure is draped in light folds fastened by jewelled bands, such as those which people wore then, a loose scarf is tied round the waist. . . ."

It was no wonder that this dainty figure caused a sensation, especially as "her wit was sprightly," and her musical accomplishments of the highest order. People found that the combination of beauty and talent, simplicity and fascination, which distinguished this German girl, was something quite rare. Soon she was the leading toast, and Fashion, that capricious dame who often refuses to ac-

knowledge Nature's best handiwork, pronounced for Angelica, and set her seal, which is as a trade-mark for beauty, upon the young artist.

"She shared," says a contemporary writer, "with hoops of extra magnitude, toupees of superabundant floweriness, shoe-heels of vividest scarlet, and china monsters of superlative ugliness, the privilege of being the rage."

Angelica's letters to her father are full of the kindness she received ; how she is invited to Lord Spencer's, and introduced by Lord Exeter to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In July she writes again :—

"I have been to visit several of the studios here, but there is none to compare with that of Mr. Reynolds. He is decidedly the first English painter. He has a peculiar method, and his pictures are mostly historical. He has a *light pencil* or touch which produces a wonderful effect in light and shade."

This expression *Penello Volante* is particularly appropriate, and shows the happy turn of expression possessed by Angelica, both in speaking and writing.

In another letter, dated October 10th, in the following year, she mentions Reynolds' kindness to her :—

“He is one of my kindest friends, and is never done praising me to everyone. As a proof of his admiration for me, he has asked me to sit for my picture to him, and in return I am to paint his.”¹

Rossi says, “Reynolds was indeed full of admiration for Angelica's talent, and for herself he had a far tenderer feeling than admiration. She, however, only thought of her beloved art, and her heart was closed to all other passions.”

As with Rossi, so it was with all other foreign writers who have occupied themselves with Angelica's career, as biographers or novelists. They cling to the idea of Reynolds' love for their charming country-woman, and her rejection of his suit. Miss

¹ This compact was duly carried out. Sir Joshua's charming picture of Angelica appeared in the Artists' Exhibition of 1769, and was engraved by Bartolozzi; hers of the painter was done for his friend Mr. Parker of Saltram, in Devonshire. Mr. Parker was afterwards created Earl of Morley. The collection of Saltram is very fine.

Thackeray also cultivates this notion, but, as a matter of fact, there seems to be no grounds for believing that Reynolds ever made her a definite offer. His biographers—Malone, Farringdon, and Leslie—make no mention of his attachment—fortunate or unfortunate—to any woman.¹ The fact that she and Reynolds painted each other's portraits was sufficient for the gossips of the day to couple their names together, and out of this slender thread the romantic story has been woven together, with the episode of the great English painter going on his knees to a girl young enough to be his daughter; not that his so doing would be injurious to his memory; one would be inclined to like him better in this character of an earnest lover, than as he was—the most kind-hearted of men, the best of friends, but a decided flirt, a regular old hand, not likely to be caught by even Angelica's simplicity and fascination.

Sir Joshua himself said his heart had

¹ Pasquin says, "Whether, as she alleged, *Miss Western* had anything to do with the steeling of the heart of Reynolds against elegant Angelica cannot be decided." Who was Miss Western?

grown callous from too much contact with beauty : all the most beautiful women in London had passed under his pencil. He had painted Kitty Fisher,¹ Nelly O'Brien,² and Miss Parsons³ the volatile Bellamy, the lovely Miss Morris,⁴ and the greatest beauty of her own or any day, Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire.

For all these ladies the painter had the same half paternal, half lover-like manner, which may have deceived Angelica. He certainly had great kindness towards her, and some little tenderness, which is made evident by the mention of her in his note-book, as "*Miss Angel*." One time he adds, "*Fiori*," as if to remind himself to send her a posy ; but this would not be a convincing proof that he ever meant to make her his wife. There is no reason to imagine he ever went beyond these safe attentions, neither would it be

¹ One of the most famous Phrynes of the day. Sir Joshua painted five celebrated portraits of her.

² This lady in the same category.

³ The Duke of Grafton was divorced by his Duchess for his devotion to Nelly Parsons.

⁴ Miss Morris sat for Hope nursing Love, one of the most beautiful of Sir Joshua's portraits.

likely that Angelica would have concealed this proposal from her father had it been made, and Joseph, who was proud of his daughter, would have told his friends ; and so the matter would have been made public, which it certainly was not, for Rossi does not state it as a fact. Stemburg accuses Reynolds of the meanness of being jealous of the girl artist. " Previous to her arrival he had been," says this bitter writer, " the oracle in matters of art, and finding himself now placed in a secondary position, he revenged himself by pouring words of false praise into her ear, which the simple girl, who did not know the world, and who *adored* praise, swallowed as gospel truth. For the first time in her life she ignored the advice of her more prudent father. The old fox, Joseph Kauffmann, knew well what underlay the praise and the admiration of a rival. He warned Angelica against Reynolds."

As a refutation of this calumny, there is the testimony of a well-known writer :—

" The most celebrated of woman painters," says Mr. John Forster, " had found no jea-

lousy in the leading artist of England. His was the first portrait that made Angelica Kauffmann famous here ; to him she owed her introduction to the Conways and Stanhopes."

There is a mistake here. Angelica did not commence her portrait of Reynolds until 1769 (it was exhibited at the Incorporated Society of Artists in May of the same year), when her position as an artist had been fully assured. Secondly, the portrait was not a success, and could in no way have added to her reputation.

The first time that she came before the English public, in a professional capacity, was in 1765, the year before her arrival in London, when mention is made of her in the exhibition of the Society of Arts in Maiden Lane, at Mr. Marengo's rooms.

She is set down in the catalogue thus :—

A portrait of Garrick, by Miss Kaffmann, at Rome.¹

It was not a wise selection, although her six years of travel and study had

¹ This must have been a copy, as at this time she had not seen the actor.

done much to improve the young artist, and to ripen the talent she undoubtedly possessed. It was a mistake for one so inexperienced to undertake a subject which had baffled more mature artists. Bernstorff says, "that even Hogarth failed in depicting Garrick as Richard III., and that the same could be said of Zoffany's Hamlet." It was only Reynolds who made a masterpiece of his portrait of the actor, standing between tragedy and comedy.

Angelica was more successful the next year, when she chose for her subject one more suited to her peculiar style. A shepherd and shepherdess of Arcadia, moralizing at the side of a sepulchre, while others are dancing in the distance. This had been, originally, used by Guercino, and was a favourite of Angelica's. She repeated it several times, and always treated it with that grace and feeling which she showed in such compositions.¹

¹ Sir Joshua used the same subject for his pictures of Mrs. Bouverie and Mrs. Crewe.

CHAPTER III.

1766, 1767.

GIRLHOOD.

LADY WENTWORTH, falling into bad health,¹ Angelica moved from her house, and established herself in apartments with a friend of her patroness in Suffolk Street, Charing Cross. It was in every way better for her, and work soon began to flow in. The friendship or admiration of Reynolds was invaluable to her. He sent her many sitters, and her patrons were amongst the highest in London. A letter to her father, which she wrote at this time, gives an interesting account of her life, and the struggle she had to keep a proper appearance before the grand world who had so suddenly taken her to its arms. The good

¹ She died in 1774.

sense and business capacity which was remarkable all through her life, is very prominent in this letter, especially when we take the years of the writer into account. Some people might say there was a certain hardness in her evident wish to keep her father from joining her ; but it must be remembered at what an early age the burden of the family support had fallen upon her shoulders, and how anxious she was to procure a certain income. For this she worked when others amused themselves, and it would have been suicidal to her plans if she had been saddled at the outset with an expensive household. That there was no want of affection for her father was proved by her subsequent conduct. There never was a better daughter.

“ A Monsieur Kauffmann, Peintre, chez
Monsieur Gaupp, L'Apoticaire à Lindau.

“ London, Jeu. 10th, September, 1766.

“ MY DEAREST FATHER,—I received your letters of the 20th August, as also of 3rd proximo all right. I rejoice from my heart at the news that your health continues satis-

factory ; thank God ! I am also in excellent health. From your last I see that you and dear Rosa¹ intended to leave Monbegno the day after it was written. The thought, and the hope of seeing you rejoices me, and I wish it heartily. I see also, that without *waiting* for my answer, you are resolved upon setting out on your journey, and therefore, that it is very uncertain whether this letter will reach you. Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from giving you every information about this country, so that you can judge what the best course is, whether to continue your journey, or put it off until next spring. Be assured I am as anxious to see you, as you are to see me—but do not take it ill if I tell you that some good, sensible friends think it ill-advised of you, to come this winter to London, and if you will weigh well all the circumstances, you will find it is not for our advantage, as the expense of everything here is enormous.

“I am in a private house with excellent people, old acquaintances of my lady, who

¹ The daughter of his sister who afterwards accompanied him to England.

has had the goodness to recommend me to them, as if I were her own daughter. I have been a month here. The people of the house do everything for me. The handy-woman is a mother to me, and the two daughters love me as a sister.

“The opportunity was so good, and everything suited me so well, that I did not hesitate to secure them, and have taken the apartments for the whole winter. I have four rooms ; one where I paint, the other to show my portraits, which are finished (it is the custom here for people to come and see work without disturbing the artist). The other two rooms are very small, in the one that is my bedroom there is scarcely room for the bedstead to stand, the other serves to keep my clothes and trunks. For the rooms I pay two guineas a week, one guinea for the keep of the man-servant, whom I have also to clothe ; this is without washing and other small expenses ; but I could not dispense with the servant.

“These are my outgoings, which will appear to you very large, but it could not be less. Should you determine on coming this

winter, we must take a house, which is very hard to find, and nothing could be had under a hundred guineas a year, unfurnished, and to furnish it would cost four hundred guineas, Consider how expensive all this will be; especially in the winter-time, when everything is double in price, the days twice as short, so that little work can be done. You know very well that we must have a man and a maid. *Decorum requires this*, for I am known by everyone here, and I have to maintain a character for respectability for the sake of my standing in the profession, so that everything must be arranged on a proper footing from day to day, which is most necessary if one wants to be distinguished from the common herd. Ladies of quality come to the house to visit me, or to see my work. I dare not receive people of their rank in a mean place. My present apartment is very proper for the purpose, at the same time as moderate as can be had here. I would not do better by changing. So long as I am alone, I hope (in spite of the expense I am at) to save a good deal this winter,

and when the summer comes to make a change.

“ Houses will be easier to get, and they will be cheaper. There is another point which gives me uneasiness. The climate is bad, and you are not accustomed to the air here. It is already late in the year, and we have dark, foggy days, also the steam from the coal fires is most unpleasant. I am concerned for your health. If you were to get ill what a terrible cross it would be. I shall say no more. I fear you might think I had some other reason, for wishing you not to come, but no—certainly not. My only object being to avoid under our present circumstances all unnecessary expenses. Please God, with time, everything will come right, and be settled to our wishes. I beg you will consider all this carefully, and do not act hurriedly. May God preserve you in good health.

“ I remain until death your obedient daughter,

“ ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

“ Address to Miss Angelica Kauffmann at
Mr. Hurnes, Surgeon in Suffolk Street,
Charing Cross, London.”

This sensible remonstrance had the desired effect, and Joseph Kauffmann put off his journey for this winter. In the spring of the year, however, we find that Angelica, who had worked hard all through the winter, did fulfil her promise, and in 1767 a house was taken in Golden Square, Soho. It can be gathered from this step with one so prudent that things were going well with the young artist, and that money was coming in. Whatever we may think of Golden Square as we hurry through the now deserted thoroughfare, people of quality lived there a century ago, and also in the mean little streets adjoining it. Mrs. Delany, during her first marriage to the rich Mr. Pendaroes had a house in Hog's Lane, Soho; her friends, Lady Falmouth and Mrs. Verion, lived in Catherine Wheel Lane and Dean Street. So it is probable that Angelica paid at least a hundred a year for her house—which is said to be one of the large ones with tall windows at the corner of Soho Street; it is a lodging house now. Except for the silence which has fallen upon it, Golden Square is but little changed since Angelica lived there.

It has a broken-down air of gentility as of having seen better days. It is decidedly dull, and the clerks who write in the dingy parlours of the business houses have a desolate outlook on the quiet little square, with the forlorn dusty trees. Not even nursemaids come here now. But in Angelica's time it was otherwise.

Society a hundred and fifty years ago was made of precisely the same stuff as our own world of to-day, and the magic touch of royal patronage worked wonders then as now. When it was known that the king's sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, had sat to Angelica for her portrait,¹ there was a rush to her studio. Golden Square was blocked with carriages. She was doubly, trebly fashionable. It was said that a young nobleman got melancholy mad because she refused to paint his picture, and officers in the Guards fought for a bit of ribbon or a flower she had worn. One day a royal carriage drove up to the tall house, and the king's mother, the Princess of Wales, alighted. She had come to see her Grace of Brunswick's picture.

¹ This portrait is in Hampton Court Palace.

This visit raised the young artist to the seventh heaven of delight. She writes to her father in a strain of exultation :—

“ Never, oh never, has any painter received such a distinguished visitor.”

Every letter, indeed, which she sends to the far-away village of Schwartzenberg is conceived in the same key.

“ There is nothing but applause of my work ; even the papers are full of verses written in different languages, all in praise of me, and my pictures.”

In another letter she says,—

“ I have finished some portraits which meet great approval. Mr. Reynolds is more pleased than anyone. I have painted his portrait, which has succeeded wonderfully, and will do me credit ; it will be engraved immediately. Lady Spenser has paid one hundred ducats for her picture. Lord Exeter is still in the country. This morning I had a visit from Mrs. Garrick. My Lady Spenser was with me two days ago. My Lord Baltemore visits me sometimes. The queen has only returned two days. As soon

as she is better I am to be presented to her. Two days ago the Duchess of Ancaster came to see me. She is the first lady at Court."

This sounds like blowing her own trumpet, but it must be remembered she was writing to her best friend, the one who would reflect her triumphs, and consider them as his very own; this would make a difference from ordinary self-glorification. There is also something very pretty in her loving anxiety to convince her father that she is getting rich. It is so transparent that her pleasure in this arises from no mercenary feeling, but from the joyful anticipation that the time is at hand when she can provide him with every comfort for his old age. Every line of her charming letters have the ring of true feeling and a longing to have her home ready for him.

John Joseph rejoiced exceedingly over his child's success. He carried her letters about with him, and read them to everyone, until every man, woman and child knew of the Princess Dowager's visit and Angelica's triumphs, which, however, are viewed in a different light by her biographers. One of

these writes: "In England she once more was the centre of a frivolous circle, by whom she was again, as in Milan and Florence, led away, only with this difference. The rich aristocratic English were in a position to offer far greater temptations (especially to a luxurious temperament, such as Angelica's) than the, comparatively speaking, needy nobility and princes of Upper Italy and the Swiss Cantons. The court, the nobility, the rich lords of the Parliament House, the owners of collections, and the leaders of fashion and talent poured their money into her hands. She herself was amazed at their lavish generosity, but she didn't reckon that her art was getting its death-blow. England was the platform upon which she could exhibit her sentimental gods and goddesses. This prudish nation—a whited sepulchre, so to speak, of immodesty—applauded to the echo the delicacy which could handle doubtful subjects,¹ and yet know how to present them so as not to

¹ This is an allusion to her picture of Venus attired by the Graces.

affront Society's feelings, hurt the prejudices of the 'British matron,' or make the young English miss blush. Art, in fact, was to be clothed in a sort of toilette luxury to please the taste of this eccentric nation, which found in Angelica an artist ready to gratify its ridiculous prejudices at the expense of the true principles and ideal of art itself."

This criticism of Stenberg is severe, but there is truth in it. Angelica, surrounded by admirers and flatterers, was led away by her success, both social and professional; there is no defending her from another charge brought against her, that of being a flirt. An arrant flirt, Mr. Smith, who does not mince his words, calls her, in his "Life of Nollkens." Another writer says: "She was one time sighing for Mr. Dance, another time declaring herself heart-broken for Sir Joshua. She was never happy unless she had several strings to her bow."

So far as Nathaniel Dance was in question she had no need to sigh for him; he was desperately in love with her, and had been so, so far back as her first year in Rome,

when there was some talk of an engagement, but it came to nothing, much to Dance's disappointment. He was an Irishman, an artist of considerable merit, and was now making his way in London.¹ He renewed his suit, but Angelica, being influenced by Lady Wentworth, who turned Dance into ridicule, would not listen to him. The artist took her rejection and the manner of it very much to heart, and it was under the smart of his mortification that he painted his fine picture of Timon of Athens.

Fuseli was another lover of Angelica's. This was a conquest she might have been proud of. The young Swiss artist was already making a name for himself, and this year his portrait of Garrick as Macbeth, and Mrs. Pritchard as Lady Macbeth, had attracted much attention. Angelica gave him encouragement. Smith tells of seeing her one night at Drury Lane in a private box with both Dance and Fuseli. She was playing them both off. Standing between the two

¹ He was created a baronet in 1797.

beaux; she found an arm of each embracing her waist; she contrived, while her arms were folded before her on the front of the box over which she was leaning, to squeeze the hand of both, so that each lover considered himself the man of her choice. Smith adds, "She should have remembered Mrs. Peachem's remonstrance, 'Oh, Polly, you might have toyed and known by keeping men off you keep them on.'"

In the end, however, Angelica refused Fuseli, also on the plea that she never meant to marry. In her letter to her father, acquainting him with this proposal, she says; "Not so easily will I bind myself. Rome is ever in my thoughts. May the Spirit of God guide me." The words may have reference to the lover in Rome, whom Oppermann accuses her of abandoning, but Rossi considers they signified that her heart was closed against every passion save that of her art. Her indifference in regard to Fuseli is strange. He was singularly handsome, and his wonderful genius would naturally attract a girl of Angelica's romantic temperament.

The explanation lay in the fact that she was ambitious, and that Fuseli's¹ position not being assured, and his poverty great, he had no means of gratifying her wishes. At this time he was only waiting for his friends to secure him 50*l.* a year to go to Italy, which he did shortly after Angelica's rejection; her treatment of him made a coolness between her and her friend Mary Moser.

The Mosers had been amongst the first to welcome her friends, George Moser having known John Joseph in their early days, when both were struggling artists. Moser, however, had come when young to England as a chaser in gold and painter on enamel, and was

¹ Fuseli did not at any time hold Angelica's professional talents in high esteem; his criticism, however, has a touch of bitterness, which smacks of the despised lover. "I have no wish," he says, "to contradict those who make success the standard of genius—and, as their heroine equals the greatest names in the past, suppose her on a level with them in power. She pleased, and desired to please, the age in which she lived, and the race for which she wrought. The Germans, with as much patriotism at least as judgment, have styled her the 'Paintress of the Soul' (Seelen Mahlerin), nor can this be wondered at for a nation who, in A. Raphael Mengs, flatter themselves that they possess an artist equal to Raphael the divine."

well considered, being on friendly terms with all the leading artists and directors of the drawing school in Maiden Lane. He received the child of his old friend warmly, and Angelica was made quite at home in St. Martin's Lane, where the Mosers lived. Here she met Fuseli, for whom the daughter of the house, Mary, had a warm attachment, unfortunately not reciprocated, Mary being a plain little person, but a kind, sensible girl. A skilful artist too—her flower groups were exquisite in finish and most elegant in arrangement. Her work was in great demand, Queen Charlotte patronizing her largely, and for her she painted a room at Frogmore, which was called the Flower-room.

Angelica and Mary Moser were close friends until this affair of Fuseli. They met often at the house of Nollekens, the eccentric Dutch sculptor. He was very partial to both the girls, especially Mary, who confided to him her love for Fuseli. Angelica painted Mrs. Nollekens as "Simplicity, with her Doves," for which she received fifteen guineas.

Other friends of hers were the Garricks (who

often welcomed her to their pretty villa on the Thames), Doctor Fordyce, D.D., and his brother James, and a host of others too numerous to name.

Amongst the lovers report gave her, was a younger son of the ducal house of Devonshire, Lord Arthur Cavendish, but although he may have admired there was nothing definite in his admiration, else Rossi would have surely made mention of the circumstance. It is, however, woven into a German novel,¹ which also represents Lady Sarah Cavendish as being in love with the artist, Antonio Zucchi, her death being caused by the struggle between her love and her pride. This improbable story would seem to have no foundation. The two brothers, Antonio and Joseph Zucchi, were struggling artists: Antonio, a correct, but rather uninteresting, painter of large architectural designs; Joseph, an engraver of some excellence. The story that Antonio was a lover of Angelica's would seem likewise to have no foundation.

In the early part of 1767 Angelica had

¹ Historical novel by Amalie Schoppe.

the happiness of welcoming her father, who, from that time, remained with her until his death, many years later. John Joseph brought with him Rosa Florini, his sister's daughter, to be a help and companion to Angelica. He did little to assist the establishment. Any artistic talent he may have had, had long since departed, although he still continued to paint and even to exhibit.¹ He was rather a pompous old man, much inflated by his daughter's success. He spent most of his time arranging the house and studio for the reception of the distinguished sitters and patrons, who, as was the fashion in those days, had free *entrée*, and lounged away whole mornings in an artist's studio.

This year Angelica's popularity seemed on the increase. She was presented at Court, and Royal Commissions were showered on her.

¹ His paintings are mostly Scriptural in subject. His "Joseph sold to the Ishmaelites," and "Joseph telling his Dream," were engraved by Godby. They will be found, together with some sickly abominations called "The Affectionate Sister," and the "Afflicted Mother," in the fine collections of the engravings from Angelica's pictures in the British Museum.

Queen Charlotte sat to her with a baby prince on her knee. So too King Christian III., of Denmark, who was this year in London, of whom Walpole said that he was as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in a fairy tale.

Rossi holds forth at great length upon Angelica's method in portrait painting ; how she sought, not only to make a reproduction of the features, but also to convey to her canvas a general idea of the character, as she conceived it, of her sitter, and for this purpose gave much time and consideration to each person who came to her. There is no doubt, as an eminent authority tells us, that the effect of a fine portrait emanates more from the painter than from the sitter. This gift of imparting, if we may so call it, comes to its best where there is a subtle harmony between the painter and model. Reynolds possessed a faculty of establishing such a harmony to a wonderful extent. " All the people he paints," says Leslie, " seem irradiated by something of the amiability, breeding, and sense of the artist.

So too with Angelica. " She gives," says

a contemporary, "to her portraits much of her own grace and dignity." The *Biographie Universelle* remarks "upon the elegance of her draperies, which are never confused, and the attitude which is always well chosen, although her figures are often wanting in strength of colour and vigour of touch."

The *Allgemeine Biographie* says, "She excelled in portraits."

Another German art critic remarks; "In her portraits she shows undoubted talent; they are full of merit. She not only produces a faithful likeness, but gives mind and vitality to the picture, as for example in her portrait of Winckelmann."

Oppermann, in his "Bregenzer Wald," devotes many pages to criticism of Angelica's style. He says: "The principal characteristics of her work are facility, clearness, and great ability in the treatment of the subject, and that no artist of her time was possessed of as much taste and feeling, which, when it was not betrayed into an exaggeration of sentiment, was tender and noble."

Angelica's strange predilection for classical and mythological subjects, and the treatment

of sitters in allegorical forms, has often been commented on. In regard to the first it was no doubt the outcome of Winckelmann's teaching, and the next was not always a matter of personal choice. In the latter portion of the eighteenth century there was a craze for mythology; the knowledge of "the gods of the heathen" possessed by women of that day would astonish many an art student of our time. Their letters and diaries are full of classical allusions and quotations from Virgil, and nothing pleased them so well as to be handed down to posterity as Vestals, Sibyls, in fact, in any shape but their own. Angelica perhaps lent herself to this fashion more than any other artist, for the reason that it was her taste. It was a false taste, however; portraiture was not to be dignified by transforming ladies of the eighteenth century into heathen goddesses, and investing them with the attributes of the Pantheon. Angelica, however, was by no means the only artist who pandered, so to speak, to the fancy of her sitters, very few having the courage to resist this classical mania.

We find Reynolds one of the chief offenders. He has handed down "Lady Sarah Bunbury sacrificing to the Graces," the Duchess of Manchester as "Diana," Mrs. Blake as "Venus," Mrs. Hall as "Euphrosyne," and other ladies of fashion, masquerading as heathen goddesses. Neither was he successful in the mythological line, and not even his grace of design and beauty of colouring could conceal the affectation of the whole idea.

Where Angelica, however, failed most was in the large canvases, upon which she exhausted her invention, reproducing the eternal histories of heathen mythology. Eneas, Ulysses, Hector, Menelaus, Telemachus, repeat themselves with, it must be owned, wearisome fidelity. Some of these are dreadful; "wishy-washy canvases," Leslie calls them—her heroes look like girls dressed up as men. Her figures are full of indecision, and their feet never seem to take a firm grasp of the ground.

This indecision, or weakness rather, is especially remarkable in scenes of passion, which for the rest she, as a rule, avoided. Forster says, "Her composition of a large

picture is weak. Her imagination not having sufficient strength, and its predominate feature being softness, her tenderness often degenerates into sentimental sweetness." He, however, forgets that sentiment was the feature of the century in which she lived, when every one "went about with cambric handkerchiefs weeping over dead asses." There was, however, no affectation in Angelica's sweetness, it bore the stamp of sincerity.

To the rigid prudery of the time in which she lived, was due the want of knowledge of the anatomy of the human form, which is so often brought against her. No woman student was then allowed access to the Life Schools. "I have never seen," says Pasquin, "the works of any female who could draw the human form correctly, their situation preventing them from studying nudities." He adds, in direct contradiction to the *Biographie Universelle*, that her draperies were erroneous, and were copied from the old expedient of the French School, of clothing the lay figure with damp brown paper.

It is not the place here to say how far art

should dominate decorum, whether the withdrawal of all the barriers, which, in Angelica's time, hedged in a woman student and prevented her from occupying the same position as a man (since her ignorance was always sure to cause some crying fault in the anatomy of the human body), whether this gain to art is compensated by the loss of the modesty which is a woman's charm, is a question for individual opinion. We have seen many changes as to woman's rights within the last fifty years, surely none greater than the latitude allowed to them in such matters.

The *Biographie Universelle* says "That Angelica's pencil was always faithful to the highest aim of real art, and to *the character* of her sex ; she never painted but the most chaste imaginations." On the other hand, her propriety sometimes verged on prudery ; as when in Taylor's emblem of "Mercy and Truth" she *clothes Truth*, whose very attribute *is its nakedness*. She explains this proceeding in a fly-leaf:

"To avoid the *unnecessary* indelicacy of



FROM A SKETCH BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM
WARD AND DOWNER.

representing Truth *naked*, I have clothed her in white, as significant of Purity."

On another occasion, being commissioned by a lady to paint a naked figure, she refused on the score of indelicacy, but executed a most charming picture of a nymph surprised when about to bathe, the figure being enveloped in a gauze veil.

Angelica's enemies set about malicious stories as to her "affected propriety," asserting that while protesting so much she attended the Life Schools dressed as a boy, and that in private she drew from a naked male model.

Mr. T. Smith was at the trouble to go into this latter invention, and in his "Life of Nollekens" says that he found the man, Charles Cramer, then 82 years of age, who told him he had often sat to Mrs. Kauffmann, but that she had only drawn from his arms and shoulders.

The spirited sketch of a Male Academy Model, by Angelica, with the date 1771, which is amongst the Payne Knight collection in the British Museum, appears on the opposite page.

CHAPTER IV.

1767.

MARRIAGE.

THERE was in London at this time (1767), a man of handsome exterior, of brilliant accomplishments, of tolerable education, and of most agreeable manners, who, under the name of Count Frederick de Horn, represented himself as being the head of a distinguished Swedish family. He was, in fact, the valet of the gentleman whose part he undertook to play, and his knowledge of the family circumstances which he had thus gained, and of which he knew how to take advantage, enabled him to carry out the deception so perfectly, that no one who met him for a moment suspected the deceit, and

he passed in the very best society. He had every appearance of wealth and rank, drove a splendid equipage, wore fine jewels, and scattered money about with all the air of a nobleman, so that he gained an easy credit everywhere.

The count lodged at Claridge's. He had two footmen behind his coach dressed magnificently in green, but he was never known to invite any friend to his table.

It was at Dr. Burney's, in St. Martin's Lane, that Angelica first met this adventurer, who at once singled her out as an object of admiration.

His handsome face and fine figure, his charming manners, together with his profession of the Catholic faith, inclined Angelica to receive his attentions with great favour. He came very often to Golden Square, and he conducted his wooing with such reserve and apparent devotion as to win his way to her heart, for she was strangely hard to woo. He was quick enough to perceive the advantage he had gained, and, seizing a favourable moment, he declared his love, asked her to

be his wife, and promised to divide all his large fortune between her and her father, to whom he would be the tenderest, the most obedient of sons—he, who, by his own account, was possessed of distinguished birth, great military honours, immense riches, castles, picture galleries, and magnificent jewels.

Deceived by the general belief in him, Angelica never for a moment doubted his words, and, when he added that in a few days he would seek her father and formally demand her hand in marriage, Angelica was fully convinced, and agreed to his condition that until these days had elapsed, she would keep their engagement secret. The reason he gave was plausible—he was expecting papers which he wished to lay before John Joseph.

The villain left her satisfied, but Angelica was only so for a short time. The idea of concealing so important a matter from her father, tormented her tender heart and alarmed her delicate conscience. However, she managed to silence this monitor by

assuring herself that her father, when he knew the extraordinary good luck which had come to her, would pardon her the momentary want of confidence, and the more she saw of her lover, the more she was fully convinced of the nobility and generosity of his mind, the more she trusted, esteemed, and even loved him.

One day the scene changed.

Pale, agitated, full of grief, he comes to Angelica, who, on her side, alarmed and trembling at what is going to happen, asks him what is the matter.

Alas ! it is a political affair. His absence from his estates in Sweden and from the royal court has given offence. His enemies have been busy, they have prejudiced his friend the king against him ; they have calumniated him and persuaded his Majesty that he is engaged in a conspiracy against the royal life, and orders have come to the Swedish ambassador at the British Court to arrest him. Therefore, they must separate, and more—he is to be loaded with chains, branded with dishonour, and sent back to his

native land to perish there an innocent victim sacrificed to the tongue of the detractor.

Angelica, shuddering at this terrible picture, implores her noble-minded hero to fly at once, but he refuses.

Then, after a minute's pause, he goes on pleading as for his very life,—

“Only one hope is there of saving me—only one refuge is for me—in thy arms, my angel—reach me thy hand as my wife. Once a holy bond unites me to thee, I am certain the royal family who love you and esteem you will not give up your husband, or allow him to be carried away to prison and certain death. If I escape now, all will go well. I am innocent, and once I am free and in another country, I will defend myself, I will bring my accusers to shame, and triumph over them, and it will be to you that I shall owe my happiness—my life—but there is not a moment to lose, either you make me your husband at once or I am a lost man.”

This is Rossi's account of an interview at which the words quoted may, or may not, have actually been spoken, but there is

every evidence to show that great pressure was brought to bear on the unfortunate girl to induce her to consent to a secret marriage.

It was unlike her to do so ; the great uprightness of her character, her love for her father, her respect for herself, were all against her doing anything clandestine ; on the other hand, she was romantic and—a curious anomaly—decidedly ambitious. Both these tendencies pulling at her heart-strings, inclined her to yield to her lover's wish, and, by so doing, secure to herself the rank and wealth she desired. These motives swayed her, and that there was much love is to be doubted, although the romance of the situation may have somewhat touched her heart.

By the 22nd November Horn had made everything ready, and in the morning Angelica met him at St. James's Church in Piccadilly, and was there married to him safe and sure by the curate, Mr. Baddeley. How the supposed count got over all the difficulty of being a foreigner, how

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he evaded producing baptismal certificates, etc., is, like everything else in this hideous marriage, shrouded in mystery. He had two witnesses, Annie Horne and Richard Horne. Who were they?

It must have been a melancholy ceremony. How Horn must have started at every sound in the empty, silent church! How he must have dreaded that out of some corner an accusing voice would be heard denouncing his dastardly fraud upon the innocent girl beside him.

Rossi does not seem to have known of the marriage in St. James's. He makes mention only of their going secretly to a little Catholic Church¹ in the neighbourhood, where an imprudent priest blessed a union which was no union, without witnesses or proper formalities. In stating this, Rossi evidently was not aware that in England, in 1767, the penal laws against Roman Catholics were in full force, and that it was strictly illegal for any priest to marry two people of his own

¹ Probably that of Spanish Place, as stated by Miss Thackeray.

faith; such an act was punishable with death in his case, and imprisonment in theirs.

It would be a question whether, as De Horn and Angelica were both foreigners, this law could have applied to them, but it is evident she was determined to be on the safe side. The visit afterwards to the Catholic Church was a salve to her conscience, which was delicate in matters of her faith.

The deed being done, Angelica returned to Golden Square, as she fondly imagined, the Countess Frederick de Horn, and after this Rossi says the supposed count seemed to recover his serenity. The pressing danger vanished, he talked no more of the conspiracy against him, but he confided to his newly-made wife that neither the papers he expected nor the money, which was a large sum, had come to hand, and that in consequence he was much pressed by impudent creditors. What should a loving wife do but help her husband, and this Angelica did gladly, without even a doubt that all he said was true. So three weeks glided by, no one suspecting that they were man and wife.

At last, either at the bidding of others or because he deemed it was now time to play his last card, Horn thought the moment had come to disclose to the miserable father of the girl he had deceived the true state of affairs. He did not, however, care to make the announcement himself; he sent an old priest to break the news, which, when he heard, so overwhelmed and crushed John Joseph that he lost the power of speech, and for some minutes could not articulate. He was a man who, good and honourable himself, could not easily believe others to be knaves, and the deception practised upon him hurt him sorely; moreover, he had some doubts that this great count was not all he appeared to be, and he feared for the happiness of his beloved child, without exactly apprehending the abyss into which she had fallen through her own fault. He was filled with the deepest anxiety, and could not be pacified by all the good advice of the priest until he saw his daughter. Angelica came trembling, and threw herself at her father's feet; he reproached her bitterly for her con-

duct, and pointed out to her the danger she had run by trusting herself to a man of whom neither he nor she knew anything definite. Angelica acknowledged her fault, but would hear nothing against her husband. She had grown fond of him in these weeks. Nevertheless, her words, as quoted by her biographer, have not a ring of affection in them, but have rather a worldly matter-of-fact flavour.

“You doubt, my good father, as to whether my husband is the nobleman he represents himself to be,” she said ; “in such a case our marriage would be null and void, for it is only under these conditions that I have united myself to him.”

At these words the priest and the father looked at one another, pitying Angelica's simplicity. She, however, never ceased consoling and persuading John Joseph, until he at last brightened up and consented to receive the count. Angelica was now happy, she led her husband proudly to her father, and looked at these two both so dear to her with eyes swimming in joyful tears. Horn stayed

with them, and when, later on, his father-in-law began to make inquiries as to what proof he could give as to the reality of his position and fortune, he turned off the conversation, saying that the joys of the honeymoon should not be disturbed by any such worldly conversation.

In the meantime, the fact that Angelica was married now began to ooze out amongst her own circle. There was, curiously enough, at this moment a run of singular marriages,¹ so that hers did not excite any particular attention, but her friends took the alarm and were filled with apprehension as to the true position of the man she had married.

During the days that followed the narrowest investigations were made about him, and the opinion grew that he was an adventurer, if not worse. The inquisition to which his past life was subjected did not remain long concealed from the count, and, as he dreaded the inquiry, he thought fit to put on a mask of virtuous indignation. His anger was prin-

¹ That of Lady Susan Strangways to O'Brien the actor, and another lady of quality to her footman.

cipally directed against his wife's father. He forbade Angelica to hold any communication with him. He drove away all her friends, and finally ordered her to pack up her things and prepare to leave London with him immediately ; the town no longer suited him as a residence, and it was part of her wifely duty to obey him and ask no questions.

Angelica was aghast. Was this furious, ill-mannered man the soft-spoken lover of a few weeks ago ? His brutality frightened her. His dislike to her unoffending father raised a storm in even her tranquil breast ; his conduct to her friends made her indignant.

She refused to go with him and quit the home, the friends, the certain income she had made for an uncertainty, for it did not seem to her he had any visible means of supporting her. This contumacy on the part of the usually gentle Angelica excited the rage of Horn still more ; he threw off his mask and showed the wretched girl his true ruffianly nature. In her alarm and misery she seized the first opportunity to tell her father, and

implored him to help her. Poor John Joseph appealed to his friends. One of these, who had been himself taken in by the count, whose warm friend he had been, took upon him to demand an explanation. He wrote to Horn, telling him the injurious suspicions that were gaining ground against him, and demanded from him as a man of honour a written contradiction of them. The letter was couched in rather a threatening tone.

Deceit and cowardice are closely allied. The count answered in fear and trembling, but his shifting, double-dealing reply confirmed rather than allayed the suspicions against him. The letter was shown to Angelica by her father, and plunged her into still deeper grief, and when Horn, growing more and more tyrannical, insisted upon his rights as a husband, she summoned all her courage, and refused to leave her father. She showed him the letter in which he defended himself from the accusations made against him, adding, that until he cleared himself from all suspicion of being an impostor she would live apart from him.

"You wish for a separation," he cried in a fury ; "then you shall have it."

Then he burst out in threats, shrieks, violence of all kinds, which soon brought old Kauffmann to the assistance of his child, when the ruffian, seizing a purse full of gold, took his hat and flung out of the house, crying out,—

"You will soon know who *I am*, and you will both repent the rough treatment you have given me."

The two poor creatures remained all that day trembling from the effect of that terrible scene. They were in hopeless despair, not knowing what he would next do. Their despair increased when the night passed without his return, and again the following day. It was not his absence that caused them unhappiness, it was the dread of what so wicked a man might be hatching against them.

After three days spent in anxious uncertainty, on the fourth came a lawyer's clerk in the name of Count Horn, to demand from Angelica instant submission to his wishes, since he, as her husband, had a

legal right over her and all she possessed, otherwise he would press for a deed of separation and demand compensation to the amount of 500*l*.

Angelica was quite cured of even the lukewarm liking she had for him, she saw that it would be impossible for her to live with such a villain. She grasped at the idea of a separation, but neither she nor her father were inclined to reward the other's successful villainy with so much of her hardly-earned money. She was advised to have recourse to the law. The cause, however, took the usual tedious course. Proofs had to be collected, searches to be made into the career and episodes of the false count, and as much of his life had been spent abroad, messengers had to be despatched to almost every court in Europe.

Pending the outcome of these inquiries, the villain set the seal to all his former turpitude by an attempt to carry off Angelica by violence. He got together some cut-throats, had carriage and horses in readiness, hired a vessel, and only by a dispensation of Provi-

dence, through which his designs were disclosed, Angelica would undoubtedly have fallen into his hands.

From this time (although Horn was bound over under strong penalties to respect his wife's person and liberty) Angelica lived in constant fear of him. She dreaded what might befall her if once in his power ; she knew that he wore on his finger a ring which contained poison, and she did not think he would scruple to use it.

Meantime, from divers sources, information from abroad and depositions were coming in, all containing evidence of a rascally history.

One set proved the different names which he had taken in different places ; another the titles and dignities he had given himself ; this one related how he had extorted money on false pretences ; another how he had contracted debts to keep up a splendid appearance. All went to prove an unbroken course of swindling. There came news, too, of his having married another woman, who was with him in the year 1765, when he resided at

Hildesheim, and gave himself out as a colone and lieutenant of Frederick the Great.

In Hamburg, at the Hague, in Breslau and other towns, he was well known, and always as an adventurer with the worst reputation. At Amsterdam he had gone by the name of Studerat, in other places he called himself Rosenkranz. Brandt was the only name to which he had any right.¹

This consensus of accusation and the accumulation of evidence that came pouring in from every side made the count tremble. He began to think it were best to abate his demands and get clear off with what money he could extract from his victim. He therefore again approached Angelica with an offer of a compromise. To this her friends, and especially the magistrate before whom the process would come, objected very strongly, advising her to make no terms with such a villain, but to have him properly punished for his shameful conduct in her regard.

Angelica, undecided, now listened to the

¹ When he was Count Horn's footman he went by the name of Buckle.

firm counsels of the magistrate, and again, when the process seemed to stretch away in the distance, was inclined to put an end to this torturing delay and agree to Horn's proposal. He was now limiting his demand to 300*l.*, and agreeing to sign a legally drawn-up document, wherein he bound himself to abandon all his rights as a husband and to leave Angelica absolutely free, never seeking to renew any intercourse or hold any communication with her.

Angelica at last consented to sacrifice the money for the sake of peace. She naturally preferred—as any sensitive woman would do—this method, to exposing to the world all the miserable details of her unfortunate connection with this man.

On the 10th February, 1768,¹ this docu-

¹ The deed of separation is signed with Horn's real name, Brandt, which was the one he had a right to call himself; his mother, Christina Brandt, had been seduced by Count De Horn, while she was serving as a maid in an inn. The count may have taken the boy and brought him up in his own household, which was very often done with natural children, and this would account for his gentlemanlike manners and his likeness to the Horn family. It is also probable that it was thus he got hold of the coveted articles and the jewels which cast such a

ment, which was to give her her freedom from the persecution of a villain, was signed, and so ended this miserable intrigue, four months after the marriage, three of which Horn had spent out of the house, which he had quitted on the day of the quarrel.

Rossi goes on to tell of an extraordinary incident which took place on the same day upon which Angelica's release was signed, and which, he says, would have appeared too improbable for any stage piece.

"A respectable person came to Angelica and disclosed to her the fact that the count was already married to a girl in Germany, and had deserted her, leaving her in the utmost poverty. That this girl was intending to come to London if only she had the means to pay for the voyage. This discovery invalidated the second marriage, and several persons tried to persuade Angelica to bring the real wife to London. Others advised her by no means to give herself the expenses and glamour over poor Angelica. It is more than likely that he stole them.

anxiety of a trial, and these wiser counsels prevailed. Angelica from the first was adverse to any publicity which could be avoided, and it did not take her long to decide upon leaving the matter as it was ; 'for,' said she, 'if the count has been guilty of this offence, and if his guilt is proved, he will be sentenced to death, and if I should be the cause of this, I should never know a moment's happiness. No, the spirit of revenge and anger dwells no longer in my breast, and although he has injured me, and it may be has betrayed me, I leave his punishment in God's hands. Never speak his name to me again.' A wise resolution," says her biographer, "wise, pious and good, which did her understanding as much credit as her heart, for there is no doubt, in the end, the dragging of Horn into the mire of contumely would have thrown a certain stain upon the woman who had shared his name for some months.

The *soi-disant* count had made good his escape, and never more was heard of until news came many years after of his death. Who

or what he was must always remain a mystery. Rossi adds, "I have lingered long over this sad story, but I think it only just to Angelica to contradict the many 'fables' spread abroad. What I have now related has been told to me by the father of Angelica, who suffered keenly from the disgrace which had fallen undeservedly on his loved child, and who wrote down accurately the true history."

Thomas Smith, in his "Memoirs," tells the story of Horn's detection in a different manner.

"After the marriage," he says, "Angelica was sent for to Buckingham House to paint Queen Charlotte. She communicated her marriage to her Majesty, upon which she was invited to Court and her husband also. He, however, kept out of the way, saying his luggage had not arrived. At last the real Count Horn arrived in London, and at the levée was much surprised at being congratulated by the queen upon his marriage, when it all came out."

In "Miss Angel" this incident is made

use of in a very pretty scene between the queen and the artist. However well suited for the purposes of a novel, there is no truth in the story, neither does it appear that a *real* Count Horn made his appearance on the scene. The whole business is involved in a strange mystery, out of which it is difficult to grasp any tangible facts beyond that of the false marriage.

Putting aside his share in Angelica's story, Horn's career was one of the most singular instances of audacious swindling. It was the age for adventurers. Every court in Europe swarmed with them; every minister used them as instruments, and supplied them with money and credentials. Handsome, agreeable men, with good manners, were in request, as they were certain to have *bonnes fortunes*, and much could be expected from the favour of a great lady. Horn, or Brandt, rather answers to this description, and the splash he made, the fine horses and footmen, the best hotel, and the splendour of his own appearance, would lead one to think he had some other means besides the jewels he was

supposed to have stolen. But why did he not seek the favour of some great lady? He moved in the best society, and must have known many women better suited to his purpose than Angelica. The Kauffmann household was not appointed in a style to deceive a man of Brandt's experience; he must have guessed that all he could possibly expect was a share of the girl artist's earnings.

What, then, was his motive? Love, perhaps (who can say?), and that, knowing the dignity and purity of Angelica's nature, he saw no way of making her his but by going through an apparently legal marriage ceremony.

But there is another view of the subject, which one finds set forth by several German and French writers.

Wurzbach says: "The suspicion of having a hand in this unpleasant affair fell upon Reynolds. It is true that later on he made a lame attempt at clearing himself, and gave an explanation to Angelica. All the same just as it remains a riddle how much Reynolds had to do with this melancholy history, so he

also remains under a certain imputation of having a share in the matter."

Steinberg is even more plainspoken. He says: "' Der Manuel des Curieux et des Amateurs des Beaux Arts ' speaks of a conspiracy, which was set on foot in London, against the artist. The writer does not mention names, for the reason that the source is nasty. Angelica herself, *in the public papers*, addressed a letter to the editor of the "Beaux Arts," denying there was any truth in these assertions. From *other sources of information, however*, there is not the smallest doubt that this contemptible mystification was planned for the humiliation of the artist, and that Reynolds had a hand in the game. Whether it was he, or a friend of *his*, an *artist*, who had proposed for Angelica and been refused, it is enough, that out of revenge, these two concocted the plot to disgrace her. There then appeared this man, who called himself Count Horn, and who gave himself out for a distinguished Swede. He pretended to be an art patron, and spent considerable sums in buying pictures. A handsome man, a rich

man, a count, Angelica could not resist. The poor woman suffered cruelly ; the spring of her life was dried up ; she loved and had been betrayed."

Nagler, in his " Notice " of the artist in vol. ii.,¹ mentions this story of the " Manuel des Curieux and Angelica's letter," the " Biographie Universelle," says :—" Des Biographies ont accusé Reynolds d'avoir préparé ce complot et initié ce malheureux à son rôle pour se venger des dédains d'Angèlique, mais ce ne fut pas certain." The same charge of a complot is made either distinctly or hinted at in every biographical notice ; in Dohme's " Kunst ü. Künstler,"² in " Hueffers," " Nouvelle Biographie," and the " Biographie Universelle," in Leon de Wailly's³ historical novel, also in Wurzbach's Lexicon. But if this story were true, how does it happen that Reynolds' biographers (friendly or unfriendly) are silent as to such grave charges, of which they must have been aware,

¹ Kunst Lexicon Nagler.

² Article on Angelica, by J. Weisseley.

³ Also Schöppe and Desalles-Regis wrote novels on this subject.

if this letter from Angelica in the "Beaux Arts" had existence? and again, how is it that the gossips of the day, the news writer, Horace Walpole, and the garrulous Boswell, make no allusion to a bit of scandal too delightful to be omitted? It would seem that when the original accusation was made in the "*Manuel des Curieux et des Beaux*," edited by Hüber and Rast, a French edition was published contemporaneously with the German one. For the purpose of this biography, *both editions* have been closely searched for either accusation or letter, but without success. It may be that they appeared in a first edition and have been suppressed.

Putting aside the well-known character of our great painter, which would make such an accusation incredible, it is not possible to suppose that after treachery of the kind he would have remained a fast friend of Angelica's to the end of his life, heaping favours upon her and her family. If conspiracy there were, and many circumstances would lead one to this hypothesis, it would

lie more probably at the door of Nathaniel Dance, and his friend Nathaniel Hone.¹ Dance, as we know, had loved and been rejected by Angelica, and had taken the manner of her rejection much to heart, and his celtic blood would lead him to revenge himself upon the woman who had not only refused but ridiculed him.

His friend and fellow-countryman, Hone, was a despicable character, envious of other artists, cordially disliked by them. Smith says he was jealous of Reynolds, and lost no opportunity to defame him; the dislike between them began in their school days, and culminated in the ugly transactions of "The Conjuror" later on. There would be every probability that such a nature as Hone's

¹ Hone and Dance were both Irishmen; Dance was the most successful. He recovered from his disappointment, married the widow of a Hampshire gentleman with a good fortune, was a member of parliament, and was created a baronet. He was a vain man, and gave out that Angelica refused Sir Joshua because she was attached to him. In the "Records of my Life" the author talks of Mrs. Kauffmann's correspondence with Dance, which was thought so interesting, that his Majesty George III. asked to see it. Mr. Taylor, however, is not reliable authority, and this is pure fiction.

might have planned the outrage on Angelica, for the purpose of throwing dirt, if he could, upon Sir Joshua. In addition to which, Hone had a personal dislike to Angelica, based upon her greater success as an artist.

Rossi, from whom the account given here of Angelica's betrayal is principally collected, speaks of the reports *and fables* which were circulating at the time, and which Angelica had not the courage to contradict, for which reason, he adds, he has thought it right to communicate to the public the facts which were left to him in writing by the good father of Angelica, who had suffered infinitely from his daughter's misfortune.

This would seem very conclusive that John Joseph had never heard of the Reynolds' conspiracy, or, if he had, counted it amongst the fables. It has, however, been thought better to mention in this biography the accusations so freely made abroad, and which, up to the present time, have gone without contradiction, thus leaving a slur upon the memory of a great artist and an honourable gentleman.

CHAPTER V.

1768-1771.

WOMANHOOD.

AFTER Horn's final withdrawal a hopeless calm settled down upon Angelica's life. There was nothing more to fear, but to a sensitive nature like hers the bare idea that everyone was in possession of what had happened must have been mental torture. She bore her trial bravely, and by degrees her work, and the sympathy of her friends, who were never weary of showing her kindness, mitigated her pain, although the wound never healed.

Rossi says that the strangeness of her unmerited misfortune, together with the esteem in which she was held, caused her to receive

numerous offers of marriage from men in the highest positions. Angelica, however, shuddered at the name of a second engagement, and before she could have accepted any proposal of marriage, she should have gone through a painful trial to prove that her first union was invalid by reason of the other wife, and from this publicity she shrank.

Angelica now threw herself into work with almost feverish energy. Her brush was always in her hand. Money was much needed in Golden Square. Horn's demands had swept away all her savings, and there were the heavy expenses of the legal proceedings to be met. Angelica's friends behaved generously. Orders came flowing in. Her good patron, Lord Exeter, ordered pictures by the yard. Lord Spencer, too, gave her commissions, and the good-natured king sat for his portrait, although this was an honour he had not yet paid to Reynolds. With all this amount of work in hand, she cultivated assiduously both her literary and musical talents, both of which were of a high order. In music she excelled, her voice being

of a delicious quality. Her mind was highly cultivated, and all through her life she enjoyed the friendship of those who were distinguished in the artistic or literary world.¹

Count Bernsdorff,² the Danish Prime Minister, who was this year visiting London, gives in one of his delightful letters a description of a visit he paid her; it is full of interest, and is dated September 15th, 1768, just six months after Horn's betrayal:—

“I found our gifted countrywoman yesterday with Klopstock's ‘Messiah’ in her hand. Pope's ‘Homer’ lay upon the table near her. She reads both with perfect ease, but naturally the German poet is nearest her heart.

¹ Rossi says her love for men of letters did not spring in any way from vanity or a wish to be considered a *bas bleu*, but from a true appreciation of the beautiful; so much so, that when she read an elevated passage or heard some eloquent discourse, her eyes would light up and her whole countenance show how moved she was.

² Count Bernsdorff, the friend and companion of Frederick Prince of Wales, returned to Copenhagen after the death of the Prince and became Minister. He was a clever statesman and accomplished man. He did as much for Denmark as Bismarck did for Germany. A handsome obelisk just outside Stockholm is erected to his memory.—Sturz's Biographie.

She was born, if I remember right, in Bregenz, and went to Italy when quite young, associated there and ever since with the very best people, artistic and social. This always makes a distinct impression, in early youth especially, and she is now both in her art and herself, in her manners and mind, quite on an exceptional platform. She has a peculiar and most womanly dignity which inspires the utmost respect. She is about twenty-seven, by no means a beauty, nevertheless extremely attractive. The character of her face belongs to the type Domenichino loved to paint, the features are noble, the expression sweet. It would be impossible to pass such a face without looking at it, and once you have looked you must admire ; and there are moments when she is absolutely beautiful, thus when she is seated at her harmonica singing Pergolesi's 'Stabat Mater,' her large expressive eyes, 'pietosi a reguardar a mover parchi,' are piously raised to Heaven, her inspired look helps the expression of the divine words. At this moment she is a living St. Cecilia. Alas ! that so much beauty and such talent

should have failed to secure for this gifted woman any measure of happiness. The sadness of her whole air betrays an inward discontent which is the consequence of her unfortunate marriage which has ended in a separation. The whole story is pitiful, and this misfortune has spoiled her life. She is a great favourite here, and has a reputation as an eminent artist. This truly British word at once guarantees a fortune ; Angelica, however, is too modest—she does not sufficiently assert herself, for an *eminent* artist can, in this rich capital, use her admirers much as a selfish, money-seeking coquette does her lovers, plunder and ill-treat them, without fear of a rupture ; the passion of the nation being to fill the pockets of their favourite, no matter whether he be an artist, a hair-dresser, Farinelli, or a conjuror.”

Angelica, not having left any note-books as Reynolds did, it is impossible to know the scale of her prices. Fifteen guineas is mentioned by T. Smith as the price paid for a portrait of Mrs. Nollekens.¹ A hundred years

As “Innocence, with Doves.”

ago all artistic and literary work was indifferently paid. Goldsmith received sixty pounds for the "Vicar of Wakefield." Hogarth one hundred for the "Lady's last Stake." Zoffany two hundred for "Abel Druggier"; and it was only when his name was at its highest that Reynolds was paid one hundred for a full-length portrait.

Angelica's rapid method of painting enabled her to execute more work than most artists. She drew hurriedly, putting in the costumes and figures with her pencil before she took the pallet in her hand, trusting very much to the delicate combination of colour, for which she was famous, to conceal the false outlines into which there is no denying she was often betrayed. Her colouring has been the subject of very diverse opinions. Bernsdorff says she played strange tricks with her carnation, and that her shadows are overdone. Rossi maintains she was equal in colouring to the old masters. Oppermann thinks her draperies are too highly tinted,¹ her

¹ A writer in the *Art Journal* of 1890 criticizes what he calls this vicious tone, which is decidedly unpleasant.

background too monotonous. At the time it was thought she used a secret preparation, which gave her tints this extraordinary brilliance, but in her later pictures she subdued her colouring to a great degree.

George Keats, her friend and admirer, wrote an absurd pamphlet addressed to the lovely, the adorable, the beloved Angelica, in which he ascribes her miraculous colouring "to a magician who has given her a powder from Egypt's distant shore. He believes Cheops and Rodope are proud to minister to her glory. Nitocris will shine again in her delineation of a virtuous monarch, and Cephenees will blacken with his dark pigment some villain's face which her chaste pencil abhors to paint." He covers pages with this nonsense.

Notwithstanding her secret, Angelica's colours have not been lasting. In some instances they have faded more than others, but this is also noticeable in Sir Joshua's, and can be accounted for by the different varnishes and mediums used, some of these being deleterious for the preservation of the work.

The year 1768 was a memorable one in the history of Art in England. It was then that the scheme of founding a Royal Academy, which had long been in agitation, took actual shape, and the institution which is now such a yearly point of interest to both public and artists had its birth.

Its process of incubation had been a trying one. So far back as 1711, Sir Godfrey Kneller, then at the head of the profession of arts, made the attempt, and failed ; Thornhill later establishing a makeshift academy or school of art at his own house. This lame effort was followed by the Life School under George Moser, and when this was joined by such men as Hogarth, Cotes, and other artists of standing, it migrated first to St. Martin's Lane, and in 1759 opened rooms in Pall Mall.

Still all felt even this improved position did not answer the purposes of a National Academy. Efforts were strenuously made to induce the royal sanction to be given, together with a proper grant. The proclivities of the House of Hanover, however, had never

been artistic. George I. was too fond of his fat mistresses, and George II. had his hands full of his quarrels with his son and his ministers.

The struggle still went on ; the Society, with gallant spirit, exhibiting annually a number of pictures which were excellent in work and drew large crowds of visitors. At last, in 1765, the Society wrung from the Government a charter of incorporation, and the right to call itself "The Society of Incorporated Artists." Having attained this measure of success, the spirit which had been so admirable died out.

Constant disputes arose amongst the members ; jealousies, private warring, until the cohesion of the Society became impossible. A split followed—Chambers, Moser, West, Cotes, being included amongst the malcontents. The result was the starting of a new art society upon totally different lines, the professed object being to found an academy of design for the instruction of students with an annual exhibition which should contain the work of the academicians.

Pressure was brought to bear on George III., who had at first received the scheme coldly, but later offered to supply from his private purse any money deficiency and to give the academy a royal sanction.¹ This enabled the members to offer prizes to the students and to bestow annuities on such as were promising.

With these advantages the new constitution was easily formed under the title of "The Royal Academy." Reynolds at first held aloof, not, as unfriendly writers allege, from a doubt that the countenance of the court would be wanting, but from fear that the mistakes of "The Incorporated Society of Artists" might again be committed. It was after West had taken to him a proposed list of thirty members, and explained to him enough to show that the new society started

¹ The generosity of the king was much commended by the journals of the day. The *Advertiser* bursts into enthusiastic praises in verse:—

"Long had Britannia sighed for such a king,
When George arose and bade her Muses sing;
Called Genius forth from Contemplation's cell,
And drew up Wisdom from her sacred well."

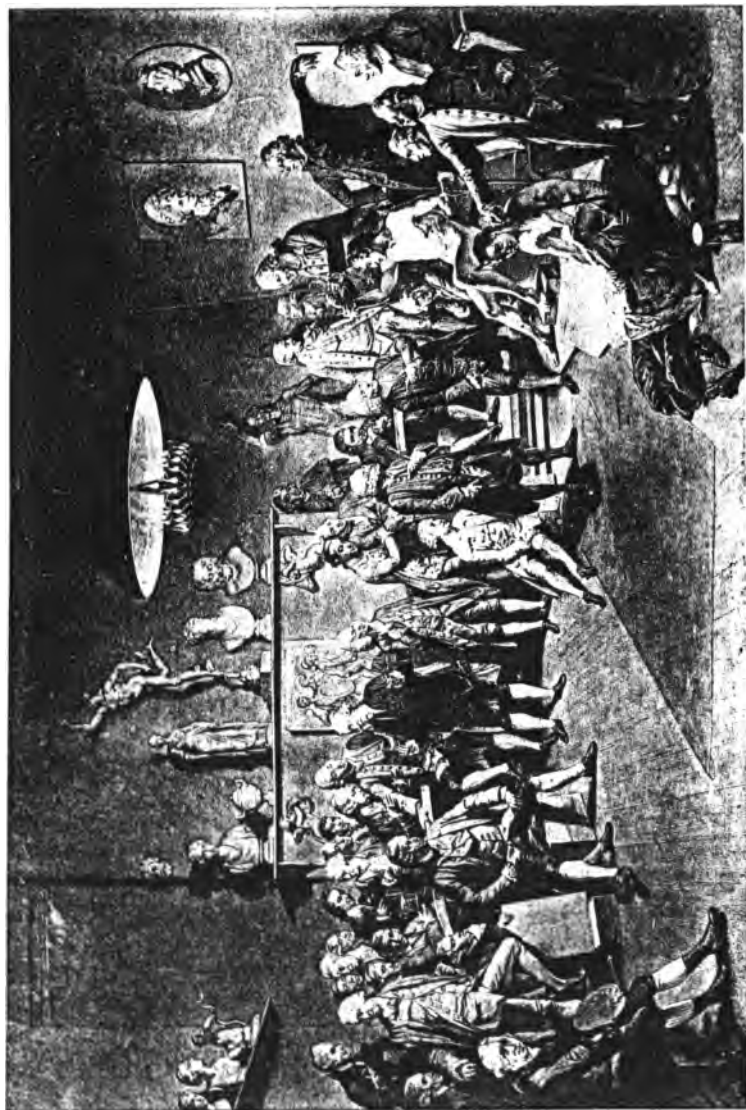
from a basis of their own which might fairly be made to include all the higher objects of such an institution, that Reynolds consented to join ; and all his brother artists, rising to a man, saluted him as president of the new-born institution.

The list of original members includes the names of Chambers,¹ Moser, Hayman, Newton, Penny, Sandby, West, Hunter, Bartolozzi, Cipriani, Cosway, Wilson, Zoffany, Nollekens, Dance, Hone, and Wilton : together with two women artists, Angelica Kauffmann and her friend Mary Moser. Such an honour as this has never since that day been paid to any female artist, and although it was no doubt due to the influence of Sir Joshua, still he could not have attempted conferring the dignity of R.A. upon her unless her position in a great degree justified his so doing. His fellow-academicians, however, did not approve of

¹ Sir W. Chambers was the prime mover, and is thus alluded to :—

“ By all thy odes the world shall know
That Chambers planned it.”

Academy Lyrics, Peter Pindar.



THE ACADEMICIANS.

After the Painting by ZOFFANY.

the introduction of the female element, and, as a hint that their sex rendered them unfit for the necessary course, both women are purposely omitted from Zoffany's picture of the "Academicians Studying the Naked Model" in this fine work (as Leslie¹ says), "each face is an admirable likeness, and the peculiarity of every artist is caught and transferred to the canvas so as to strike every beholder. There is Moser setting the figure, and Zucarelli and Yeo studying the pose. Dr. W. Hunter scans the action of the muscles. Nathaniel Hone, *with an attitude* of swaggering importance, leans on the screen at the back of the model. Cosway, the Maccaroni artist, displays his clouded cane and gold lace at full length in the left-hand corner. He is the only one present, except Sir Joshua, who wears a sword. Zoffany himself, palette on thumb, is a pendant to Cosway. Behind him West, leaning on the rail, in conversation with Cipriani and Gwynne. On his left, seated on a drawing-book, is the burly figure of Frank Hayman. Just behind him

¹ Leslie's life of *Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

Sir Joshua, the centre figure of the composition."

On the wall hang the *portraits* only, in oval frames, of the two lady academicians, Mary Moser and Angelica Kauffmann. They were thus admitted into the picture, as it were, on sufferance, *not* as making part of the assembly. Zoffany, too, has done very little justice to them—at least to Angelica, whom he deprives of all her beauty, and represents as a prim, hard-featured woman.

The first exhibition of the Royal Academy pictures was held in the spring of 1769, at Messrs. Christie's auction rooms, in Pall Mall. "Tradition," says Mr. Redford, in his "Art Sales," "fixes the spot where the Senior United Service Club now stands, opposite to Market Lane or Haymarket." On the 26th April, 1769, the social and artistic world of London were hurrying thither. The *Advertiser* of April 27th announces: "On Monday the Princess-Dowager of Wales, and yesterday his Majesty, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester and the two princes of Mecklenberg Strelitz, visited

the exhibition of the Royal Academy in Pall Mall, with which they expressed themselves highly satisfied."

One hundred and thirty-six pictures had been sent in, a small number according to our ideas. Angelica sent four, which are thus set down in the catalogue : ¹

- 61. Interview between Hector and Andromache.
- 62. Achilles discovered by Ulysses.
- 63. Venus showing Eneas and Achates the way to Carthage.
- 64. Penelope taking down the bow of Ulysses for the trial of her wooers.

The *Advertiser* says that the pictures which chiefly attracted attention of the connoisseurs were three by *Sir J. Reynolds*, the "Regulus" of West and his "Venus lamenting the Death of Adonis," and "Hector and

¹ The introduction to the catalogue has the following :—

"As the present exhibition is a part of the institution of an academy supported by royal munificence, the public may naturally expect the liberty of being admitted without any expense. The academy, therefore, think it necessary to declare that this is very much their desire, but that they have not been able to suggest any other means for admittance to prevent the rooms from being filled with improper persons, to the actual exclusion of those for whom the exhibition is intended."

Andromache," by *Mrs. Angelica, an Italian young lady* of uncommon genius and merit.

In the *European Magazine* there is likewise a short notice :

Departure of Regulus from Rome...	West.
The King and Queen Nathaniel Dance.
Lady Molyneux Mr. Gainsborough.
A piping boy Mr. Hone.
A boy playing cricket Cotes.
An altar-piece Cipriani.
Duchess of Manchester Mr. Reynolds.
Hector and Andromache	
and	
Venus directing Eneas and Achates...	Mrs. Kauffmann, a
	lady but lately
	arrived in London.

From Angelica's choice of subject it was evident the gods and goddesses of Olympus ruled her fancy. Other artists, West and Reynolds, likewise exhibited classical and allegorical subjects.¹

The president sent no less than three allegorical portraits :

¹ Mr. Taylor, in his *Life of Sir Joshua*, speaks slightly of his forced and far-fetched personifications of Juno, Hebe and Diana. He considers them indescribably inferior in charm to those which Reynolds has painted of his time in the clothes they usually wore.

1. The Duchess of Manchester, as Diana nursing Cupid.
2. Lady Blake, as Juno receiving the Cestus of Venus.
3. Miss Morris nursing Hope.

Allan Cunningham says, in his caustic way, "Poor Miss Morris was no dandler of babes, but a delicate over-sensitive spinster, unfit for the gross wear of the stage. Of Lady Blake's title to Juno, I have nothing to say, and what claim a Duchess of Manchester, with her last babe on her knee, could have to the distinction of Diana, it is difficult to guess."

The critics were hard upon the exhibits. Horace Walpole marks "Bad, very bad," constantly in his catalogue. He makes no mention of Angelica's "Hector and Andromache," which was a commission from Mr. Parker of Saltram (afterwards Lord Morley). It was engraved by Watson.

Bernsdorff saw the picture in the artist's studio before it went to the Academy, and after criticizing Angelica's faults severely, he says, "The defects in her method (grave ones, I own) are in my opinion counterbalanced by the many beauties of thought and feeling

with which her work is permeated. *Sensu tincta sunt.* She shows great wisdom in her choice of a subject. The moment of separation when the interest is heightened by the foreboding of never again meeting, and the imagination can fill up the details. Her composition is full of grace, and the figures have the quiet dignity of the Greek models. Her women are most womanly, modest and loving, and she conveys with much art the proper relation between the sexes, the dependence of the weaker on the stronger, which appeals *very much to her masculine critics.* It must be owned, however, that a little of this feebleness characterizes her male personages. They are shy creatures; some of them look like girls in men's clothes, and it would be impossible for her to pourtray a villain. However," he adds, "the colouring is very faulty, the background is monotonous, and a violet haze floats over the picture, which is very detrimental to its beauty."

The present owner of Saltram has most kindly allowed a photograph to be taken of

the original picture, which, in spite of its defects, is full of interest.¹

The moment chosen by Angelica is where Hector meets his spouse at the gates of Troy. His steps are already turned towards the camp. It seems that one more and he will be outside the city, but he has wavered at the voice of Andromache ; he has turned towards her, the left foot is loosely drawn back behind the right, and the lance which he holds is planted in the ground. He is consoling the half-fainting woman, who rests upon his shoulder. Her right arm is thrown round his neck, the other hangs down, and her hand seeks that of her husband, who takes it in his clasp. She has just spoken :

“ Too daring Prince : Oh, whither dost thou run ?
Ah ! too forgetful of thy wife and son !
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I—a helpless orphan he !
Thy wife, thy infant in thy danger share.
Oh, prove a husband and a father's care ! ”
POPE'S “ *Iliad*.”

But now she is silent, nestling close to her

¹ Lord Morley has also given permission for a copy of Angelica's portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which appears on page 123.

beloved, searching his face, anxious to read if she may dare to hope. Hector is speaking those noble words:

“Andromache, my soul's far better part,
Why *with untimely sorrow* heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom
Till Fate consigns me to the silent tomb.”

The spectator can see that the hero has not made up his mind. Will he remain? or will he tear himself away, from her loving embrace? The uncertainty of this situation, when realistic in intensity, appeals very much to the heart, and is a great factor in art. Lessing availed himself of it with unexampled success in the Laocoon.

Angelica also exhibited this year a portrait of the president, done to order for his friend Mr. Parker of Saltram.

Mr. Taylor says it is (judged by the present standard) a weak and characterless piece of work, but it met great commendation in its days. This picture must have been exhibited at the Society of Incorporated Artists, who had their show of pictures on May 10th this year.¹

¹ In the face of Mr. Taylor's criticism we would



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
(From the Portrait in the possession of the Earl of Morley.)

To face page 123.]

The *Advertiser* wrote of it in these terms :—

“While fair Angelica, with matchless grace,
Paints Conway’s lovely form and Stanhope’s face,
Our hearts to beauty willing homage pay,
We praise, admire, and gaze our souls away.
But when the likeness she had done for thee,
O Reynolds, with *astonishment* we see,
Forced to submit with all our pride, we own
Such strength, such harmony excelled by none ;
And thou unrivalled by thyself alone.”

This painting of one another’s portraits, together with placing Angelica’s name on the roll of Academicians, very naturally revived the old report, and set the gossips’ tongues at work, wagging, although now there could be no talk of a marriage.¹ Mr. Forster in his “Life of Goldsmith,” speaks of “Reynolds and his Angelica,” and gives us the story of Dr. Baker’s dinner in a rhyming letter from Goldsmith to his dear Horneck, in which he

venture to quote the judgment of other art critics who, when the portrait was exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition of 1876, pronounced the treatment to be unconventional and the colouring good.

¹ Angelica not being able to get a divorce from Brandt, without going through the publicity of a trial.

makes mention of Angelica's portrait of the president :—

“So tell Horneck and Nesbitt
And Baker and his bit
And Kaffmann beside
And the Jessamy Bride.

“*But 'tis Reynolds's way
From Wisdom to stray,
And Angelica's whim
To be frolick like him.*

*But, alas, your good worships, how could they be wiser,
When both have been spoilt in to-day's 'Advertiser' ? ”*

The years '70 and '71 were full of work.
To the exhibition of 1770 she sent four large pictures :

- 116. Vortigern enamoured with Rowena.¹
- 117. Hector upbraiding Paris.²
- 118. Cleopatra weeping over the tomb of Antony.³
- 119. Samma, the Demoniac, weeping over the body of his child.

The subject of this last was taken from

¹ In the British Museum there is a proof engraving from the original which is in the possession of Lord Morley. It is counted one of her best as regards correct outlines.

² Engraved by Thomas Burke.

³ Engraved by Thomas Burke from the original, which was bought by George Bowles. This is well known to all print collectors.

Klopstock's "Messiah," which the author had sent to her, and of which she writes to Sturz :—

" May, 1769.

" I have much to thank you for, in the great honour our famous countryman has paid me in sending me his works. I had thought it would be too bold of me to offer my warm thanks, but now I have resolved to follow your advice and to write to him. I am going to venture further (still in accordance with your good counsels) and having chosen a subject from the 'Messiah,' I mean to paint it for the great composer. Oh, that I were able to express by my brush something of the majesty, the divine beauty of this glorious, this sacred theme! I shall, however, attempt it, and should I succeed, I shall send my unworthy effort to my kind friend Herr Klopstock."

Steinberg damns this with the words "full of false sentiment," but Horace Walpole, in his Strawberry Hill catalogue, remarks :

Not ill; which, considering his notes are all in a depreciatory key, amounts to almost praise.

This year, too, the portrait of General Stanwick's daughter, who was lost on her passage from Ireland, had an immense success. It is full of tenderness and sensibility, and even Steinberg has to acknowledge its merits: at the same time he takes care to add to his few words of praise his usual amount of unworthy criticism against the English people.

"This picture," he says, "was the forerunner of an infinite number of pale, sentimental heroines and equally colourless heroes, meeting under a romantic moonlight in an English park. One can imagine nothing more cold and prudish than these compositions: nevertheless, they charmed all England for the reason that the English nation, which is outwardly *prudish*, but at heart *immoral*, adores a conventional handling of dangerous subjects. They like to have paintings hung *in their drawing-rooms* which will not cause a pulse to beat, and

at which their *young misses* can gaze without blushing ; in fact, they clothe art, and, to satisfy their absurd prudery, stifle genius."

Without wishing to enter upon the incapacity of the English nation to decide upon matters of art in the last century, one may venture to say in Angelica's defence, that the reproduction of her pictures by the best engravers of *all countries* must be an evidence that her work was possessed of merit of high order, an evidence of greater value than would be the sale of her pictures.

The engraver does for the painter what the translator does for the author or poet, and it is not probable that a bad or indifferent writer would find translators from every nation competing for his book !

The list of the engravers who secured the copyright of her designs is a long one :—Bartolozzi,¹ Facius, Rylandt, Burke, Green, Watson, Scorodorf, Dickinson, Laurie, Houston, Dauke, Berger Smith, Porporati, Contardi, Durner Schiavonetti,

¹ For a list of those engraved by Bartolozzi, see Appendix.

Knight, Carrattoni, Spilsburg, Taylor, Bryer, Cataneo, Morghen, Marcaud, Wrenk, Tomkins, Tolo, Zucchi; also the girl, Rose Le Noir, who engraved "Venus in her Chariot" at the age of fourteen. It is almost impossible to make a correct list of the proofs taken from her pictures and designs. Rossi makes it six hundred, without counting the English engravers.

The subject of her designs she generally took from history, ancient or modern. While in England she read constantly the English poets; mythology and classical history was, however, nearer to her heart, and in dealing with Cupids, nymphs, Bacchantes, no one, except perhaps Albano, has ever surpassed her for delicacy and grace of design. Goethe talks of them as the children of an airy, loving imagination. "Executed by the pencil of fascination," says Pasquin, "and the colouring is in the chastest Italian school." I would draw attention especially to a vignette, "Die Gekränkte Liebe"—sometimes called "Aglæ bound by Cupid"—also

“L’Amour dort,” “Garde à vous,” “Cupid Asleep,” and “Cupid disarmed by Euphrosyne.” “Cupid drying Pysche’s hair” extorts the warmest praise from Steinberg, who acknowledges that design was the artist’s real merit. “Her talent,” he says, “lay in elegance and delicacy.”

There are two Cupid gems in the Kensington Museum. One of a Woman asleep under a tree, and the mischievous little God pointing his dart at the Maiden. The colouring is charming, the soft yellows delicious, and the malicious expression on the Cupid’s face humorous.

Mary Moser wrote a pleasant, chatty letter to Fuseli, still in Rome, telling him all the news of the Exhibition of 1770, in which she says, “Reynolds was like himself in pictures which you have seen. Gainsborough beyond himself in a ‘Portrait of a Gentleman,’ in a Vandyke habit; Zoffany superior to everybody in a portrait of ‘Garrick, as Abel Drugger,’ with two other figures, Subtle and Face. Angelica made a very great addition to the show, and Mr. Hamil-

K

ton's 'Briseis Parting from Achilles' was much admired."

1771. At the third exhibition of the Academy, Leslie says Angelica's pictures were amongst the best. Again she had four large canvases :

48. The Interview of King Edgar with Elfreda after her marriage with Athelwold.

114. Acoutes and Adippe.

115. Return of Telemachus (Odyssey).

116. Erminia finds Tancred wounded.

Also a Portrait of a Lady.

" 'The Interview between Edgar and Elfrieda,' " says Steinberg, " raised Angelica's reputation in England to the highest point. Rylandt engraved it in the so-called Schwarz Kunst (Mezzotint),¹ and no collection of engravings is without it." He adds, in a grudging manner, that the drawing of the figures is correct, and the grouping original and effective, but that there is a certain coldness, and the forms, although beautiful, are wanting in life. Horace Walpole finds very little expression in it.

¹ From the original in the possession of Lord Morley at Saltram.

At this exhibition appeared West's great picture, "The Death of Wolfe," the first high art picture that represented a contemporary event. It caused a reaction against the classical and allegorical style, which, Leslie says, "never took any real hold of the English mind, but that in spite of the cold reception given to Grecian gods and goddesses, Angelica Kauffmann and Barry persisted in sending in, year after year, mythological pictures."

He might have added Reynolds, and West himself, who, the very next year, relapsed into the classical.

In Peter Pindar's bitter "Odes to the Academicians," in which he satirizes all the leading artists, he gives a touch to Angelica's Grecian foible :—

"Angelica my plaudit gains,
Her wit so sweetly canvas stains,
Her dames so Grecian give me such delight ;
But were she married to such males
As figure in her painted tales," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

1771—1776.

WOMANHOOD.

IN the autumn of 1771 Angelica visited Ireland. She had several commissions from noble patrons, amongst the number that of the Viceroy, whose portrait she was commissioned to paint.

Getting to Dublin a hundred and twenty years ago was not such an easy matter as it is now-a-days ; it took four days to reach there, even if you secured a passage from Parkgate in the Lord-Lieutenant's yacht, a matter of favour, although it cost five guineas.

It was thirty years before the Union, when Angelica paid this visit to the Irish capital, which was then one of the pleasantest

in the three kingdoms, the mimic court being infinitely gayer than the more decorous one at St. James's.¹ The nobility had fine houses, elegantly decorated ;² they spent their money in a princely fashion, gave orders without stint, and what they could not pay for they charged upon the family estates.

In Lord Charlemont's letters, lately published by Mr. Gilbert, one sees what a magnificent nobleman he was : the freightage of his books, his statues, his pictures, his marbles, cost a small fortune, and his example was

¹ The vice-Kings were oftentimes jovial, and permitted somewhat of a saturnalia to prevail—as when the game of Cutchacutchoo was introduced and was in high favour at the Castle. “Two recesses were fitted up at the end of the grand saloons, and here behind a curtain the ladies prepared their toilet for the sport. In a moment the floor was crowded with ‘belles,’ ‘dowagers,’ and ‘beaux,’ hopping about in the sitting attitude required by the game. Great was the laughter when a gentle dame of high degree was capsized by the heavier assault of a stouter rival. Presently, as the fun waxed more furious, dresses were torn, hair disordered, paint on the fair faces began to rub off, and the whole became a romp.”

² Most of these houses were designed in Castle's massive style, the interiors being decorated by foreign artists, the ceilings, friezes, and chimney-pieces being the work of Italian stuccoists who had been imported to Dublin.

emulated by Lord Powerscourt, the Duke of Leinster,¹ M. La Touche, Lord Meath, and many others. Most of these houses are now Government offices, and are gutted (either by sale or removal) of their works of art, but the friezes, ceilings, staircases, still remain, and are most elegant in design, being chiefly the work of either Marinari or Verpylle. The chimney-pieces are, many of them, Wedgwood's. In Lord Ely's house, in Ely Place, they are of such value that the late marquis, although he had long since parted with the lease, preserved his right in them, and would periodically send skilled artists to see they were not tampered with.²

¹ At the time when Leinster House was built, there were neither squares nor many houses on the south side of the city. From the windows of the Earl's mansion you could see on a fine day the ships in Dunleary Harbour—six miles distant. But soon magnificent mansions rose as by a magician's wand. Lord Meath came from High Street to Stephen's Green, Lord Powerscourt to William Street, Lord Antrim and others to Merrion Square, Lord Mornington to Merrion Street, Lord Northbrook to Dawson Street, Lord Clonmel to Harcourt Street, the Marquis of Ely to Ely Place, etc.

² Here, too, the wrought-iron staircase is rare, so, too, are the panelled walls with family pictures let in. For beauty, however, Lord Ely's House does not equal Powerscourt House, where the friezes, ceilings, and staircase are most elegant; there is also a Venetian

It was at one of these fine houses that Angelica stayed on arriving in Dublin ; she was the guest of Mrs. Clayton, the wife of the Bishop of Clogher, the friend of Swift and Dr. Delany. The Bishop's house was in Stephen's Green, on the south side, with a very handsome frontage, something like Devonshire House ; the apartments were well furnished with gold-coloured damask, with busts and portraits brought by the Bishop from Italy. Mrs. Delany says, " the Claytons saw the best of company, and kept a handsome table : six dishes of meat at dinner, and six at supper ! "

From the Claytons the artist went as a guest to the Irish Chancellor, Tisdall, who lived in Molesworth Street, a man of extravagant habits. She likewise visited Lord

window of very beautiful design. In Mr. Latouche's house,* in Merrion Square, the chimney-pieces let in with Wedgwood's elegant designs, are delightful ; and all through the old houses in Dublin there used to be chimney-pieces enriched by this famous sculptor. They have, however, gradually disappeared, having been, in most cases, sold to English brokers ; so, too, with the carvings, and, in many cases, with the pictures and frescoes.

* Now the residence of Sir John Banks, K.C.B.

and Lady Ely, at Rathfarnham Castle ; Lady Caroline Damer, an old acquaintance, at Emo, in the Queen's County, besides many others. Everywhere she was received with the greatest distinction—more as a friend than an artist ; her portrait of Lord Townsend making her, naturally, the fashion.

The Irish Viceroy was a gallant soldier, frank, convivial, abounding in humour of a somewhat coarse kind, and not always in keeping with the dignity of the position he held. His capricious, uncertain temper offended the higher order. Horace Walpole gives him the worst of characters ; according to him "he was proud, insolent, sarcastic, ill-tempered, and ill-natured, stooping to the lowest buffoonery, and debasing the Government he represented, while he drove the Opposition to resistance by his absurd and profligate conduct."¹

¹ The Townsends were made of very uncertain, unreliable stuff. Charles, the brother, the Viceroy, the wit and statesman of the family, being one of those political meteors, whose brilliancy is outweighed by a total want of ballast, which renders them too erratic to be dependable. The mother, Audrey, or, as she chose to call herself, Etheldreda, had an astonishing wit, but little prudence. She was the supposed original of Lady Belaston in "Tom Jones."

He had been a widower for two years, but was not inconsolable. In his picture he appears surrounded by his numerous family. Angelica had the singular idea of placing him with his youngest child in his arms before a large looking-glass, in which he is showing the infant its own image ; the double effect is cleverly conveyed. Another portrait of greater interest, which Angelica painted, was that of the beautiful Dolly Monroe, niece to Lady Ely,¹ whom Lord Townsend was supposed to admire. Besides this portrait, which will be found on page 138,² Angelica

¹ "I remember, in my juvenile days," writes Mr. Caleb Powell, "to have seen a full-length portrait, at Rathfarnham Castle, of the beautiful Dolly Monroe, and a relative of hers told me that Lord Townshend pretended to her aunt, Lady Ely, that his object was to captivate Miss Monroe, and prevail upon her to become Lady Townshend, a delusion he kept up until Lady Ely had induced her lord to give his parliamentary support (about the strongest in the House of Commons) to Lord Townshend's administration ; but, to Lady Ely's great mortification, the Viceroy married Miss Montgomery, whose portrait, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was certainly not as handsome as that of Miss Monroe."—*J. C. Fitzpatrick's Portfolio*.

² The beauty of Dolly Monroe was well nigh as celebrated in her day as that of the famous Miss Gunning. Mr. Forster, in his "Life of Goldsmith," says the poet

also painted a large canvas, with four figures—the Earl with his Countess, Miss Monroe in the foreground of the picture leaning over the clavichord, and Angelica at the instrument. The picture is too much crowded, but it is interesting from its own story.

During the troubled times which befell Ireland in 1798, Rathfarnham Castle was tenanted by a dairyman, who made the banquetting hall into a stable for his cattle. Later it passed into the possession of Chief Justice Blackburne, whose son is the present owner. When improvements were being made some years ago, the oak panellings were temporarily removed, where the family portraits were found concealed. The late marquis presented the family group to the National Gallery of Dublin, where it is now ; devoted his verse to her charms. He introduces her name in the “Haunch of Venison” :—

“Of the neck and the breast I had still to dispose,
’Twas a neck and a breast that might rival M-r-se.”

The sketch of her presented here was contributed by the late Mr. Henry Doyle, C.B., Director of the National Gallery, Dublin, from the original portrait by Angelica. It was bought for the gallery two years ago, when the Marquis of Ely’s sale took place at Messrs. Christy’s.



DOLLY MONROE.

(From a Sketch by the late Henry Doyle, C.B., Director of the National Gallery, Dublin.)

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It was considered to be by Reynolds, until Mr. Henry Doyle, the Director of the Gallery, discovered the signature, A. Kauffmann.

At Emo there are several portraits by her, all in good preservation. Besides "Lady Caroline Damer, and her husband, Lord Milton," she did several replicas of the Duke and Duchess of Dorset, and presented Lady Caroline with a portrait of the artist.¹ Rossi says, she received such a multitude of orders for historical pictures and portraits, that she found the only way was to sketch in the heads, by this means satisfying her patrons, and reserving the completion of the work until she had leisure to do it justice.

"The Death of Sylvia's Stag," painted for Justice Downes of the Queen's Bench; two beautiful portraits of Lord Ferrard and his son, which are at Antrim Castle; "Mrs. Bousfield," in the possession of Mr. Bagwell, of Marlfield, County Tipperary; "Mrs. Clements," with a naked infant on her knee, in the possession of Colonel Clements, are about the

¹ There is also at Emo a table of her doing.

best known of her portraits. The amount of decorative work done by Angelica, during her stay in Dublin, in the way of ceilings, door-panels, tables, etc., seems almost incredible. Unfortunately, the delicacy of her method, and the fading of the colours she used, together with the neglect which shortly after befell all of beauty and art in the ill-fated country, have caused much of her work to be irrecoverably lost. There still remains, however, a good deal of her beautiful decorations : notably, in Lord Meath's house, in Stephen's Green (now the property of the Church Temporalities), where the ceilings are elaborately painted by her, with emblematic figures in the four corners of the centre. The doors, too, are exquisitely decorated, the work being as fresh as if done yesterday. In an outer room there are frescoes, of which both the subject and the author are said to be unknown ; but anyone conversant with Angelica's style would have little hesitation in attributing them to her. They are weakly drawn, and carelessly handled, but the very faults show them to be hers ; and the subject of

one, at all events, was a favourite theme with her.¹ At 18, Rutland Square, formerly Mr. Latouche's, and now the residence of Lord James Butler, the ceilings are painted by her, also at Lord Longford's, in the same square. The best of her work is to be found at Dr. Mahaffy's, in North Great Georges Street, where the medallions are painted on canvas, and laid into niches made for them in the Aveco; here the subjects are her favourite Greeks. It is pleasant to think that, in this instance, her work is in the hands of the best Greek scholar of our day, Dr. Mahaffy, of Trinity College.

Angelica's stay in Ireland lasted over six months. She returned to London in time to exhibit, at the May Exhibition of 1772, "Andromache and Hecuba weeping over Hector's body," a gloomy, uninteresting subject; "Rinaldo and Armida, La Penseroso"—a whole length of a lady in Italian dress, and a Bishop!² They made very little mark; the

¹ A shepherd moralizing while peasants dance in the distance.

² Doctor Robinson, Primate of Ireland.

president had six of his best pictures, and Zoffany's "Academicians," which was this year in the Academy, deservedly absorbed all attention.

To her other occupations she now added those of etching and engraving. The former she had practised in her girlhood. There are about thirty-five plates of hers extant,¹ which are proofs that in this line she would have distinguished herself. The outlines are well defined, and the shadows brought out with a firm touch; the aquafortis used with intelligence. With this method she had produced a good picture of Winckelmann's, which was this year engraved by Rylandt. Bernsdorff, writing to Denmark, says, "Angelica has given me a charming present of some etchings of her own doing, which are not to be had in any print shop. Amongst these, I am particularly pleased with a likeness of *our Winckelmann*. He sits at his desk, his pen in his hand, searching with his eagle eye to

¹ For a list of these thirty-five plates, see Appendix. They are very valuable, as after she left England Angelica gave up etching.



THE HAIRPLAITER.

By ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

From a Print in the British Museum,

WARD AND DOWNEY,

discover in Apollo's nose, or the Torso of Hercules, where lay their contempt for the gods."

Another etching of equal merit was one of "Raphael," and a half length of "Hope," which she gave to the Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. "A Madonna and Child," in 1773, and in 1776, two fine etched copper-plates, also a picture of "St. Peter" after Guido, the original of which is in the Monastery of San Pieri, at Bologna. This she perfected with the assistance of Joseph Zucchi the engraver, and it was published in London in 1776, the plate bearing the name of both artists. A good many of the thirty-five plates have—*eadem et Joseph Zucchi*; these last are finished with a graving tool. Some of them are very fine: "Calypso and Ulysses," "Urania," "Sappho conversing with Homer," from a picture by Antonio Zucchi, which is a masterpièce of free treatment. Also the "Haarflechterinn," or Hairplatter, which is well known to all collectors. This is also etched in *Scheide-wasser*, or aquafortis, and has the date 1765.

After she came to England she gave up the aquafortis, and adopted the English method of aquatint, in which she was not so successful. Bisaldo says that the great English engravers, Boydell Brothers, of Cheapside, bought the coppers upon which her first impressions were printed, she retouched them for them, and in 1780 they produced them, after putting them through the process of the aquatint;¹ this is sometimes called *à la manière de lavis*.

In 1773 we find her varying her usual contribution of immortals, by sending to the May Exhibition only two mythological pictures, the others being portraits and a Holy Family. Considering Angelica's well-known piety, it was strange how seldom her brush was devoted to heavenly subjects. An altar-piece for the Parish Church at Schwarzenberg; the frescoes of the Twelve Apostles, and one or two Holy Families, are all she has left in this direction. Nevertheless, she

¹ This process consisted in pouring over the copper a preparation which bit, so to speak, into the work. For this purpose the engravers used salt sand mixed with gum, etc. It was only used in England.

would have seemed eminently fitted by the spiritual tone of her mind to portray Celestial Love, and the Beatitude of the Saints. A French writer says, " Her heads have much of the divine, majestic beauty of Guido, and had she preferred Heaven to Olympus, she would have attained a far higher degree of perfection."

The explanation lies in her reverence for sacred subjects, to which she considered herself unworthy to give expression. In one of her note-books she wrote: " One day, when I found it impossible to convey to my canvas any idea of the majesty of Almighty God, I threw down my brush, saying, Never again shall I attempt to interpret the Divine, which is impossible to human inspiration. I shall reserve the attempt for the time when I shall enjoy Heaven, supposing always that there should be such an art as painting there."

If Reynolds's noble idea of decorating St. Paul's Cathedral with scriptural subjects had come into effect, Angelica's powers in this line would have been tested. It was in this year that this project was ventilated, and re-

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ceived the hearty approval of both the king and Archbishop of Canterbury. The artists were chosen. Reynolds was to paint "The Nativity," and Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kauffmann, were each to take a sub-subject. Unfortunately, the narrow-minded bigotry of Terrick, Bishop of London, defeated this noble conception. Everyone knows his answer: "I would rather close the doors of the Cathedral for ever, than open them to admit Popery." "Accordingly," as Thackeray says, "the most clumsy heathen sculptures decorate the edifice."

During 1773, and the years that followed, Angelica's work as a portrait-painter increased. Her studio was crowded with fashionable sitters; portraits painted during that time by her were "The Duke and Duchess of Richmond,"¹ "Jane Maxwell (Duchess of Gordon)," "Earl and Countess of Derby,"² "Countess of Albemarle,"³ "Marchioness of

¹ Exhibited at the Art Treasures of 1857-1878 by the Duke of Richmond.

² Exhibited at the N.P.E., 1867, Lord Derby.

³ Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1873, Lord Albemarle.

Lothian,"¹ "Honourable C. Clive,"² "the Duke of Gordon,"³ "Alajia FitzHerbert,"⁴ the lovely "Duchess of Devonshire," and "Lady Besborough," both sisters⁵ of Lord Spencer, with "Lord Spencer," and "Margaret, Countess of Lucan."⁶ (There is another portrait of the "Duchess of Devonshire," in a white dress and large white hat, which belonged to Lord Howard de Walden, and was sold in 1869, for 162*l*.)

Mrs. Hartley's lovely face and lithe, tall, delicious figure, had won her in a short time the leading place at Covent Garden Theatre, and her picture by Angelica, which is now in the Garrick Club, is wonderfully graceful, and little inferior to that done by Sir Joshua of the same lady. Another sitter, Mrs. Damer, was equally well known in the fashionable world. She was the "Infanta" of the letters

¹ Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1888, Marquis of Lothian.

² Exhibited at the N.P.E., 1867, Lord Powis.

³ Exhibited at the Art Treasures, 1878, Duke of Richmond.

⁴ Exhibited at the N.P.E., 1867, Sir W. Fitzherbert.

⁵ Exhibited at the N.P.E., 1867, Lord Spencer.

⁶ Exhibited at the International, 1857-87, Lord Spencer.

of H. Walpole, whose friendship for her father, Field-Marshal Conway, is a refreshing trait in his cynical worldliness. Mrs. Damer was everything by turns, a dilettante artist of exceptional talent, and one of a group of "Pretty Fellows," with the Duchess of Ancaster, Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Bouverie at the Pantheon. Angelica's portrait of Mrs. Damer is in the possession of Captain Campbell Johnson, and is a far more graceful, pleasing likeness than the prim picture painted by Sir Joshua of the same lady.

The portraits the artist executed of herself are numerous. Some were orders, others gifts to friends, as in the case of Klopstock and Bernini. There is one of her at Althorp, another at Emo—both presented to her good patrons, Lord Spencer and Lady Caroline Damer. Sir Thomas Bloomfield has a half length, unlike those with which we are familiar; it has a grave dignity, very charming, and the powdered hair is dressed high in matronly fashion. Lord Rosebery has one at Mentmore. General Howe exhibited a portrait of her at the N.P.E. of 1867. So did the Rev. E. Waldey. Mr. J. Stokes has

one. Mr. Cheesman exhibited one at the Suffolk Street Exhibition of 1833.

Many of these self portraits have found their way to the sale room. In 1878 a beautiful portrait of her with Clio was bought at the Bowles-Rushout sale by Lord Leven and Melville for 160*l.*, and in 1876 Mr. Algernon Graves, the well-known picture dealer of Pall Mall, bought an oval portrait for 103*l.*¹

She gave a large full-length portrait of herself to the Dresden Gallery, another to that of Berlin, both painted by herself. In the latter she is dressed in an ideal costume, half Muse, half Bacchante. Her head is crowned with laurels, the dress covered with flowers, with a gold girdle and bracelets, and an expression of archness, although somewhat affected, suits the beautiful face ; the colouring, which is reddish-brown, recalls that of Mengs, her early master. " From this picture," says Steinberg, " one would hardly say that she had been a beauty ; her charm lay in her youth, her freshness, and expression."

To her native village of Schwartzenberg

¹ For particulars of Bowles-Rushout sale, see catalogue.

she presented a portrait of herself in the dress of her own Canton, a copy of which will be found on the first page. In this, as in all her portraits, the extraordinary length of her mouth is remarkable.

In addition to her portraits, Angelica for years never missed exhibiting at the Academy her classical or historical pictures.

In 1774 Leslie¹ naturedly says "Angelica Kauffmann as usual in a great expanse of washy canvases, six classicals and a portrait."¹ In 1775 she sent six classicals and five portraits; of the former were—

Sappho bemoaning the Death of Patroclus.
 The Despair of Achilles.
 Rinaldo and Armida (Tasso).
 Andromache fainting at the sight of Eneas (Virgil).
 The Return of Telemachus.

¹ For a list of the portraits taken by her, see Appendix. The following were subjects of her classical pictures at this time :—

Calypso calling Heaven to witness her affection for Ulysses.

Penelope sacrificing to Minerva.

Ariadne abandoned by Theseus.

Paris and Helen.

Cupid finding Aglae asleep.

Of these Horace Walpole says, "Higher coloured than usual."

Horace Walpole says of the "Despair of Achilles" that it was "Very good," but against the "Return of Telemachus" is written "Very ill." It was indeed impossible all could be good, for in addition to these she contributed a St. John and a Madonna, a Cupid, and three portraits—eleven in all.

In consequence, perhaps, of this large supply, there was some fuss as to the hanging. Her father, who was growing old and fidgety, harassed her with suspicions as to unfairness, and Angelica carried her complaints to Sir Joshua, who took her to see that justice had been done. He also replaced five which had been omitted, and which are to be found in the appendix to the catalogue for 1775.

This year was marked by one of those undeserved insults which low natures have it in their power to inflict upon those who suffer most keenly from being dragged before the public. To Angelica, especially, who had suffered so much already, and whose peculiar position made her shrink from notoriety, it was doubly painful to be included in Hone's

malevolent attack upon the President of the Academy. This artist, whose small mind was full of envy for those who succeeded better than himself, regarded Reynolds with jealous eyes. He considered that he stole all his ideas from the old Masters, and resolved that the world in general should be acquainted with the theft.¹ He sent to the exhibition of 1775 a picture called "The Pictorial Conjuror displaying the whole art of Optical Deception." This picture has been variously described as an old man with a wand in his hand, commanding the engravings, which Reynolds used, to rise out of the flames; or as an old man with a wand in his hand and a child leaning on his knee, performing incantations by means of which a number of sketches, from which Reynolds had taken hints, were made to float on the air round the wizard.

When the picture was sent in, the Council of the Academy decided to reject it, not so

¹ There was some truth in the allegation. It is now well known that Sir Joshua borrowed very freely from the old Italian school. An instance in point is "Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia," in which the idea is a distinct plagiarism.

much for the sneer at the President, but because of an alleged likeness in one of the floating sketches to Angelica, who was represented as a nude figure. There was general disgust at such a wanton attack. Angelica had plenty of friends to take up her defence, and to protest against this insult to a woman who was worthy of all respect.¹

Hone being thus put in the wrong, wrote to Angelica :—

“MADAM,—The evening before last I was not a little surprised at a deputation from the Council of the Academy, acquainting me that you were most prodigiously displeased at my making a naked academy figure in my picture of ‘The Conjuror,’ now at the Royal Academy, representing your person. I immediately perceived some busy medler, to say no worse, had imposed this extravagant lie, of whose making God knows, upon your understanding. To convince you, Madam, that your figure in that composition was the

¹ This striking at Reynolds through Angelica would seem to lend a colour to the suspicion that Hone had been engaged in the plot or conspiracy to which the foreign writers allude.

farthest from my thoughts, I now declare I never at any time saw your works but with the greatest pleasure and that respect due to a lady whom I esteem as the first of her sex in painting, and the loveliest of women in person. Envy and detraction must have worked strangely, for yesterday morning some more gentlemen from the Academy assured me that your uneasiness was very great. I assured them I could so far alter the figure that it would be impossible to suppose it a woman, though they cleared me of such a supposition themselves, as they understood it to be a male figure, and that I could put a beard to it or even dress it to satisfy you and them. I did myself the honour of calling twice, when I had the misfortune not to meet you yesterday at your house, purposely to convince you how much you have been mistaken, as you will perceive when you see the picture itself, and likewise to convince you with how much respect,

“I am, Madam,

“Your most obedient, humble servant,

“N. HONE.”

To this Angelica replied in the following dignified manner :—

“SIR,—I cannot conceive why several gentlemen who never before deceived me should conspire to do so at this time, and if they themselves were deceived, you cannot wonder that others should be deceived also, and take for satire that which you say was not intended. I was actuated, not only by my particular feelings, but a respect for the arts and artists, and I persuade myself you cannot think it a great sacrifice to remove a picture that has even raised suspicion of disrespect to any person who never wished to offend you.”

Hone, however, thought otherwise ; he persisted in his determination to appeal against the sentence of rejection, and when he was outvoted, he took a room at 70, St. Martin's Lane, and there exhibited “The Conjuror.” The matter did not drop here. Hone, who was resolved to give as much publicity as he could to the affair, appeared before Mr. Addington, the Middlesex magis-

trate, and made an affidavit, to which he attached the accompanying order :—

“ N.B.—The figure said to have been Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann is not only taken out, but all the other naked figures, lest they should be said to be likenesses of any particular lady or gentleman which Mr. Hone never meant, as the merit of the picture does not depend upon a few smoked Academy pictures or even those well-dressed gentlemen who supply the place of those figures said to be indecent, though Mr. Hone had shown the picture to ladies of the most refined taste at his own house.”

Notwithstanding these disclaimers, the sense of the respectable portion of the artist world was against Hone and his picture. He was looked upon coldly afterwards. Nollekens some years later expressed the general opinion : “ You are always running a rig against Sir Joshua,” he says, “ and you may say what you please, but I have never had any opinion of you since you painted that picture of ‘ The Conjuror,’ as you called it ; and pray what business had you to bring

Angelica into it ? ” for the rest it was soon forgotten. It was originally bought by a French nobleman, who resold it in 1790 to Knight, under the title of “ A Conjuror, a well-known Satirical Subject,” for 15*l.* 15*s.*, since which time it has been consigned to well-deserved oblivion.

CHAPTER VII.

1776-1781.

WOMANHOOD.

FOR the Academy of 1776 Angelica varied her usual programme by sending only one classical subject, and two taken from English history: No. 155, "Eleanor sucking the Poison from the wound of Edward I."; No. 156, "Elizabeth Grey imploring Edward IV. to restore to her Son his Father's Lands."

In 1777 Leslie says Angelica was liberal of her sentimentalities, the reason for this stricture being that she exhibited one of "Sterne's Maria," and also "Sylvia lamenting over a favourite Stag."¹ Both were very popular.

¹ Also Dido;
A Portrait of a Gentleman;
A Group of Children; and
A Cupid.

In the following year she struck new ground with "Leonardo di Vinci expiring in the arms of Francis the First," and in 1778 exhibited a large canvas, the "Death of Pocris," together with some more insignificant pictures, one being "Conjugal Peace," exemplified by two ducks in a basket.

In 1780 she produced, in addition to four classicals, a large allegorical picture of "Religion." The catalogue sets forth that the subject was taken from the "Temple of Virtue," written by her friend, J. Fordyce.¹

The *Earwig*, an amusing satirical paper of the day, criticizing Angelica's work, remarks that her allegories have too much the air of basso-relievo, in which work her designs have often been employed with better success than any of the Moderns'. In this way Canova made use of her design, "Cupid drying Pysche's tears with her own hair," when the beauty of the grouping was brought fully into view.

¹ James Fordyce, Minister of Alloa, D.D., a well-known divine. The "Temple of Virtue" was an allegorical poem.

Mention has been made of Angelica's illustrations and decorations. Both were becoming a great feature of art in England. The vignettes of the books of the day were designed by the best artists, and men like Taylor, Bowles, and the Boydells spared no expense in bringing out the finest illustrations, in all of which Angelica took a prominent part. In her series of "Moral Emblems" (Taylor) she produced some beautiful designs, notably, "Life," "Omnia Vanitas," and "Hope," which last was engraved by Rylandt. These moral emblems were always accompanied by a few words from the artist, which shows how well she could express herself even in a language not her own.

"The most forcible idea of Hope is to imagine a period when that virtue only is, or can be, in action. I have therefore represented Hope as a woman, supporting the head of a dying pilgrim, and cheering him with the expectation of a future felicity and glory, towards which she points. I have introduced an anchor as an emblem of hope

(although it is seldom a graceful object in a picture), as well because it is an emblem generally received, as because St. Paul, speaking of Hope, terms it an anchor of the soul, nor is the improbability of its introduction so glaring in this scene, which represents the ocean side."

The vignettes, frontispieces of Bell's "Edition of the Poets," and "Collin's Eclogues," together with vignettes and frontispieces of novels, a series of engravings called "Practical Exercises and Morning Amusements," also came into her work during these years. The most important undertaking, however, in this line was the illustrations done by her for Boydell's "Shakespeare Gallery," to which all the first artists of the day contributed—West, Copley, Romney, Reynolds (although he considered illustrating beneath him), Fuseli, who painted some of his most vivid representations. Angelica's share was limited to two scenes, one from the "Gentlemen of Verona;" the other from "Troilus and Cressida," the latter was quite to her taste, and is therefore the best. "Troilus,"

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"Ulysses," "Thersites," have the usual Greek profiles, and are decidedly womanish heroes, but "Cressida" is firmly drawn, and fills the picture well.

In 1780, the same year as the Gordon Riots, the Academy, to whose first exhibition in Pall Mall she had contributed her picture "Hector and Andromache," moved its abode to Somerset House, the front wing facing the Strand, where now the prosaic Government offices are installed. The entrance was from the vestibule. The exhibition room for Sculpture was on the ground floor, and was not ornamented. The ceiling of the library was enriched by a painting of Sir Joshua Reynolds, a figure of Theory holding a scroll, with the words, "Theory is the knowledge of what is truly Nature."¹ There were four figures by Cipriani in the coves. In the lecture room, where

¹ When the Royal Academy was removed from Somerset House to its present habitation the paintings by West, Reynolds, and Angelica were also carried thither. "Design" can be seen in the Diploma Gallery, set in an oval frame; it is the figure of a young girl drawing from a torso.



DESIGN BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

From a Print in the British Museum.

the ceiling was by West, the Graces were in the centre, the Elements round them. At each end of the ceiling four figures, of Genius, Design, Composition, and Painting, by Angelica, who "exerted her very strongest powers in these pieces, which possess an infinite deal of character and sweetness. Genius is finely represented leaning upon the celestial globe, and expressing rapture of invention. We view the very character which Shakespeare has described :

" 'The Poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, darts glance
from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as Imagination bodies forth the form of things unknown,
the Poet's pen turns them into shape, gives
to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.' "

Leslie adds to this great praise that these pieces were painted in a more masterly style than any of Angelica's former productions ; perhaps they are more beautiful because less finished.

This was about the last work of importance undertaken by Angelica in England, and it is a proof of the high consideration she was held in by those who were capable of judging.

Envious and neglected artists would allege that it was the powerful influence of fashionable patrons which procured her this association with men like Reynolds and West ; but the answer to this is in the beauty of the work that is still to be seen.

1780 was to be the beginning of a great change in Angelica's life. The miserable man who had crossed her path fourteen years before, and blighted her happiness, died in poverty abroad. His death came at an opportune moment, when Angelica had given an unwilling assent to her father's wish for a dissolution of her unfortunate marriage. For many years she had ascertained that her union, from a theological point of view, had not been a valid one. The bishops of her own Church were of one mind as to this. It was only her dislike to re-opening the wretched story, which was almost forgotten, that stood in the way of her freedom. But this year she had allowed some steps to be taken towards obtaining the Pope's consent to hearing the matter "in camera."

It is hard to say why, after so many years of refusal, she did agree to this. It might have been the perpetual harping of old Joseph on the point, or perhaps she still had a hope that Sir Joshua's kindness might take warmer phase, were she known to be free. But in the year that followed Brandt's death, she had time to learn that her wishes had cheated her into believing what did not exist.

This may have had something to do with her listening to the proposals of another suitor, one who, report said, had long been in love with her.

The Zucchis, Antonio and Joseph, were old friends of the Kauffmanns. They came of an ancient Venetian family, which had, however, fallen upon evil times.¹ Both brothers had come to London to seek their fortune, and had secured a fair amount of consideration. Antonio,² the elder, was not

¹ There is in the British Museum an old Italian memoir of the head of the house.

² In his youth he had formed one of the party who accompanied Adams, the architect, to Dalmatia, to study the architectural remains of that beautiful city.

in the first rank of artists, but he was a meritorious and industrious painter of architectural subjects, and he had been elected an Academician in 1770.

He was a proud, reserved man, remarkable for his uprightness. Rossi distinctly says, "He never aspired to Angelica, but was very much in her society, as she often worked in the same studio with him and his brother Joseph, the engraver. Old Kauffmann, casting about for a husband for his child, thought well of Antonio, knowing his character."

Fourteen summers had come and gone since the June day in 1766 when Angelica had first seen London. Much had happened, many changes in friends and lovers; changes most of all in herself. The brilliant girl, with life before her, and "a wallet full of hopes and anticipations," was now a sad-eyed, careworn woman, who had suffered much, and learned the bitterness of disappointment. Still she was content; she had lived on in Soho Square, looking at the dingy square with the dusty trees, her days

full of work, her brush ever in her hand. Now and again there would come a longing over her for the Italian sky which she loved so well, but the idea of a journey to Italy, with her father in his feeble state, deterred her from putting her desire into execution.¹ Joseph Kauffmann was getting very old. The climate of England did not agree with him ; moreover, he had suffered a good deal from the annoyance of the Hone business. He felt anxious as to his daughter's future, for if he died she would have no protector.

Common friends conveyed to Zucchi that were he to seek Angelica for a wife, he would have her father's consent to the marriage, which, for the rest, was suitable and advantageous to him. He therefore made his proposals, which Angelica, out of obedience to her father, accepted.

The marriage and the journey to Italy

¹ Other motives weighed with Angelica in her wish to leave England. The favour of the public is ever fickle, and there was no doubt her popularity was on the wane ; new stars had risen. Mrs. Conway was now the favourite of the hour.

were, however, alike postponed by the serious illness of Joseph Kauffmann. In a letter she wrote at this time to her friend, Mrs. Fordyce, she makes no mention of Zucchi, but we must suppose the disappointment refers to him. The letter is in every way charming, for, amongst her other gifts, Angelica included that of a refined letter-writer, expressing herself in English clearly and even elegantly.

“To Mrs. Henrietta Fordyce, Putney Heath.
“Golden Square.

“DEAREST AND MOST BELOVED FRIEND,—
After all the hurry and preparation for my journey, here I am still—the cause of the disappointment is for me, melancholy—yet after all I have the comfort to be amongst my friends. My *best friend*, *Dr. William*, with his kind attention to my father, is to me the greatest consolation, and your last dear letter, my charming friend, revives my spirits though ever so much oppressed. I want words to express what I feel. All I can say is, that I shall ever esteem the continuation of the

friendship of Henrietta, James and William Fordyce, the greatest honour that can be conferred upon me, and to merit your kind affection shall be my greatest care. Ah! let me remain for ever,

“Yours, ANGELICA.

“Golden Square,

“October 30th, 1780.”

“The *fatal moment* of *parting* is not so near as I thought it would have been. So that *before years* or months do pass, I may have the happiness of seeing you.”

That the fatal moment of parting did not take place for ten months after this letter was written, is evidence that Antonio was not a very ardent lover. Angelica spent the winter, as usual, full of work. For her elegant designs in house decoration she had long held a very high reputation, and some of her work is still to be seen fresh as on the day it was done. This is eminently the case in Sir John Leslie's fine house in Stratford Place, built by the brothers Adam for Lord Aldborough, for

whom it was decorated by Angelica. Here are three ceilings in excellent preservation. That in the drawing-room represents the History of Cupid, done with exquisite delicacy. The dining-room has only one medallion, in which appears Aglae bound to a tree by Cupid, very charmingly executed. An additional interest is attached to this medallion, for looking at it induced one of our most charming novelists to write her first book. "Dining one day with us," writes Lady Constance Leslie to a friend, "Miss Thackeray's attention was drawn to the ceiling. When she was told by Sir John the story of Angelica Kauffmann, it interested her so much that she was drawn to write 'Miss Angel.'"

Other houses decorated by Angelica were those of Cosway, the Maccaroni artist, and Garrick's, in the Adelphi; and this year, 1781, she finished the adornment of Mrs. Montague's new house in Portman Square, which is now the residence of Lord Portman.¹

¹ For a list of houses decorated by Angelica, see Appendix.

To the exhibition of 1781 she sent "Venus attired by the Graces;"¹ "The Judgment of Paris;" and the portrait of a Lady as a Nurse. Of these pictures, the *Earwig* said:—

"This lady seems in all her works to have copied pictures, prints and plasters—perhaps she has been deterred by the delicacy of her sex from studying living models."

As a proof of the worth of this criticism, or it may be of the difference of our more correct taste, at a sale at Messrs. Christy's in 1859, "The Judgment of Paris" was sold to Mr. Dickenson, of Bond Street, for 462*l.*, and the "Venus" for 555*l.*

During this winter, too, Rosa Florini, the young cousin who had been educated in England, and who looked upon it as her home, was married to Joseph Bonomi (see App.), who was well considered as a diligent artist and the best teacher of perspective. Her being provided for was a comfort to Angelica, who was much attached to the girl, and now that her father's health was sufficiently restored to

¹ Engraved by Bartolozzi.

travel, there seemed no reason why she should not fulfil her promise in regard to her own marriage, which accordingly took place on July 14th.¹

I have now lying before me an old yellow parchment, which sets forth to be Indenture Tripartite (or Marriage Settlement) between Antonio Zucchi, of St. Ann's parish, Soho, painter, and Angelica Kauffmann, of Golden Square, Bloomsbury, painter, on the other hand, together with the signatures of her trustees:—

“Deed of Trust and Marriage Settlement, executed on July 10th, 1781, 21st year of George IIIrd, between Antonio Zucchi, parish St. Ann, Soho, painter, 1st part; Angelica Kauffmann, of Golden Square, painter, Bloomsbury, spinster, 2nd part; and George Keate, Esq., H. Peter Kuliff, merchant; and Daniel Braithwaite, of the General Post-Office, 3rd part—

“To put in their hands as trustees the

¹ They were probably married in the city, there being no record of the marriage at St. James's, Piccadilly, nor would it be likely Angelica would have gone there.

sum of 3350*l.* three per cent. consolidated annuities, 1650*l.* three per cent. consolidated reduced bank annuities—

“ For the use and benefit of said Angelica Kauffmann, whether sole or covert. And to enable her to enjoy the dividends thereof, exclusive of the said Antonio Zucchi, her intended husband, ‘ who is not to intermeddle therewith,’ nor is any part thereof to be subject to his debts; and is also to give her power to leave the said sums by will as she shall appoint. And is signed and sealed by

“ ANTONIO ZUCCHI.

“ ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

“ GEORGE KEATE.

“ HENRY PETER KULIFF.

“ D. BRAITHWAITE.”

Angelica therefore did not come empty handed to her husband; her savings accumulated by her industrious life amounted to 5000*l.* three per cents., bringing in one hundred and fifty a year.

The restrictions in the marriage settlement, and especially the clause as to intermeddling, could hardly be pleasant to Zucchi; he sub-

mitted to them at the time ; that he nourished a grievance against his wife was made evident later on. On his side he was not without means. He had a house in John Street, Adelphi, which he let at 90%. a year ; he had 150%. a year in short annuities, and he had divers sums at interest with different gentlemen, to whom he had lent them.

Angelica and her husband left pictures with their man of business for sale, and every direction was given in a clear, business-like manner, every possible contingency being provided for.

All this being done, the party sailed from England on July 19th, it being nearly to the month sixteen years since Angelica had arrived there with Lady Wentworth. It had been a shifting scene, brilliant, triumphant ; but the triumph was saddened by disappointment, blighted by the cruel fate which had shadowed the best years of her life, a fate, moreover, which falls to the lot of few women. She had borne it bravely, and now there remained nothing of

the sunshine and the sorrow of the last fifteen years but the memory. So it is with most lives.

DIsraeli, the successful author, the great statesman, in his old age used to murmur, as he sat thinking of the past, "Dreams—all dreams."

CHAPTER VIII.

1781—1785.

MIDDLE AGE.

THE travellers went in the first instance to Schwartzenberg ; John Joseph had a restless anxiety to find himself once more in the Voralberg amongst his native mountains. He had all his relations there, and at first the joy of seeing them and of being out of cold, damp England revived the old man. Soon, however, he began again to droop. The air of the Tyrol was too keen for his weakened condition, and he had to try a warmer climate. They brought him therefore to Venice, where they arrived early in October. Here Zucchi's family lived, all people of birth and cultivation. Here, too,

Angelica's pictures were well known, many of them having been engraved by Joseph Zucchi.

At this time the grand Duke and Duchess Paul of Russia (afterwards Emperor and Empress) were staying in Venice under the name of Count and Countess du Nord. As soon as they heard of Angelica's arrival they expressed a wish to visit her studio, and at once conceived, especially the duchess, a friendship for her. Angelica had two pictures half finished, orders for an English nobleman; one was from the old Saxon history, the other a replica of "Leonardi da Vinci dying in the arms of Francis Ist."¹ The royal visitors admired both so much that nothing would satisfy them until Angelica let them have them. The grand duchess overpowered her with thanks, embraced her and assured her these pictures should be the greatest ornament of her apartment, as well for their merit as because they would remind her of her charming friend, Madame Zucchi.

When these honours were known, all

¹ The original of this picture she had exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1778.

Venice flocked to Angelica's studio. She had more orders than she could take, for she had brought with her many commissions from England. Nevertheless she painted several of the grand Venetian ladies, also the youthful Almore Barbaro.

This pleasant sunshine was, however, soon to be darkened. In Venice Angelica experienced the great sorrow of losing her father. The simple, kindly old man died January, 1782. He was happy in leaving his daughter with a good husband. Angelica felt his loss bitterly, and for a time nothing would rouse her from her grief, which was increased by the death in the following month of her aunt, Rosa Bonomi's mother, who had come to Venice to nurse her brother John Joseph in his last illness. Zucchi, seeing his wife overwhelmed by these two misfortunes, wisely considered that the best remedy for sickness of either mind or body lies in change of scene; he therefore resolved to take Angelica away from a place which was now so full of sorrow for her.¹

¹ John Joseph Kauffmann left more money than was supposed he would. His savings amounted to

Their original plan, discussed before leaving London, had been to settle ultimately in Naples. They had arrived at this conclusion from different reasons, one being that for a permanent home. Rome, although it was "ever in Angelica's thoughts," was not the climate best suited for one of her delicate constitution.

Already their heavy baggage had gone by sea to Naples, and thither, in the month of April, they proceeded, stopping for a short time at Rome.

At Naples the old story was renewed. The queen,¹ who was herself an artist and whose apartments contained many engravings of Angelica's pictures, overwhelmed the Zucchis with attentions. She wished to keep Angelica always with her, and offered her a post at court. This, however, Angelica, whose mind was full of her recent loss, and who at all times was unsuited to a life of courtly etiquette, refused.

3500Z., which he devised to his only child and heiress, Angelica Kauffmann Zucchi, together with all his pictures and personalities.

¹ Caroline, daughter to Maria Theresa, married to Ferdinand II., King of Naples.

She could not, however, get out of undertaking a large picture of the royal family. Angelica accepted the commission, but was wholly unequal to the task of completing it. Moreover, with the restlessness of grief, she had taken a longing to return to Rome, and there fix herself for life. It was the loadstar which had attracted her back to Italy, and there she felt she must live and die. The desire was shared by Zucchi; they therefore left Naples, Angelica having, as was her manner, made studies only of the heads for the royal picture which was to be finished in Rome.

At this time Rome (then in the very height of its grandeur) was full of celebrities from all countries. The English flocked there with pockets full of money, as eager to patronize artists and buy their pictures as the Americans are now. Most of these rich patrons found their way to Angelica's studio. Many of them she had known during her residence in England, others brought introductions.

Her picture of the royal family of Naples

attracted numerous visitors, amongst them the Emperor of Austria, Joseph II., who was highly pleased with the portraits of his family. He desired the artist to be presented to him, and when he heard she was German, or rather Austrian, by birth, expressed great satisfaction that she was amongst his subjects.¹ His Majesty gave a royal commission for two large paintings for the gallery at Vienna, with the express desire that they might be finished as soon as possible; the choice of subject, size of figures, etc., being left to the artist. Angelica frankly confessed that she had to finish a large picture for the Empress Catherine of Russia,² which she had promised should be put aside for no one. The emperor had therefore to wait for nearly two years.

Karl Theodor, Archduke of Bavaria, and

¹ Rossi says, "The success made by Angelica caused a commotion amongst the artists in Rome, whose jealousy was excited by seeing a woman carry all before her."

² The subject was "Servius Tullius as a child," a miraculous flame playing round his head. The picture was of gigantic size, the figures life-size.

the Austrian Archduchess Amalia of Parma, also honoured her with commissions. Such an amount of work would have overpowered anyone not endowed with the amount of energy possessed by Angelica, who was never so happy as when her whole time was spent at her loved art. A letter she wrote this year to her friend Doctor William Fordyce is written with evident enjoyment of her busy life, and has all that tenderness which makes the charm of her correspondence :—

“ To Dr. Wm. Fordyce,

“ Warwick Street,

“ Golden Square,

“ Ingilterra.

“ London.

“ Rome, December 28th, 1782.

“ It is impossible to describe how very desirous I was to receive a line from the friend I so much value and respect, and whose kind attention to me and to those who were dear to me, I shall never forget. You cannot imagine, best of friends, with how much pleasure I perused your letter. I was surprized first of all to see from whence it

was dated. I rejoiced to find you was at this side of the Chanel—I was in hopes you had resolved to cross the mountains—but ah! all my hopes were over when I came to the part of the letter where you say that you were just returning to London. However, I hope it is written in the Book of Destiny that somewhere or other we shall meet once more upon this globe, the which I believe I could quit contented if once more I could pass a few happy hours with the all-harmonious Triad.

“I am sorry to hear that your worthy brother James enjoys but indifferent health, pray remember me to him and to his most amiable consort, my charming friend. Mr. Zucchi and I never think of the happy moments we enjoyed with ye, without regretting the time we lost in being so late acquainted with the most worthy, the most amiable of human kind, where good hearts and good heads are united together with which one so seldom meets. For the love of friendship do not forget us—believe me, tho we are so distant, our hearts and souls are frequently in society with yours.

“ I am more then I can say obliged to you for the kind notice you take of my couzins, the Bonomis. Mr. Bonomi tells me in every letter he writes, how much you are his friend, and that often he has the honour to be invited to your table ; that you assist them with your kind advize in their indispositions. The goodness of your heart has no limits. Mr. Zucchi and I have spent the whole somer at Naples, where I had the honour to paint all the royal family—the greatest attention were shown to me, the queen in particular in ocasioness express’d herself much in my favour. The portraits of the royal family are all to be in a large picture which consists of the king, the queen, three princes and four princesses. Having finished all the liknesses at Naples, I shall finishe the rest at *Rome, the residence of the arts.* However, I have promised to return to Naples as soon as I have finished that great work, to present it myself to the soverains according to the desire they expressed. In regard to health, thank God, I am well, but Mr. Zucchi has been troubled with feavers last summer, and

the air at Naples deed not so well agree with him. He is much better since we returned to Rome, where we are just fixing ourselves in winter quarter in one of the finest situations, *Sopra la Trinitá del Monte*, which I dare say you remember. Accept my sincerist wishes for the begining of a happy new year. May health, and every other happynes and contentment never leave you. Render my sincerist wishes acceptable to my friend, your brother, and his beloved companion, the charming Henrietta, the friend of my heart. Oh that I could begin the year with ye, that would be enough to end it happy—for a good begining brings a good end.

“ Now remember it is in your power to give me real satisfaction with a few lines by which I hope you will always have it in your power to tell me that you enjoy the most perfect health.

“ Mr. Zucchi desires me to present his sincerist thanks to you for your kind remembrance of him, and begs you will render his compliments, indeed he says *his most*

affectionate compliments acceptable to the two friends above-named. Remember us both to your friend Mr. Brithingam. Excuse a long tedious letter, but I found time always too short conversing with you : which pleasure I wish to live to enjoy again. Adieu, best of brothers and friend, let me hear from you as often as you can, and believe that I shall never cease to be

“ Your most affectionate friend, sister, and truly obliged

“ ANGELICA KAUFFMANN-Z.

“ P.S.—A letter recomended to the care of *Monsieur Barazzi, Banchiere a Roma*, wil be safe delivered to me.”

In the spring of 1783, Angelica fulfilled her promise of returning to Naples. Journeying thither with her husband, they brought with them the picture which she had painted of the royal family, which was duly admired by the court.

The queen was overjoyed to have her dear Madame Zucchi back again, and made

much of her, lending her for her use the Frankovilla Palace, which was eminently suited for the abode of an artist. On one side there was a lovely garden, on the other the most splendid view over the far-famed Bay of Naples. Every day the most tempting offers were made to induce Angelica to remain permanently, which she refused ; at last Her Majesty made a request that it was impossible to decline, that during her stay the artist would give some lessons in drawing to the young princesses. The queen was always present at the lessons, and was more and more charmed with the sweetness of Angelica. When the royal party removed to Caserta, she again tried to induce the Zucchis to follow her there ; Angelica, however, returned to Rome laden with presents of costly jewellery, and orders for another picture, intended as a present for the queen's sister, the Archduchess Christina, and an historical portrait of the Duchess Corigliano. She also sent to England three pictures, which are set down in the catalogue of the Incorporated Society of Artists, and exhibited

in their rooms in Suffolk Street under the following heading :—

From Madame Kauffmann, Naples.

A Lady and Child as Venus and Cupid.

A Cupid and a Hebe.

She returned once more to Naples in the summer of 1784, and resumed her course of instruction to the princesses. This was, however, her last visit ; the task of teaching, always irksome, became doubly so in her case, as after the hours spent at her easel she needed rest of mind and body. The worry of imparting to beginners the rudiments of an art she loved so well, fretted her beyond endurance, it having the additional burden of being hedged in by all the trammels of court etiquette. The strain became unbearable, and, Angelica's patience growing exhausted, she laid the matter before the queen and besought her to release her from her engagement, assuring her that with a more patient and less preoccupied teacher the princesses would make greater progress. The queen acceded to her request with regret, and her young scholars parted with her in tears.

Nevertheless she never returned to Naples, which is rather a significant fact, and would look as if her royal patroness had been somewhat offended. Gering, however, relates that she always spoke of the queen and her sister-in-law, the Empress of Austria, with the utmost affection and gratitude, and that her apartment in Rome, which was a museum of curiosities, was full of mementoes and gifts from the royal family of Naples. From the time of her return from Naples, Rome was now her abiding-place, and except for short absences she never left it, dying, as she had wished, within its walls. It was a strange love she ever had for this ancient city, which was, as she often said, mistress of her heart, and satisfied all the artistic desires of her nature. Here everything noble and good in her seemed to blossom into greater perfection; she was like a plant or flower which has been transplanted from ungenial soil to air and sunshine, both her art and her inner life flourished. As a wife she appears to have been in the first years of her married life tolerably happy. Zucchi, although morbidly sad and visionary,

was a kind husband and a model of conjugal virtue. As is often the case with marriages contracted, as theirs was, from no warmth of love, but with a groundwork of mutual liking, both being of good disposition, their esteem for one another increased; Angelica recognized his worth, while he surrounded her with much thoughtful care. Rossi says that Antonio revered his wife's talent, and knowing that time was infinitely precious to her, he took upon himself the care of all household matters, so that her mind should be free from anxiety, and that he was always at hand to give help and advice in her work. He had excellent judgment, and was possessed of great knowledge in the rules of art. Angelica consulted him as to the beginning, arrangement, and completion of her pictures.

Every artist who possesses modesty enough will acknowledge how useful it is to have beside one an intelligent critic, who can decide whether an idea should be acted upon or abandoned, or suggest some improve-

ment which will perfect the whole. Angelica, being rapid in grasping a situation, was much helped by the more solid judgment of her husband, and the improvement which is visible in her work in later years dates from the time of her residence abroad. There is more strength in the composition, the lines are firmer, the colouring not so brilliant.

The amount of work which Angelica got through must always suggest a certain hurry which is inimical to perfection of finish, but it must be remembered she had been accustomed to work from her childhood. Rossi says she commenced with almost (in summer) the dawn of day, and, with the exception of a light meal, continued until the lights failed. She gave a certain portion of her time to religious exercises, being of a most devout turn of mind, and she would occasionally visit the antiquities of the city, or go for a few hours into the country. The evenings were always given to society, of which she had the choice of the very best in Rome. Her house in the Arco di Regina "was a

museum,"¹ being filled with paintings and objects of art, many of them the gifts of her royal patrons. Here came all the savants, artists and noblesse of Rome, the habitués were such men as Backert, the celebrated landscape painter, Volpato, the famous engraver, with his beautiful daughter, Wilhelm and Raphael Morghen, well-known engravers, Cardinal Spina, Goethe, Gering, the Grandduchess Amalie von Wiemar, Rath Rieffenstein, M. Servani d'Agincourt, writer of the "Monuments of Rome," and many others. The circle was ever increasing by fresh arrivals of distinguished strangers, who found their way at once to Madame Angelica.² She herself had all the gifts which make a hostess successful; she spoke four languages well, her imagination was lively, her wit keen. Yet her sweetness of manner

¹ Goethe in his "Italienische Reise" says: "Angelica has given herself the gratification of buying two pictures, one by Titians the other by Paris de Bourdon, both at high prices. Since she is rich enough not to diminish her income, which every year increases, it is right she should have every pleasure."

² She received the name in Rome of "Mother of the Arts."

was never betrayed into offensive severity, nor did she ever speak in decisive tones upon matters of art, but seemed always ready to listen to what others said and to learn from them, example worthy of imitation by some of the loud-voiced *mattresse femmes* of our own time. Gering, in his "Book of Italian Travels," talks of Angelica's amiability of manner and of her tranquil mind, which showed itself in her charming countenance, where every thought of her tender soul could be read. "She preserves," he goes on, "her true German nature whilst living under a foreign sky, and her memory tenderly cherishes her own country."

Rossi, who was a constant visitor at the Zucchis, describes the society gathered at her receptions as comprising all that could make a *salon* successful, for in addition her love for music drew round her the most distinguished musicians.

"I remember," he says, "to have heard there the greatest artists of the day competing with one another in the desire to give Madame Angelica pleasure. The two cele-

o

brated Italian Improvatrices, Fortunato Fantastico and Therèse Bandettini, gave some of their most exquisite performances, encouraged by the appreciation of the artistic circle in which they found themselves."

Goethe, however, who was *l'ami intime* in the Zucchi household, gives a less pleasant account. "Angelica," he says, "is not as happy as she deserves to be, or as her great talent merits, and with the fortune which she daily earns *she is herself weary* of painting for *sale*, but her old husband finds it profitable that she should do so. She would prefer to have more leisure to prepare her work with more care and study, and she ought to have it. They have no children and have no necessity to save, and she should have only a certain quantity of work to do every day. This, however, is not the case, and never will be. She speaks very openly to me, and I have given her my opinion and my advice, and I try to cheer her up when I am with her. Those who fear want and misfortune when they have sufficient do not know how to enjoy good fortune."—*Goethe's "Italienische Reise,"* vol. ii.

CHAPTER IX.

1785—1789.

MIDDLE AGE.

THE year 1785 brought a fresh influx of work. The Emperor Joseph's order had been completed. The subjects of the two pictures being left to the artist's choice, were of course drawn from a classical source: 'The Return of Herminius, Conqueror of the legions of Varus,' and "The Funeral Honours paid to Æneas by Pallas."¹ The figures were two-thirds natural size, and the emperor, being much pleased, paid for them with royal munificence.

From Moscow she received a fresh commission. Catherine II. was a great patron of art; she wished for a companion picture

¹ Both pictures are in the Gallery at Vienna.

to "Servius Tullus," which had arrived in Russia, and met much commendation, and for her Angelica painted "Achilles discovered by Ulysses in the disguise of a Woman," a picture which has been engraved, and is to be met with often also. Prince Poniatowski, a well-known virtuoso, sat for his portrait in an allegorical character, which so pleased his uncle, the King of Poland, that he ordered a large picture. Angelica chose for him as subject, "Virgil Reading the *Æneid* to Ottavia."

Up to this, by some strange omission, Angelica had received very little patronage amongst the Italians; a circumstance which was noted by her fellow-artists, and which caused no little mortification to herself. The portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Ceci, that of Volpato, the eminent engraver, and his daughter-in-law, "Nathan and David" for Cardinal Zelado, and two or three portraits was all of her work to be found in the Roman States. In this year, however, Cardinal Ignatius Bonkompagni was appointed Secretary of State to Pope Pius VI. The cardinal was a man of great talent and

artistic tastes, and as his post gave him all powers, he wished to beautify the holy house of Loretto, and for this purpose employed the best artists in Rome to contribute pictures of their own design. Amongst them he included Angelica, who received the commission joyfully, although the price given was small in comparison to what she was in the habit of receiving. It was, she thought, a gratifying proof of the esteem in which she was held, to be selected amongst the native artists, and, in addition, the place in which her work was to be placed was so celebrated as to ensure its immortality. The painting was to represent Joachim and Saint Anna, with Mary as a child ; the figures were to be life-size. Angelica has given a Grecian character to the picture. She represents the Holy Child as watering a bunch of lilies, her eyes raised to Heaven, while a halo plays upon her head. Joachim, struck with astonishment, points out the miraculous appearance to Anna, who, full of pious rapture, praises the Almighty.

The work was well received by the public,

and the Pope expressed himself gratified. He wished to visit Angelica in her studio, but Rossi says he was deterred by the jealousy of the inferior artists, who envied the popularity of one who belonged to another nation.

Four years had now passed since she had left England. During this time, with the exception of a small picture, "Modesty," exhibited in 1782, Angelica's name had not appeared in the catalogue of the Royal Academy. In the May of 1786 we find under the heading :

Madame Kauffmann-Zucchi, Rome.

86. Cornelia—Mother of the Gracchi.

196. Virgil Writing his own Epitaph.

197. Pliny the Younger at Masenum.¹

A replica of the "Mother of the Gracchi" as painted for Prince Poniatowski, as a companion to "Brutus passing Sentence on his own Son." "Cornelia" had a great success; it was warmly praised by the critics. Goethe, who saw it in the artist's studio, calls it a most natural composition—a happy inspira-

¹ These three pictures were commissions for George Bowles of Wanstead. (See catalogue.)

tion. Steinberg, on the other hand, falls upon it with more than his usual acrimony.

"In this way," he goes on, "did she paint her famous (famous only in England) 'Mother of the Gracchi,' which raised her fame to the highest point, and which is, in fact, nothing more or less than a cold unfaithful representation of a fine subject, dressed up with modern sentiment, and presenting, as the Roman Matron, a modern drawing-room lady. The 'Mother of the Gracchi' has the most striking likeness to Lady Wentworth, the friend and patroness of our artist; the children are the sons of the Duke of York, only without powder and breeches, nevertheless their hair dressed and their limbs most respectably draped. The lady with the jewels, who leans negligently against an *Ionian pillar*, is undoubtedly the Queen's Mistress of the Robes; the scene is a park in Regent Street."

Some justification of Steinberg's hard criticism will be found in the prices realized by these pictures. At the sale of the Bowles-Rushout collection in 1878, the "Mother

of the Gracchi" was sold for 47*l.*, "Virgil Writing his own Epitaph," for 99*l.*, and "Pliny" for 59*l.*

That the mere monetary value is not a legitimate standard for art is no doubt true. Many a good work has been before now knocked down for half its value by the auctioneer's hammer, but this would be where there would be an ignorant crowd, not in the case of a choice collection, such as was the Rushout. At this same sale Lady Northwick's picture, also by Angelica, fetched the large price of 850*l.* It would therefore seem to be clear that the judges of to-day supported Steinberg's opinion as to the "Mother of the Gracchi."

In 1788 and 1789 she was as full of work as ever: an altar piece for the town of Bergamo; the family of the Duke of Holstein Beck, from which Morghen made a splendid engraving, and the Princess of Anhalt Dessau were painted. She sent likewise to the Royal Academy of 1788, "Bacchus teaching the Nymphs to make verses." Zucchi, who was getting anxious for the health of this zealous bread-

winner, now took for her, as a surprise, a villa at Castel Gondolfo, a most charming summer residence,¹ in the hope that she would withdraw occasionally from her round of work, and enjoy a perfect rest. Angelica liked the idea in theory, but found it impossible to put it into practice; she made little or no use of her husband's present, and finally it was resold.

1788 was marked by the beginning of a friendship with Goethe, which soon developed into a warm attachment. The young German, then in the zenith of his creative power, had come to Rome suffering from one of his unfortunate attachments. He lived a hermit's life, calling himself by another name. Like all poets, he wanted sympathy. This Angelica readily gave him. "It was natural," says a charming German writer, "that *he*, the favourite of the Graces, should be, so soon as he came within her spell, attracted

¹ Goethe, in his "Italienische Reise," gives a pleasant account of this watering place, "where one leads the life usually led at such places; there are lively girls and agreeable women. In the evening we go to the play *tout comme chez vous*, only under a delicious sky."

by this sweet impersonation of womanly grace."

There is no doubt that Goethe was attracted to a great degree. He "schwärmt," to use a German expression, in all his letters home, over this "charming creation," whom he calls Angelica, or Fra Angelica. "She is so dear, so good to me," he writes. "I go often to her, especially when I am in a thoughtful mood, and have no one to whom I can open my mind. It is now settled that I go there every Sunday; after dinner we visit the galleries. You cannot conceive what real enjoyment there is in seeing pictures with her. Her eye is so educated, and her knowledge of the mechanism of art so great, her feeling of the beautiful so profound, and she is so inconceivably modest."

Again he says, "She has something of the nature of Fra Angelice, whose mind was so full of heavenly images, which he depicted with such fidelity, that it was impossible for him to give any idea of a demon. So it is with Angelica, a villain she could not, for the life of her, convey to her canvas.

Her works are the outcome of a lovely imagination, a pure soul—for the rest, she is mistress of her pencil, excels in colouring, which is much appreciated here.”

In another of his letters home he gives an account of a party he gave in her honour. “Angelica,” he says, “never goes to the theatre, for what reason I do not inquire, but as we talked much to her of the music of Cimarosa, and she desired ardently to hear it, we resolved, Bury¹ and I, to procure her as much satisfaction as could be got from a musical representation. Bury, who knew many artists, and concert-master Kranz, from Weimar, a violinist of much merit, studying now in Rome, arranged the representation. I had in the upholsterers and confectioners, and we had a charming concert on the loveliest summer’s night. Madam Angelica, her husband, Hofrath Rieffenstein,² Volpato,³

¹ A young German artist who lived in the same apartment with Goethe. He became later a distinguished portrait painter.

² Johann Friedrich Rieffenstein, the guide and counsellor of all strangers visiting Rome, his knowledge of art and antiquities qualifying him for the office. He stood equally well with the German and Russian courts.

³ An eminent Italian engraver.

Jenkins,¹ and all who have been civil to us, were invited ; under the windows which were open a crowd collected and applauded, as if at the opera, the different morceaux."

Poets, of all men, need sympathy, and Goethe, whose nature was more highly strung than was even Byron's, found in the company of his gifted countrywoman the rest and the help he required. The sentimental tendency of her mind, which has been so found fault with, was to him an additional charm, and the pleasure he found in her society was all the greater ; he made her the confidante of his poetical dreams, and the judge of his works. In his correspondence there is constant mention of his reading his pieces to her ; he read to her his " Iphegenia," which had been talked of amongst his friends, "and this coming to the ears of Angelica and Herr Rieffenstein, nothing would content them but I give *them* a reading. I had to bring the whole piece, which pleased my audience far better than I had hoped ; even Herr Zucchi, from whom I

¹ An English commission agent and art dealer.

had expected little or no sympathy, gave most cordial approval. This shows me plainly that the piece is constructed in the manner which has been long acceptable to the Greeks, Italians, and French, and which suits these nations best. The English alone have not accustomed themselves to these innovations."

On another occasion he writes to her one of his charming little notes :—

" Pour Madame Angelica.

"It seems that in the studio of the Tedeschi we go from one extreme to the other. Last week we drew men as God created them, this week they are to be clothed in iron and steel, with this preface. I introduce, dearest friend, a request. Do you possess a copper-plate which represents a hero in complete armour, that is, armed from head to foot ? If so, I beg you will lend it to me for a few days.

"I am working at a tale of enchantment, which I hope to read to you on Sunday, if I am fortunate enough to find you at home. I

do not ask you to forgive me, for I know I have a general pardon.

“Farewell, my best friend,

“GOETHE.”

The tale of enchantment referred to is “Egmont.” He describes reading it to her and Rath Rieffenstein. “Herr Zucchi was pressed to stay, and did so, because his wife wished it. Angelika’s impressionable soul was *deeply touched*—she has such wonderful perception and delicacy of mind.” He paid her the high compliment of consulting her as to the vision seen by Egmont in his dream.¹

“On Sunday,” he says in his “Italienische Reise,” “I went to Angelika and laid before her my doubts as to the vision. She has the piece, and has been studying it, and, oh, how I wish you could have seen how tenderly, and with what womanly tact she went into

¹ Egmont, who headed the revolt of the Netherlands against the Spaniards, is condemned to death by the Duke of Alba, the Spanish Governor. The night before his execution he sees in a dream Clärchen (who has killed herself not to survive him), who places a crown of laurel leaves on his head and gives him to understand that his death is not in vain, for that his country will recover its freedom.

the whole subject. She says she is convinced that it *is* right that Clärchen should *express* what is taking place in the hero's mind, and that no words could give greater force or testify more clearly how much he loved and cherished her, than did this dream in which the beloved one appeared to him. Yes! it must have gladdened his heart, that she, whose whole life had been a waking dream of love, should now keep watch over him in this, his last sleep."

"There is no denying," says Steinberg, "that it was a great honour for the artist, that Goethe should have taken her judgment upon so critical a point. Nevertheless, what can we think of her comprehension of the matter, when we have before us the incomprehensible frontispiece,¹ which she produced for this same 'Egmont,' of which she spoke with so 'much tenderness and womanly tact' ? Her mind," he goes on, "was not capable of retaining a deep impression, or of producing it upon others. She was emotional, if you

¹ Goethe dedicated the first copies of "Egmont" to Angelica, and she designed the frontispiece. See page 213.

will, but too feeble to be capable of conveying that emotion to her canvas."

Before he left Rome, Goethe sat to the artist for his portrait, which was not successful. "It is a very pretty fellow, but it has no trace of me," wrote Goethe to his friends, "and Angelika is much vexed at the failure."

Weiseley remarks "that the high estimation in which she held the divine gift of the poet, very likely interfered with her reproduction of the genius on her canvas."

When the time for saying farewell to Italy came, Goethe seems to have had the tenderest feelings towards the artist, who preserved all her charm, although she was in her forty-eighth year.

"Now that I am leaving Rome," he writes, "I feel that I could wish to bind myself by closer ties to this fascinating woman."¹

This is rather a strange expression, considering that Angelica was already bound *in*

¹ In the "Italienische Reise" he says:

"² March, 1888.

"My departure grieves three persons. I quit them, too, with sorrow. In Rome I have, for the first time, found my real *sect*. I have been happy, and these three have worked in their different ways to this effect."

matrimonial ties, but license must always be given to a poet's language.

Oppermann, in his "Bregenzer Wälder," says, "that it was well known that Goethe's admiration for Angelika was such, that, had she been free, he would have her made his wife, and that a marriage with her would have given that repose to his life which was wanting in his union with the Vulpina, but that such was not possible, as the artist was, at the time of Goethe's visit to Rome, the wife of Zucchi."

Stolberg, in his characteristics of Angelica, says, "that the relations between Madame Angelika and Goethe, during his visit to Italy, require to be more clearly defined. There is no doubt," he goes on, "that in a love episode, in which the poet played the principal part, Angelika filled the *rôle* of go-between ;¹ and in consequence of this affair, before her death, she burnt any correspondence which would throw light on that or any other delicate subject."¹

¹ This is an allusion to a certain love episode of Goethe's with a pretty Milanese during his stay at Castel

It would seem, therefore, that although Stolberg was right, in so far as the love episode was in question, Oppermann goes nearest the truth as to Angelica. Some letters, which have been lately published by the Goethe Society, and which include fifteen of Angelica to Goethe, prove only too clearly how deep was the attachment on her side. Though it was half due to admiration for his genius, and wholly platonic, it nevertheless seems to have coloured every thought of her mind for years. The more extraordinary perhaps, is, that she, in the maturity of her charms, should have attracted a man seven years younger than she was ; these things, however, are not unknown, but do not bear argument. The poet's fancy was not lasting, he was by nature inconstant, and Angelica's efforts to keep her memory green in his heart are painful reading. For the rest, these letters are most inter-

Gondolfo, which probably he did confide to Angelica, as he mentions in his diary in connection with this affair that *A.* is as she always is, intelligent, good, and obliging, but that such a flirtation needed a go-between, or was so serious as to necessitate the burning of his letters, is highly improbable."

esting : they give us an insight into the inner life of this gifted and most unhappy woman. That her marriage had been one of convenience and mutual arrangement, explains much. Zucchi, although admirable as a major-domo, was not a husband to suit a woman of Angelica's sensitive nature ; she wanted sympathy—he had none to give ; he was gloomy, silent, prematurely old. Rossi, who stands up for his countryman, says he adored *Angelicé*, not as a wife, but as an artist, therefore he surrounded her with every care and comfort ; he nursed her as he would a *commercial speculation*. She was the bread-winner, and should be kept in good health ; he even allowed her now and then to make purchases, but it was all a matter of business. It cannot be wondered at that Angelica felt she had made a mistake, and that after she came to know Goethe, who was then in possession of all his wonderful gifts, her life seemed to grow, as she says, insupportable.

The letters, which are all interesting, would nevertheless be too long to find place in this

volume ; a selection has therefore been made, the first being written immediately on Goethe leaving Rome :—

“ Den 10th May, '88.

“ DEAREST FRIEND,—Parting from you has penetrated my heart and soul with grief ; the day of your departure was one of the most sorrowful of my life, only for the dear lines you wrote to me before you started, and for which I have already thanked you.

“ Now again I thank you from my heart for your letter from Florence, which I looked for with longing. A few nights ago I dreamt that I had received letters from you, and that I felt consoled and said, ‘It is well that he has written, else I would soon have died of grief.’

“ I am content to know you are well ; may heaven continue to keep you thus. I live such *a sad life*, and because I cannot see what I most desire, all and everyone is indifferent to me, except perhaps our good friend, Rieffenstein, with whom I am, speak of you. The Sundays, which once were days of joy,

have become the saddest days—they seem to say we return no more, but I will not believe this ; the words ‘return no more,’ sound too hard. Now I will say not another sorrowful word. Do you know I have something of yours upon which you bestowed great care ; I have to thank the good Schütz ¹ for this treasure. Your little pine tree stands now in my garden, and is my dearest plant. One thing more I have, which I destined for you before it was mine—the figure of which I have spoken to you—the Muse. I am only waiting for a good opportunity to send it to you. You will help me in this, for it would be a thousand pities if it should meet any injury.

“ I have made some alteration in the design for the title page,² also I have made it somewhat larger. I recollected that I had said to you that I could myself engrave it on the copper ; it is, however, a long time since I have done etching, and I know not how it might succeed, and the proofs would take a

¹ Johann George Schütz, landscape painter.

² Of “Egmont,” engraved by Lips.

long time before I could be sure of success, consequently I should be glad to know if the design, which will be finished to-day, should be given to Herr Lips, or sent to you. I shall wait your directions.

"In Florence you will have seen many beautiful things which you will tell me of. Zucchi thanks you heartily for your kind remembrance of him, and desires to continue in your recollection; we speak every day of you."

She then goes on to mention some commissions Goethe had entrusted her with, and winds up with these curious words:—

"Give me the only satisfaction I can now enjoy, that of hearing from you often. When I know that you are well and content, I will try and reconcile myself *to my fate*. Farewell, my dear friend, keep me in your thoughts.

"ANGELICA."

Here is a second letter, conceived in even more passionate language, and written on the 17th May:—

"I thank you a thousand times, my dear friend, for the joy your letter from Florence

has given me. Your commissions I have handed over to our good Rath Rieffenstein, and I have made your excuses to him and Abbate Spina ; both love you dearly, *but who can help* doing that ? I am not at all pleased with Herr Kayser ;¹ he has left you very much alone, and evidently prefers the library to your society. Ah ! if I were in his place ! and how I envy him ! It is true that in spirit I am often as near you as your own shadow, but let the power of imagination be ever so strong, it yet remains only *an imagination*. If I had known your address I would have written to Florence. You will find my answer to your first letter at Milan, but I cannot leave your last without an answer. I forget, however, what has happened since you left. When I think of you I grow confused. I sit with the pen in my hand, have much to say, would wish to say much to you—every pulse of my heart suffers and complains. But of what use is all this ? nothing I can say will bring you back to me ! It were better that

¹ Christoph Kayser, a German composer of merit, came to Rome to write the music for the opera of "Egmont."

I remained silent ; your feeling heart can imagine the rest.

“ Since the 23rd—that last and fatal day—I have been in a dream, out of which I cannot rouse myself—the lovely sky, the most lovely scenery, alas ! even the divine in art, excites nothing in me—I am indifferent to all. I really believe I am on the outer edge of that folly, of which we often talked. In the other world I hope it will be arranged that all dear friends meet never more to part, and so I look for a happier life above.

“ I hope to hear that you are comfortably lodged in Milan ; everything about you interests me. Your health and well-being is as near to my heart as my own. . . .

“ This evening, the 28th, when I came home, I found your dear letter upon the table. How my heart beat as I opened it, and how much I thank you for the contents and for your friendship, of which you gave me a proof, by sending me those dear lines which will help to make my weary days less hard to bear. May Heaven, my dear friend,

reward you for this, and keep you from everything that may annoy you.

"The 'Mottet of Christoforo Morales,'¹ as also the book of 'Guidetti,' which you picked up in Bologna, I have stretched upon what little gum-paper I have. I have many times reminded Signor Carlo Albacini, and begged of him to do what is possible; he puts me off with fair promises. One cannot be content with these, so I shall try in another direction.

"Your 'Tasso' will be received by me with love and joy, 'yet it is joining new links to the chain;' nevertheless, every word you have written is precious to me, because *it is yours*.

"Some days ago I went with Zucchi to visit your apartment (what I saw there I will tell you after I have seen it again under better circumstances). We went up into your cabinet. I felt as if I were in a sanctuary or shrine where one dwelt whom all honoured. I could hardly tear myself away—I remem-

¹ Christoforo Morales, a Spanish composer of the sixteenth century.

bered what lovely music the excellent Kayser played once here for you and me. Ah! those dear happy days. I must stop and beg your pardon for allowing my pen to run on so wildly. Zucchi desires his most friendly remembrance, also our good Herr Rath and the Abbate Spina. Whenever we meet we speak of you. I am looking forward to the letter from Milan, which you have promised me."

There is a postscript to this letter dated a fortnight later, June 7th:—

"Pray forgive the length of this letter and the disorder with which it is written; my mind was half distracted when I wrote.

"Not a line from you from Milan! Have you forgotten your kind promise? It fills me with anxiety; it may be that Herr Rath¹ had letters from you by yesterday's post, but he is in Frescati with his housekeeper, who has been ill, but now gives every hope of perfect recovery. I shall not see him until next Monday; I shall, therefore, wait no

¹ It would seem from this that the correspondence between them was carried on *through* good Rath Rieffenstein.

longer ; as you gave me permission to address you at Weimar, I shall do so. I trust you have already happily arrived there, and that you have met all your friends. *Happy Weimar*, and thrice happy those who are blessed with your presence there ! The only consolation left to me is the hope that you keep me in your remembrance. That you may be always well and happy is the sincerest wish of your devoted

“ A.

“ Please remember me and Zucchi and other friends to Herr Kayser. I told you in my last that I had the ‘ Muse ’ in my own hands, and that I was only waiting an opportunity to send it to you with the help of Herr Rath, also the finished design for the title page, about which I expect an answer from you. Dearest friend, pardon this long letter, which for the rest is the answer to two of yours with which I was made happy.

“ To-morrow will be Sunday—once such a longed-for day. Farewell, your commission as to the Intaglio shall be looked after.”

On the 5th August she writes to tell him

of Herder's arrival ; the letter is interesting from many points of view.

“ Rome, 5th August, '88.

“ Dreaming again, you'll say.

“ But I know you forgive me.

“ I dreamt last night you had come back. I saw you a long way off, and hastened to the entrance door, seized both your hands, which I pressed so closely to my heart that with the pain I awoke. I was angry with myself that my joy in my dream should have been so great, and that in consequence my happiness had been shortened. Still, to-day I am content, for I have your dear letter written July 19th. That in spite of your many distractions and occupations, with friends and acquaintances around you—you are in spirit often in Rome. This does not surprise me, but that you think of me is a proof of your goodness for which I am infinitely grateful. I rejoice that you are well, and wish you an unbroken course of happiness and content. For me, *I live the life of Hope in a better life.* And now a word of art and especially of ‘ Daniel di Volterra.’ The

portrait is now *mine*. How it came to be mine, how it got into the house, what a piece of work there was to persuade Tischbein to sell the picture and to share the profits—all this you already know. I could not bear the thought of letting such a treasure leave me. I talked the matter over with Zucchi, and decided to write to Tischbein and have the whole thing out. I made him an offer¹—and now the portrait,² which is a veritable masterpiece, is *ours*, wholly and entirely, and so long as I live I shall look at it. It shall be given all honour and placed with ‘all decorum’ in the big ‘Saal,’ the ‘Mercury’ must give way, and come in the middle of the hall. ‘Venus and Adonis’ on the same side where ‘Ganymede and Apollo’ are. The picture remains in its case, and only those

¹ She gave six hundred pounds for it.

² “This fine picture of the ‘Burial of our Lord,’ by Daniel Volterra, was discovered by Tischbein in the convent of the Porta del Popolo. The monks were willing to sell it for one thousand scudi, which Tischbein, being only a struggling artist, could not muster. He therefore made a proposal to Madame Angelica, to which she consented. She advanced the sum and the picture remained with her; later, Tischbein, by an agreement, could repurchase it.”—*Goethe's I. Reise*.

shall *see it* who are *capable* of *seeing it*. I give you all these details, because I know that they will give you, dear friend, pleasure. *When shall we see it together?* I live continuously between fear and hope — alas, more fear than hope—but I must be silent; of what use are my complaints?

“You want to know what I am working at. I have the following pieces finished, I think :— The portrait of ‘Lady Hervey,’ the portrait of ‘Cardinal Rezzonico before the Senate.’ To-day I am finishing ‘Virgil,’ the subject you will remember. I am very well pleased with the effect of the ‘Chiar o scuro’—this picture has a great deal of strength and the colours have become very brilliant. I have also commenced the two for the Shakespeare Gallery, and a picture for the Duke of Courland.¹ Soon I must consider the subject of my large picture for Catherine of Russia.² I have as yet done nothing, and I want to make it as good as possible. To do this, I must

¹ Peter, Duke of Courland.

² Catherine II., who gave Angelica several orders. This one was “Achilles”; it is now in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.

imagine it is Sunday, and that you are coming to my studio. Ah! the dear past. It does not do to think of that.

“My portrait, or it would be better to call it the painting, which I presented to the gallery in Florence, has been accepted. I received the letters a few days ago, and that they have placed me in a good light and beside a very famous man—no less than Michel Angelo Buonerotti.¹ I wish I could stand near him, not in effigy alone, but in his works; but this is too ambitious. The Grand Duke, as a proof of his kind acceptance of the portrait, has honoured me with the gift of a large gold medal. Now it is time for me to stop speaking of myself; I have already said too much. If you had not sent me the promised sketches of the neighbourhood, I should have most certainly reminded you. Now that I have them, I find my thoughts often, often, very often there. Dear friend, Rome is beautiful, but no more so for me.

¹ This portrait of Angelica has been removed from its juxtaposition to the great painter; it now hangs in the Artists' Room.

Let me be still, let me once more be the master of my pen.

“The letter from your young friend has given me much pleasure; also I am glad to know Herr Kayser is coming back, and that Herr Herder is coming, *but you are not coming*; that is my everlasting sorrow, and my lamentation.

“Farewell, be happy and do not forget me. I honour and esteem you with all my heart.

“ANGELICA.”

One of the results of Goethe's visits to Rome had been to excite the imagination of the intellectual circle in Weimar, which had a reputation for art and learning. It included such men as Wieland, Herder, Bode, Hackert, Emoudel, Kuebel, likewise Frau von Seckendorff, Amalie Trieshoff, and others. The little duchy went by the name of the modern Athens; after Goethe's return a regular pilgrimage set out for Rome. First came Herder, accompanied by Domherr von Dalberg and Frau von Seckendorff. Great efforts had been made to induce Goethe to join this party, but the poet, although in full measure

artistic, was German first of all. He wanted to improve his own country, and to raise it from an artistic point, and to do this it was necessary in the first place to make a bridge between the north and the south. From Weimar he directed all the movements of the art pilgrims, bringing them in contact and friendship with his Roman friends, so that they might see all to the best advantage. From Constanz he writes to Herder the fullest directions, and again on his arrival, he says,—

“I am rejoiced that you and Angelica have so many pleasant hours together, that you like Bury. Be very nice to Herr Rieffenstein; commend me to him and tell him how much I value his friendship.”

Herder did not care much for the society of Goethe's antiquarian friends, but he was charmed with Angelica. He cannot praise enough her grace, her elegance and her kindness of heart. “She is true heavenly music,” he says in letter 25 of the series. Angelica gives her opinion of the philosopher to Goethe in the following letter:—

Q

“ 21st September.

“ How joyful I am on the days that your letters come, and that I hear of your well-being. I thank you for your letter of 4th August and 1st September, and from the last I know that the ‘Muse’¹ has at last reached you. I am very pleased that my little remembrance has given you pleasure, and that you consider it *as a small proof of my true and unutterable esteem for you*. Before this reaches your honoured hand you will have received title page, together with the Vignette; the shortness of the time and the confined space did not allow of adding anything. Fall in love, do, with the figure Simplon, and grant me the honour to make up for other deficiencies on another occasion. The drawing I would have willingly sent, only it was too large. Herr Rath will send it with another opportunity.

“On the 19th this month, when I came home

¹ Shortly before he left Rome a dealer offered Goethe a statue taken from the Court of the palace Caraffa Colombano in Naples. He was all anxiety to buy it, but Angelica dissuaded him; this was “The Muse.” She sent him either the original or a copy.

at my usual hour, I found Bury in the drawing-room with Herr Herder. It gave me joy to see this excellent man, your friend. I gave him your letter, the questions about which you are anxious he could scarcely answer, as he had only just arrived. The visit was short, but he has given me the hope that he will come often.¹ The Duchess-Mother will arrive at the end of the month. You know already, my dear friend, how much I wish to do honour to those whom you like, and to be of use to them if I can ; it rejoices me that your friends have come at the best time to enjoy the neighbourhood. It will soon be the season when we were together at Castel Gondolfo—every place where you sketched will be dear to me, all will remind me of what is past, and with such a memory can I hope for enjoyment in the present ? In my imagination I will see you everywhere. We shall only spend a few days there this year, as we intend to make a short tour in October. You console me with the hope of

¹ The Duchess-Dowager of Weimar was preparing to make an art pilgrimage to Rome.

a future. I will try and hope the best, it may make the present less unbearable. That my little offering, which you so kindly have accepted, should have arrived *at a time and on* a day which shall be ever sacred to me ! this coincidence makes me happy. May I live to keep that day with you again. 'Tis Sunday, and instead of going to fetch you, I am writing to you these few lines with the little pen which I stole from you. Here comes good Herr Rath, with whom I can talk of you, and wish that our wishes might for once be fulfilled.

“ I have seen Herr Herder again ; what a worthy man he is, and speaks as he writes. We showed him your bust, which pleases your friend much. I am content with the likeness. When I wanted to pay Herr Triepel¹ my debt, he said you had paid him, consequently I have to thank you infinitely for such a dear and precious present. I spend many moments in the day looking at it. I am at present occupied with ‘Troilus and Cressida’ from

¹ Triepel, the sculptor, executed a marble bust of the poet for the Prince of Waldeck.

Shakespeare. It is somewhat heavy, the subject in itself calls out very little imagination; nevertheless, I will do all that is possible to overcome the difficulties. The drawing-room is now arranged: 'Daniel di Volterra' in his case is placed where the great architectural picture of Zucchi's used to hang. This same picture, instead of the doors of the case, preserves and encloses the treasure, and serves as before to the decoration of the *salon*—in the middle of which 'Mercury' is well placed for light. The large table has been made smaller, so as to give more space, and the 'Daniel Volterra' can be better seen in the distance. Herr Herder has not seen the picture nor our little collection, for he came in the evening, accompanied by Herr Dalberg. The garden has produced nothing wonderful this year, not a single monstrum. The dear pine grows, I have not transplanted it. You would laugh over my anxiety when the sky is darkened with clouds and there are signs of a storm. I run into the garden and place the young plant under cover for fear it

might be injured; all the rest I leave to their fate.¹

“Pardon, dear friend, the length of this letter, and the disorder with which it is written. You know it is well meant. Farewell, my dear friend, forget me not. To know you live content is my dearest wish.

“A. K. Z.

“I hear ‘Tasso’ has advanced very far towards completion, as also another work of which you have said nothing to me. I remember the happy time when you read to us your manuscript; those days will never, I fear, come again; the very thought fills me with sadness.”

In these words there is a slight touch of

¹ Goethe says, “I planted the pine cutting from the Botanical Gardens; it had begun to grow, and was a miniature of a future tree. It grew and flourished for many years in Angelica’s garden. It reached a respectable height, as I heard with much content from many friends who visited the garden, of which I retained so perfect a recollection as to be able to represent to myself the little tree; but, alas! after the death of my much-valued friend, new people entered into possession, who considered the pine detrimental to their flower-beds, and the latest visitors to Rome have brought me news that no trace of its existence remains.”

reproach, or as if a foreboding had come to Angelica that a change had come over the ever-changing spirit of the poet ; his whole thoughts, indeed, were now concentrated on the journey of the duchess-dowager to Rome.

Anna Amalie, a princess of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel, and the widow of Duke Ernest II. of Weimar, was a woman of extraordinary gifts, great cleverness, and brilliant qualities. She patronized art generously, was the friend of Wieland, Goethe, Herder, and from her visit to Rome great things for Weimar were expected ; the expectations were fulfilled. She came accompanied by a large suite, and during her two years' residence in Italy gathered round her all who were remarkable for gifts of science and wit. Her circle included the Pope, cardinals, and bishops, foreign ambassadors, Italian nobles, savants, artists and musicians ; and there was a refreshing air of freedom and absence of court etiquette which completed the charm of this pleasant society. During her stay in Rome, Angelica seems to have gradually recovered her

serenity. Drawn together by their common admiration for Goethe and their love of art, the two women became dear friends. In one of his first letters to the duchess, Goethe strikes the key-note of this friendship : " You have seen Mad. Angelika by this time, and this excellent woman must from many different points be interesting to you ;" and the duchess immediately responds : " I go to Angelika as often as I can, and she comes to me ; she is in every way *eine herzliche frau*.¹ Next Friday I am to sit to her for my portrait, certainly not as a model, but I like to have something of hers. *Old Zucchi* has given me some of his drawings."

The first letter Angelica writes after the duchess's arrival is in a joyous tone. It begins : " Do you know, my dear friend, that I am coming to Weimar ; have you ever dreamt of such a thing ? Her excellency the duchess has invited, in the most cordial manner, good Rath Rieffenstein, Zucchi and

¹ A lovable woman.

me to either accompany her back or to follow her. Fräulein von Göchhausen¹ and Herder were present and added their entreaties. Was it possible to refuse such a gracious proposal? The promise has been given *if circumstances permit*. Blessed Weimar, which since it has given me the joy of knowing you, I have so often envied, where my thoughts fly so constantly, shall I really see it and see *you there*? Oh, most beautiful dream, and still I hope that even before this journey comes off we may see you in Rome. That the duchess has shown herself so gracious to me, I have to thank you, my best and dear friend.

"This gracious princess honours me with a visit constantly, and she allows me to go to her. We often speak of you, and then what joy fills my soul. A few evenings ago her excellency visited the museum, attended by her whole suite, that is, Baron von Dalberg, Madame von Seckendorff, Herr Herder, etc. Zucchi and I had the honour of accompanying them. It was quite a

¹ The lady-in-waiting to the Duchess.

festival for me. Nevertheless there was something wanting to make me perfectly content. Your name was repeated in the hall of the Muses, but I looked about me and only saw you in spirit. When we all stood before the Apollo, some one proposed that we should offer a prayer to the god. Herr Herder said we should each ask for something. My prayer to Apollo was that he would inspire you to come to Rome. Oh that my wish may be granted; but it must be *before I go to Weimar.*

“The duchess’s circle is exceedingly pleasant, and what a kindly dear creature Fräulein von Göchausen is. She is so intelligent and so lively, and does everything well. The princess seems well satisfied. The weather is beautiful; everything looks to the best advantage. Madame von Seckendorff desires to be remembered to you. I am glad that you like the title page. Herr Rath is sending the design, perhaps to-morrow, with other things to you. I hear much in praise of your ‘Tasso.’ I am rejoicing over the hope you have given me,

that you may still read it to me. It is a consolation for much. May Apollo strengthen you in this good purpose. I thank you meanwhile for having thought of me.

“Zucchi and I often talk of you, but alas ! that is not the same as with you. Ah, the happy time ; the dear Sundays which I will think of so long as I live. Her excellency the duchess seems to wish that I should paint her portrait. Next week I shall have the honour to commence it. I hope my work will please. I have just finished the two Shakesperian pictures.¹ A mass of things are waiting for me to begin. One after the other they will gradually get finished. It is all well so long as health lasts ; but on that score I cannot complain at present. I am anxious about you, and trust you take care of yourself.

“The other day I chanced on a good specimen of an Intaglio. It is surely a Tolomeo cut in *Hintzint*, which I rather fancy. I send you an impression, which I

¹ For Boydell's Shakespearian Gallery.

hope may reach safely. The stone is very fine, and cut in a masterly manner in my judgment, only I have a doubt on account of the subject, because under the four antiques there seems to be the head of a philosopher. A word from you will settle this matter and be a guide for me in the future.

"I am glad that you like your present situation, and that you have time to prosecute your work. May you live always happy and content, and if you have an idle moment think of me. Farewell, best of friends.

"A. K."

In several of the duchess's letters to Goethe there is most kind mention of Angelica. "I have sat twice," she says, "to Angelica, and the picture promises to be a splendid success. The last time I sat Herder read for us your poems. That good Angelica was so inspired, that the portrait seemed to grow under her fingers." And again Herder writes: "Angelica is a lovely Madonna; only she lives in herself and feeds upon her own branches." Fräulein von Göchhausen also gives her meed of praise:

"Angelica has such a beautiful soul, there are few like her, and out of love for her one grows better when near her. She loves the duchess, and yesterday she wept tears of sorrow at the thought that our quiet evenings were over. We cheer her up with talking of her visit to Weimar, and so scatter the ghost of melancholy which hangs about a farewell."

The pleasant party had now left Rome for Naples, and Angelica writes sadly to Goethe:—

"Rome, 24th January, 1789.

"Her Excellency is very well satisfied with Naples. I had letters yesterday from our good friend, Rieffenstein, who has taken for the duchess the villa which was next our little garden; you remember it? Who would have thought that we should have visited that lovely spot together? Herr Herder is also to live there. And *why not you?* *Why* do you keep away from Rome?"

"Her Excellency is so well, I trust we may soon have her back. In the meantime we are making our preparations for the

journey to Weimar. *You* think it is only a joke, this visit; but it is so much in my thoughts that I am constantly dreaming of it.

“You must have nearly finished your ‘Tasso’ by this time. I am longing for and rejoicing over the appearance of this work. I have finished my two Shakespeare pictures and several other bagatelles. The ‘Achilles’¹ comes next, a fearful undertaking. I have made the design on a small sketch, and with thought, time, and trouble I do not despair of the result.

“The portrait of her Excellency is already far advanced, it will be nearly ready by the time she returns from Naples. She is expected in the middle of the next month.”

The duchess did return to Rome, and there were more sittings for the portrait, Amalie writing privately to Goethe that “Angelica was a noble, charming woman, but not an artist, . . . and more parties to Frascati, Albano, and to old curiosity shops,

¹ For the Empress Catherine of Russia.

looking for fossils and stones, until," writes the sprightly Fräulein Göchhausen, "I feel like a fool, but Angelica's greater intellect takes pleasure in all that concerns art, and she elevates our minds and makes us enjoy, so far as we are capable of doing, the antique."

But this, too, came to an end.

On the 23rd May, 1789, Angelica writes to Goethe that his friends have left Rome again.

"I must acknowledge," she writes, "that I was happy when I had so many of your friends near me. We spoke so constantly of you, and her Highness showed herself always so extremely gracious towards me; also her suite were full of kindness.

"On the 19th her Excellency left for Naples to spend the summer. It seems to me now that I have been in a dream of pleasant companionship, and have just awoke to resume my solitary life again. Also the good, excellent Herder is gone. This day fortnight I spent with the *Respectable Society* at Tivoli at the Villa d'Este; under the great cypress trees Herder read to us the

portion of 'Tasso' which you have sent. I cannot tell you with what pleasure I listened. I think of all your beautiful works it is the most beautiful. Who can read such a masterpiece and not long to hear the rest? Herr Herder gave me the manuscript, for which I thank you warmly.

"For a long time I have been intending to write and thank you for the eight volumes¹ of your works which you sent me. I delayed because I feared you would say I wrote too often. Silence, too, is not forgetfulness. How could I forget a friend whom I honour so much as I do you, and shall ever continue to honour so long as I live? My industry is much as usual; but who is so industrious as you are? the research, and the writing itself is far more useful than mere handiwork. It is good to cultivate *all* knowledge, and who does that—does well. Continue to enjoy yourself in every way that can make you happy. I wish I could write to you of art or

¹ Goethe presented her with a splendidly bound edition of all his works, "that she might renew her acquaintance with her native language." That she had forgotten how to spell in German is evident in her letters to him.

of artists or of any other agreeable subject. It had been my intention to make amends for my silence by a long letter, but the absence of my good friends makes me feel so sad, that I can only say that I live and hope to live in *your* memory as you do in mine, where your remembrance will always and for ever be dear.

“A. K. Z.”

The Duchess Amalie seems to have conceived quite as tender a friendship for Angelica as the impressionable artist had for her Durchlaucht. In September we find her writing the following little note:—

“Au Madam Angelica.

“Napel, den 7th September, 1789.

“The love and friendship which I feel for you, dear Angelica, makes me confident that you will forgive my disturbing your occupations with this letter, but it is *intolerable* to be so long without hearing from you. How is your health, my dear little woman? and are you always busy—always at your easel? Ah, come to Naples—come to us. Tell dear old

R

Zucchi to bring you ; and put before him, in your own sweet way, what splendid designs and beautiful new ideas he will find here. Goethe is going to send you his 'Tasso.' Perhaps you have it already. When you read it think of the little room in the Villa d'Este—there one can enjoy it thoroughly.

"I will no longer take up your time, which is so much better employed at your delightful art ; so farewell, dearest, best of little women ; think of me often as I do of you.

"Your AMALIE.

"Give my remembrances to Herr Zucchi and Herr Rieffenstein."

The moment of the final parting was close at hand, Herder had already returned to Weimar. Angelica, writing to Goethe on 1st August, says :—

"You have your worthy, excellent Herr Herder with you again. Greet him warmly from me. Oh, that for once I could see you all together, and spend the evening with you. Rome, now that I am losing all my friends,

is fast becoming a desert. Paintings and statues are beautiful to look at, but to live surrounded by true friends is better : these are thoughts I must not dwell on—they disturb my rest, and sadden my heart. I try to occupy myself as much as possible, so that the hours may slip away unnoticed until a better time comes.

“The duchess is remaining so long in Naples, that she will have only a short time here. The happy hours I have spent in her company belong to those memories which can never be forgotten by me. I am longing for the arrival of your ‘Tasso,’ and rejoice in anticipation over such a splendid work.

“May you be always well and happy, and grant me sometimes the happiness of a few lines. The pine is in full growth, so also the other plants which you brought out of the Botanical Garden. Once more I recommend myself to you, my honoured friend, and remain, as always, with great esteem,

“A ———”

There is a ring in these words of parting.

The old time has passed away, and a new and a colder season has set in. The key to this is to be found in the fact that Goethe was now preparing to come to Italy. Under the orders of his patron, the Duke of Weimar, he was to have the honour of conducting the Duchess Amalie on her return journey. What more natural than he should grasp such an opportunity to revisit Rome and his dear friends there? Strangely enough the capricious poet made it a condition of undertaking the journey, that he should not be asked to proceed further than Venice, where he awaited the princess. His letters to Herder show how much against his grain the whole journey was—he was longing to be back in Weimar, to his newly-made home there. The entreaties of his friends in Rome not to remain at such a tantalizing distance he totally disregarded—he, who only a year before, at Easter-time, could hardly restrain his longing to be in the holy city. In Venice he led a solitary, almost hermit-like, life, the only person in whose society he took any pleasure being Angelica's brother-in-law,

Joseph Zucchi. The duchess joined him in Venice, May, 1790, and on June 25th she writes to Angelica of her safe arrival at Weimar.

“ From the Duchess Amalie von Weimar.

“ I have been intending and wishing, for a long time, dear Angelica, to give you news of myself, but my journey, and my unsettled life, up to the present, prevented my doing so. Now that I am again quiet, my first thought is to tell you, best of women, of my safe arrival in my own home. I am once more amongst my own good people, whom I love, and who love me ; still, Italy, enchanting Italy, holds me so firmly that as yet I cannot feel happy or content. Your portrait, dear Angelica, which I found here is an epoch for Weimar. I am afraid of offending your modesty, else I would tell you of the praises it receives, and how everyone marvels at your astonishing skill. Nothing more perfect has ever been seen here. Goethe will write to you of it himself. To me it is a real blessing as a loving remembrance of you, the

best and most delightful souvenir of those happy days which I spent with you in beautiful Rome. Think of me sometimes as amongst those who love you.

“Your sincere friend,

“AMALIE.”

“P.S.—*Mille salute to Signor Zucchi and the Abbate Spina.*”

In connection with this portrait, and as a proof of the fugitive nature of the brilliant colours Angelica used, which in many instances faded so rapidly, an extract from one of Goethe's letters is given here. The whole letter, in proper chronological order, finding place later on :—

“Weimar, 1797.

“The excellent likeness which you painted of our duchess, which I believe is to be placed in a new summer palace just built by the duke, has somewhat changed its appearance, the cause, I imagine, being that the varnish has either flown or sunk into the picture, so that the brightness of the colour-

ing and the harmony of the whole is manifestly injured. It will be easy, by means of re-varnishing, to restore the portrait to its original freshness, but I am afraid lest a wrong varnish ignorantly applied might do more harm than good, and irretrievably ruin the work. Will you, therefore, have the kindness to tell me what varnish I should use, and what medium I should employ to secure it?"

Another letter from Wieland, one of Germany's most celebrated poets, may also find place here, although it bears date some four years later; it is written in very highest strains of compliment:—

"A very welcome visit which my gracious duchess received from our agreeable countryman, Herr Consul Haigelin, from Naples, has procured me the long-wished-for opportunity of assuring the artist of all *the graces* of my entire devotion to her, a devotion which I may say is ever on the increase, and which I find almost impossible to express, every glance I give to her immortal works renewing my admiration."

This is very well for a beginning, but soon Wieland is divided between his want of capacity to express his feelings and a fear that, in so doing, he might be supposed to consider his voice of any importance to one at whose feet has been laid the applause of Europe ; “ And, Angelica,” he goes on, “ it is this fear which has kept me so long silent, and has stayed the most ardent wish of my heart. Ah ! when our beloved duchess returned from Italy and told me that I was not so unknown as I had imagined, and that you would receive a letter from me (nay, even grant a request, the purport of which was known to her Grace), why was it then, by what accident did it happen, that I, at that very moment did not write to you ? when, too, I had just seen your incomparable likeness of our duchess, which has been painted by the hand of Apelles, which has conveyed to the canvas the soul which animates that lovely form ? This splendid apotheosis of one so good and so artistic as our duchess, is likewise a standing memorial of the *cultivated taste* of her whose work it is. This portrait

has, for the last two years, afforded me the highest enjoyment the human mind is capable of, the enjoyment of perfection ; and no man of feeling can consider it without being penetrated with reverence for *Amalie* and love for Angelica—and nevertheless I have been for two years *dumb*, why ? It is a peculiar feeling, and difficult to express the process that has gone on in my mind. It was no caprice that kept me silent, but a deep-rooted conviction that I could only express to Angelica the feelings that filled my heart and mind, in the same language in which she spoke to me, *through her works*. She spoke to my *mind and heart*. *I should paint*, and paint like Angelica, to convey to her what my feelings in her regard are, and how I beg of the invisible powers that they may grant her every blessing and happiness.

“With such thoughts and feelings, nothing could be more natural than the wish to have some share in the friendship of an artist, who, through the properties of her mind and heart, and if possible, even more through her extraordinary talents, is considered one of the

greatest ornaments of her sex and of the century in which she lives.

“But am I not a little indiscreet, dear Angelica, and having gone so far may I go further, and, concluding you have granted the first of my wishes, may I now venture on one still bolder, which, I may add, in my own eyes seems pardonable enough ? for why should not a man, who for forty years has aimed at living in future ages through his work, why should such a one not desire ardently to be associated with Angelica Kauffmann ; she who, not alone by her own contemporaries, *is* honoured, but shall be revered by posterity ? And now for my request. Göschen, of Leipzig, is bringing out a new edition of my works. Of these ‘Oberon,’ in the judgment of the public, in which my own coincides, is the one least unworthy of immortality. It surely must attain this high place if Angelica deigns, with her divine pencil, to illustrate one or two of the most striking scenes. To me this would be the most perfect, the truest reward.

“We flatter ourselves with the hope of

that which we desire most ardently. I therefore make bold to present to you, by Herr Haigelin, a copy of my 'Oberon.' In the before-mentioned collection of my works this will appear in November, 1793. Herr Lips, whom you have known in Rome, charges himself with the task of producing the illustrations.

"This page is full and your patience is exhausted. I therefore conclude with the assurance that the sentiments of reverence I entertain for you will cease only with my life, and when that shall cease will follow me in a better world.

"C. M. WIELAND."

CHAPTER X.

MIDDLE AGE.

IN a pleasant paper upon biography, lately written, the question is asked, "How far is a biographer justified in exhibiting the frailties and defects of the subject of the memoir?" The answer is, "The whole man or woman, or none at all." And this even at the risk of dethroning a popular hero such as was Carlyle. If this principle is allowed (and we must acknowledge it to be a right one), it is perfectly justifiable to lay bare to the reader the smaller imperfections, which can hardly be called frailties, which made part of the really excellent character of Angelica; one of these being her exceeding vanity which inclined her to accept homage wherever and however it was offered, together with the

feminine weakness of being all things to all men. Hence we find from Herder's letters to his wife¹ that after Goethe's departure from Rome, a friendship, on precisely the same half-sentimental, half-platonic lines, grew up between him and Angelica; and of this friendship no word is spoken by her in her letters to Goethe, laid before the reader in the last chapter. This reticence on her part will easily be understood by her own sex, but it nevertheless implies a want of sincerity on her part. Herder, on the other hand, is wonderfully frank in the confession of his feelings in regard to her, especially when we take into consideration the fact that his confidante was his wife, who could hardly have relished his devotion to another than herself. For the rest the letters are interesting, as showing the singular influence Angelica exerted over men's minds, even at an age when such influence is supposed to cease; and likewise as giving an insight into

¹ Caroline Flachsland. Her correspondence with Herder before her marriage is a most charming contribution to literature.

her life, adding a testimony to that of Goethe that she was overtasked to provide money for the household. Zucchi was undoubtedly avaricious, as the future disclosed. He was saving his own money and spending hers, hardly earned as it was. "Der alte Zucchi ist geizig,"¹ writes the Duchess Amalie in one of her letters, and Herder alludes several times to her being a victim sacrificed in every way to the greed of her father and husband.

It will be remembered that the German philosopher arrived in Rome after Goethe had left it. He came in the company of Baron d'Alberg and Frau von Seckendorff. He travelled at the charges of the baron, and the story of his many discomforts and his final rupture with his friend is very pleasant reading. One of his first visits was paid to Angelica, and he gives his impressions of her in a letter to his wife :—

"September 21st.

"Rome.

"I have just been to Angelica; she is a

¹ "Old Zucchi is stingy."

delicate, tender soul, artistic to her finger tips, extraordinarily simple, *without any bodily charm*, but extremely interesting. Her principal attraction is her simplicity and extreme purity; she reminds me of a Madonna, or a little dove. Alas! for the sake of art and the world generally, she is growing old. She lives retired in an ideal world in which the little birds and the flowers dwell. Poor old Zucchi is a good sort of man in his own way; he resembles a Venetian nobleman in a comedy."

By-and-by he grows more eloquent :—

"These last few weeks have been purified and brightened by my friendship with Angelica. Oh! what torments might I have spared myself had I only known earlier this noble creature, who lives shy and retired as a heavenly being. Since my return from Naples, I have drawn nearer to her, and *she is dearer to me* than all in Rome. I am so happy with her; she on her side regards me with the deepest reverence, while of thee she speaks tenderly and with a certain timidity. She looks upon thee as one of the *happiest of*

women. The impression this gifted creature has made upon my mind is indelible ; it will last my whole life, for she is utterly devoid of envy, free from vanity, and incapable of insincerity. She knows not what meanness is, and, although she is perhaps the most cultivated woman in Europe, is full of the sweetest humility and the most angelic innocence. I tell thee all this, my own, because I know that from thee I need hide nothing, and because thou wilt rejoice with me that after my bitter months of solitude, I have found this pearl, or rather lily, which heaven has vouchsafed to me as a blessing and reward. It is in this light that I regard her."

Madame Herder was no doubt an amiable woman and an excellent wife ; her letters prove this ; but it must be acknowledged she was sorely tried as post after post brought her rhapsodies of this sort over the perfection of another woman. Here is another following close on the last :—

" Rome, — 14th.

" Angelica sends thee a tender souvenir—it

came on Easter Day ; a little ring, which I am to put on thy finger, and with it I now seal this letter. On this side of the Alps I may look on it as mine own, and on my return give it to thee from thy sister. No one knows of this little present except the good Rieffenstein, who ordered it for her.¹ It is, indeed, a faithful symbol of her pure tender soul, for truly Friendship and Love are one. So she represents her little soul (*seelchen*) as a tiny sparrow resting upon a branch of myrtle, a type that our union shall exist absent or present. *Do not say anything of this to anyone*, but take the remembrance as it is meant, in good part. A purer, more exquisite creature does not exist on earth. Like to a pious victim, she has all her life been sacrificed to her art, for it she has lived and still lives ; now she is nearly fifty years old, and it is still the same. She loves me with a warm affection, and I love and honour her as a saint. Do not, however, believe, my dearest wife, that my affection for her would keep me one day longer in Rome than

¹ Rieffenstein is again enacting the part of Mercury !!

it is right for me to remain. Angelica would be the first to advise me to go, if she saw me inclined to stay, for, with all her tenderness, she has a strong and almost masculine mind. Therefore, it is that I reckon so strongly upon her sympathy, and see such a wonderful dispensation in this friendship. I regard it as the germ of far more in the future, and neither time nor absence shall interrupt it. It is, I think, a reward for my undertaking this journey, a panacea for all I have undergone, and thou also, my dearest, must look upon it from this point of view. The birth of this friendship has awakened in me a tardy prudence and a resolution to live henceforth for thee and my dear ones, for now I feel more strengthened in good than I have ever been."

In a letter dated the 20th April, he makes allusions to her lonely life unblessed by children, and adds: "But she is, indeed, an angel of a woman, and her goodness sets the balance right between me and others of her sex, who have done me bad turns. She has the activity of a man, and has done more than fifty men would have done in the time.

In goodness of heart she is a celestial being. I gave her thy kiss as it stood in thy letter, *without transferring it to her lips*. Once I did kiss her on the forehead, and once she unexpectedly seized my hand and would press it to her lips. *There*, that is all between us! I thank my God that He made me to know this pure soul, and that through her I carry away one pleasant memory from Rome. She is with us constantly, sometimes with the duchess, who loves her on account of her great modesty. I am with her every moment I can spare. She came unexpectedly to Frescati, and I do not know if she will also come to Tivoli.

“Thou must love Angelica for my sake, for she deserves it, the strangely tender, loving soul; she knows thee, and we speak of thee often, and then she says softly she esteems thee to be very happy. The story which you heard from Frau von Stein¹ is false, although I myself do not know the

¹ Frau von Stein had told Madame Herder that in her youth Angelica had married a villain who thought she was rich, and had run away with her money and jewels.

exact circumstances of the true story. Once she began to tell it to me, but her grief at the recollection would not let her finish. Take the letter she sends thee kindly ; she is not strong in words, but in deeds a most honest soul. English and Italian she speaks and writes beautifully, German is to her almost a strange language.¹ Her best wishes accompany me when I go, and her friendship *for us both* will last as long as we live. This is the confession of my heart's feelings while in Rome, written only for thee, for I must and always shall write to thee what fills my heart."

This ingenuous confession of his heart's feeling, together with the kissing passages, did not quite please Madame Herder. She writes to her husband that she feels like Ariadne deserted by Theseus, and urges his return to his home and family. Herder's answer is an amusing effort to calm any little jealousy that may have arisen in his wife's mind, and impress upon her Angelica's friendship for *her*.

¹ Her letters to Goethe are full of mistakes in spelling.

“I count Angelica amongst my true friends. She in years is much older than I *am, and she is* more a spiritual than a corporal being. She is, however, such a true heart, so few like her, and through hearing constantly of thee from me, she loves thee also. So in every way she is worthy of being joined to us by a close bond of friendship. She often says to me that the whole happiness of her life depends upon the continuance of this bond ; that she would wish to die now, since she has (and truly only for such a short time) seen and known me ; it is to her as a dream. I write to thee, my dearest, everything, because it is my habit so to do. Thou knowest that these words of hers do not make me vain, but rather humble. I look upon the friendship of this dear and noble woman as a gift that Heaven has sent me, which has turned me from all else, and in a theoretic manner has elevated my thoughts and improved my whole being, for she charms the mind, purifies and softens it, and is a good tender creature. Do love her for my sake, dearest ; she is so good, and her

life is not happy. For the remainder of our poor lives we shall do all things to please this willing victim to art. She sends you a thousand greetings. I told her yesterday when I saw her for a few moments, that this day would be the anniversary of our wedding-day, and so, if it be possible, I am to go to her this evening, and we will bear you and the children in remembrance."

In the postscript to this same letter, he adds the following :—

"When I went this evening to Angelica, she with infinite grace slipped upon my finger a little gold chain as a remembrance of to-day ; she said it was for us both. She is in every way a sweet, angelic and pure woman. Thou must promise an eternal friendship to her, and with me render thanks to Heaven who has given her to me to know and to love."

On the 9th May, Herder writes to his Caroline an account of an expedition to Tivoli, to which Madame Angelica came unexpectedly.¹

¹ This was the party to Tivoli mentioned in Angelica's letter to Goethe. See page 239.

“Her silent, modest grace,” he says, “gives the tone to the company she is amongst ; like to a chord of music she is in harmony with all. Oh, what an exquisite nature is hers—a nature like to thine own, my dear one ; like thee, she makes no claim upon our admiration, but is full of sympathy and tender feeling for others. I leave Rome content, now that I have been to Tivoli.”

Then he goes on about Caroline’s journey to Carlsbad, and concludes with :—

“My best and dearest, do not constrain thyself, if thou would prefer to remain at home. Thou hast received by this time my letter, and wilt know how best to decide. It was thy remark as to being ‘Ariadne’ which gave rise to the idea in my mind. But fear not. Where could I go but to thee ? Everything draws me to thee, and thou wilt no longer find me rough and fierce, but gentle, tender, forbearing. Oh, I have learned, if I never knew it before, what I have in thee. Also fear nothing from the Angelica friendship. She is the best woman in the world ; the most thoroughly honest ; besides, her mind and mine are turned to

other things. As I have many times repeated, she is truly modest ; she honours thee as a sort of divinity, and loves me in a spiritual manner. She greets thee affectionately, and you can receive this greeting from *my hand*. She is in truth an angel. At Tivoli her silhouette was taken, which I shall send you in my next."

His next is the last of this remarkable series of letters :—

" 13th May, 1789.

" Well then, in God's name, my trunk is packed. All is ready ; to-morrow I leave Rome for Pisa. I am well, and, all things considered, have had a time in Rome of which few strangers can boast.

* * * *

" Angelica, who is dear and good beyond all expression, greets thee cordially, and sends thee her silhouette. Take it with feelings of love and kindness. The angel has made me during these last weeks inexpressibly happy. I would I had known her earlier ; the good, excellent, tender, beautiful soul. She likes me as much as I do her ; our friendship will

grow stronger year by year, for it is founded upon the purest esteem and love. So too, must thou, if thou wilt please me, take her heartily to thy heart. Thou wilt do so when thou knowest her better, the tender, loving creature. The duchess esteems her highly; so do all who come in contact with her, for she lives and acts as a beneficent being. To-day I dine with her, and to-morrow we take our last drive together. May Heaven bless and preserve this sweet woman. Farewell, my good soul, no longer to be a desolate Ariadne. Farewell! think joyfully of my return. I am far happier than I deserve to be."

Herder's hopes as to the continuance of this friendship do not seem to have been realized. Whether Madame Herder, as a wife sometimes does, put her foot down upon the intimacy founded upon the "purest lines of love and esteem," or whether Herder himself, with the erratic nature of a genius, grew tired of his worship of this beneficent being, does not appear. The letters which he may have written shared the same fate as those

of Goethe. The one quoted in the next chapter is written in a cold strain, very unlike his former rapturous expressions. In his case it is evident that, contrary to the poet's idea, absence did not make his heart grow fonder. All through this curious correspondence of Herder's, allowance, however, must be made for the nature of the poet-philosopher, which was highly strung, sensitive and altogether Teutonic. His *seelen sentimental* meant very little, certainly nothing dangerous ; neither can it be gainsaid that the friendship and admiration of such men as Herder and Goethe is a rare testimony to the worth and attractions of Angelica:

CHAPTER XI.

LAST YEARS.

THE parting with her German friends had saddened Angelica, whose spirits were already depressed by the state of the political horizon. Already the first grumblings of the storm could be heard, which in a few years burst with such tremendous violence over the whole continent of Europe, uprooting in its course all old institutions, and wrecking social order.

No thinking mind could contemplate, without grave fears for the future, the growing power of the Communists, which might urge on the mob to acts of violence, and would end in general chaos. Angelica was especially concerned for her beloved art. She feared the time was at hand when all that was refined would be dragged down and degraded. As the years went on this fear strengthened, as the dangers which had

only existed in the imagination of the more thoughtful became sickening realities. It was fortunate for Angelica that her work, which was ever on the increase, gave her so much occupation, that her mind could not dwell on the horrors every day occurring, which filled her tender heart with pain.

So far, Angelica had suffered from no diminution of income. In the earlier portion of the social revolution, the area was confined to France, the way to Italy remaining open. Travellers, especially the English, continued to flood Rome, and to give large orders to the artists. In 1790 the Miss Berrys and their father travelled all through Italy, and in 1791 there came to Rome the lovely Lady Hamilton, Emma Lyon, whose story is stranger than that of any fiction, not the least strange portion being the infatuation of her doting husband, who believed in her to the end. Madame le Brun, in her amusing reminiscences, tells a characteristic trait of this "*refined*" gentleman, representative of his gracious Majesty of England. Nearly all the portraits he had painted of his beautiful

Emma were not so much proofs of his affection and admiration as commercial speculations, as he sold them to her different admirers at a far higher price than he gave for them ; and when Madame le Brun gave him a present of a beautiful “ Bacchante,” for which Lady Hamilton had sat as model, he sold *this* likewise to the Duc de Bracas.

Angelica painted the lovely Emma, in a half-length, as the “ Comic Muse ” ; ¹ not a happy selection, considering it would have to run the gauntlet of comparison with Romney’s exquisite production of the same subject. The picture was not successful, and was the cause of a quarrel between her and the celebrated Italian engraver, Wilhelm Morghen—who, in his reproduction, changed some portion of the original, which annoyed Angelica so much that she would not allow her name to be put to it as the artist. She was seldom known to show so much irritation as at this liberty being taken with her

¹ It would seem that she painted Lady Hamilton again as a Bacchante for Sir William ; it was bought by the South Kensington at his sale—the original drawing is in the British Museum.

work, and which had never been attempted by such engravers as Bartolozzi, Schiavenotti, or others. On another occasion, Rafael Morghen, brother to William, took a greater liberty. In engraving the portrait of a gentleman after one of her pictures, he altered, or, according to his idea, improved upon it, by adding to the figure in length. Angelica, indignant at such audacity, made an addition not much *to his* satisfaction. She wrote at the foot of the portrait :—

“ *Non è cli.* ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.”

There was no doubt the artist had justification for her anger. The painter looks upon the engraver as the author does upon the translator of his book, who should make a faithful version, and take no liberties with the text. Two large pictures for the Duchess of Courland formed part of the work of these years: “Telemachus and Mentor on the Island of Calypso,” a very pleasing picture—(this subject had already been painted for an English lady); the other was “Adonis going to the Hunt.” Horace’s words, “Bachum in remotis

Carmina rupibus vidi docentem," gave her a subject for another picture. For the Princess of Anhalt-Dessau (besides her portrait full size) she painted "Pysche swooning when the vessels were opened, in which were contained the ointment for beautifying Proserpina," also "Cupid drying the tears of Pysche with her own hair." Steinberg calls this a beautiful creation, but adds that the artist herself thought very little of it, believing herself called to the grand historical style, for which no painter of her time was less fitted.

Steinberg as usual has truth in this criticism. He forgets, however, that the large canvases in which Angelica indulged were in a measure forced upon her, being mostly commissions, the purchaser wishing, it would seem, to take the worth of his money in quantity more than quality. That the classics should have been ransacked for subjects appears to us, in this day, a strange fancy, when the tales of classical history have become so obsolete, that only a few months ago it was proposed that classics should not be compulsory in the Cambridge course.

Our ancestors and their wives, and daughters too, were much better read in these matters than we are, learned as we think ourselves. Some ladies, notably Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, translated "Euripides"; Miss Berry wrote papers on "Xenophon"; Mrs. Thrale composed odes in the style of Horace. Most of them could have passed an examination in classical history, whereas it would puzzle some of us to tell who was Germanicus, whose ashes were held in golden vessels, and what was the nature of Papirius Prætexlatus' little joke with his mother.¹

Angelica's classicalities must therefore have been acceptable to her public, which accounts for her persistent choice of such subjects. Here we have again: "Agrippina holding the golden vessel which *contains* the *ashes*

¹ Prætexlatus, being entreated by his mother to disclose the secret of the Senate, told her, to escape importunity, that it had been debated whether it would be more useful to the republic for the husband to have two wives, or the wife two husbands. The following day the Roman ladies went to the Senate to request that wives might have two husbands. The amazement of the Senate was great, when Prætexlatus, being present, confessed his joke, and was much applauded for his ingenuity.—*Roman History*.

of Germanicus"; "Pyrrhus," a very fine picture bought by Count Brown; "Praxiteles presenting the little Statue of Cupid to Phryne"; "Phryne trying to seduce Xenocrates"; and the "Nymph Egeria showing Numa Pompilius the splendours of the Celestial Shield": the last three were of her best. "The Redeemer at the Well, conversing with the Woman of Samaria," and "The Prophet Nathan reproaching David," were half-lengths of indifferent merit.

In 1791 she sent to the Royal Academy, "The Death of Alcestes, who purchases her husband's life with the sacrifice of her own," subject taken from the tragedy of Euripides; also "Virgil sending Augustus before the Judges," for Prince Josepopf. She worked up the "Story of Venus advising the wife of Menelaus to love Paris," and the melancholy history of "Ovid's Banishment from Salmo." From the Prince of Waldeck she received a commission to paint the first meeting of "Hero with Leander." Amongst the Vestals who accompany Hero, she represented the affianced bride of the Prince; the Duke of

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Sussex, who was then in Rome, making love to the luckless Lady Augusta Murray, had his portrait painted in a Highland uniform with his dog ; and for Lord Berwick, who also sat for his portrait, she painted two large pictures, "Euphrosyne wounded by Cupid," and "Ariadne mourning over the desertion of Theseus." A replica of "Euphrosyne" was exhibited in 1796 at the Royal Academy, and excited considerable admiration. "'Euphrosyne and Cupid,'"¹ says an art critic of the day, Pasquin, "are designed by the pencil of fascination ; the Goddess of Love (Venus) is not so happily represented either in attitude or featural expression ; the extravagance of the Grecian model is happily avoided throughout this picture, and the colouring is in the chastest Italian school."

So far back as 1790 a new inmate had formed part of the Zucchi household. Antonio had up to this period taken upon himself all business arrangements, as well as the management of the establishment, Angelica's constant occupation affording her

¹ Painted for George Bowles, Esq.



CUPID AND AGLAIA.

By ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

From a Print in the British Museum.

WARD AND DOWNEY.

no time, as we have seen, for being what is called mistress of the house. So far this joint arrangement had worked excellently ; but now Antonio's health began to give way. For a long time one of his hands had been troubled by a paralytic affection, so that he found it difficult to paint, although he tried to do so on a peculiarly constructed table. The state of the Continent, too, affected his spirits, which were at all times of gloomy type. The horrors passing in France would soon shake all Europe, and threaten all commercial interests ; and in the bad days coming, he felt it would be well for Angelica to have a male protector of her own kith and kin. He therefore wrote to a young cousin of hers in Schwartzenberg, Anton Joseph Kauffmann, to come and undertake the work to which he no longer felt himself equal, and in which he instructed him. In every way Anton Kauffmann proved himself worthy of the choice ; and Angelica, later on, had good reason to thank her husband for his provident care.

Through the surrounding gloom occasional

glimpses of the life she loved best would come to Angelica, as when her friend Herder wrote to her, heralding the arrival of a sister artist :—

“ To Madame

“ Angelica Kauffmann-Zucchi, Rom.

“ Weimar, den 10th Sept., 1795.

“ Madame Le Brun, from Copenhagen, a lady of singular talent, both in art and poetry, and possessed of many accomplishments and agreeable qualities, is desirous on her approaching visit to Italy to make the acquaintance of the charming Angelica, and who is there, who visits Rome, be he virtuoso or artist, who does not desire *her* friendship ?

“ *Madame Lebrun* is sister to Doctor Münter, who was in Italy some years ago. Her father,¹ a very worthy man, died lately. Her knowledge of Italy surprises me, and, if the climate suits her, it is her intention to establish herself in that interesting country for a residence of some years.

“ Will you permit, my honoured friend,

¹ Dr. Münter, collector of coins. The lady in question was the celebrated artist, Madame Vigée Lebrun.

that this note should act as a Mercury to your antechamber, and introduce to you Meyer,¹ who leaves this in a few weeks for Rome, and will present himself charged with a long letter from me?

“Farewell, gentle mistress of the new art and of modest beauty.

“My wife desires her devoted remembrance. It is so long since you have written that you must have forgotten us, but we have not forgotten you.

“Once more farewell. My kind regards to Herr Zucchi.

“HERDER.

“I do not know if Herr Lebrun accompanies his wife. He is a very worthy man, of considerable property and great speculations with half Europe. Farewell.”

Meanwhile, the outlook was growing more and more gloomy, there was no security for either life or property, and those who had not suffered themselves, were trembling for what was to come.

Angelica felt for her friends' misfortunes

¹ Heinrich Meyer, a Swiss artist.

acutely, and was harassed with doubts and apprehensions as to her own future.

Already the number of visitors to Rome was diminishing. Soon they would altogether cease, and with them the orders for which they paid so handsomely. There was another source of anxiety, in the transport of her finished orders to their different destinations, which involved immense risk. Stolberg,¹ writing to her about this time, speaks of this danger, which he says will last until the French, those enemies of God and man, are properly humbled, or that some means are found to protect the sea from their robberies. There was also a great fear that the interest of money invested in English or other funds would not be regularly paid, or, if it were, might not come safe to hand. In October, 1795, we find Angelica writing in great anxiety to her trustee and solicitor, Mr. Kuliff, in London, as to goods despatched nearly a year previously :—

¹ Count Leopold Stolberg, a dilettante of the first class—poet and artist. He wrote an ode to Angelica, beginning—

“Immortality embraced thee,
Wisdom was thy teacher,
Aurora baptized thee.”

“Rome, October, 1795.

“DEAR SIR,—I hope my letter, *dated November 18th*, has reached your hand before now. I acknowledged in the same the receipt of my dividend, paid to me by your orders by our friend Mr. Cavaggi.

“I had also the pleasure to learn the other day from Mr. Jenkins, that the ships upon which my pictures were loaded escaped being taken by the French. I hope to have this news soon confirmed. With this opportunity I thank you kindly for your attention and goodness towards me.

“With my most affectionate compliments to Mrs. Kuliff, I remain, with the sincerest esteem,

“Sir,

“Your most obliged humble servant,

“ANGELICA K.-Z.

“P.S.—It is a very long time, I have not heard from my worthy friend Mr. Braithwaite. I hope he is well. Should you happen to see him, pray give him my kindest compliments.”

This letter was accompanied by one from Zucchi, written in a querulous, anxious tone, as to the sale of his house in John Street,

Adelphi, and also as to different loans he had made, one of 600*l.* to Sir Rowland Winn, another of 80*l.* or 100*l.* to an Italian artist, Locatelli, both were in the category of bad debts. Antonio's health had been giving way for some time, and his naturally gloomy temperament was even more impressed by the miserable prospects around him, than Angelica's more sensitive disposition. His illness naturally intensified all the worst in the situation; his constant anxiety, however, ended fatally for him, inducing an attack of jaundice, from which he died, after a short illness, in January, 1795. A marriage on the lines of this rather ill-assorted union could not have been supposed to have been one where the survivor would feel the loss very keenly. Zucchi made so little mark in Angelica's life, that her biographers have little mention of his death, beyond the mere fact. It therefore rather surprises one to find that she was overwhelmed with affliction at the blow, and was inconsolable for "der alte Zucchi," and not even his will, which is a standing record of his want of

regard for her, in any way altered her sentiments, or abated her grief. It is unaccountable that he should have behaved in such a manner to a woman who had been the bread-winner for so many years, unless it were that his gloomy, jealous, Venetian temperament, had nursed all through their years of married life, as a grievance in his mind, the stringent terms in which Joseph Kauffmann had secured to Angelica the use of her own fortune, without intermeddling on the part of her husband. He in his turn, now left her nothing but a miserable pittance of fifteen pounds a year short annuities, all the rest of his property, amounting to more than four thousand pounds in the funds, and the house in John Street, Adelphi, he devised to his brother and nephew.

In apprising the English solicitors of her husband's death, Angelica gave a short synopsis of this will, and in the affidavit of the 26th December, 1796, declares that "Ant. Zucchi, on the 24th March, '96, had deposited his will and that A. Z. at nine o'clock last night had departed this life."

He bequeathed 68*l.*, Locatelli's debt, to his nephew Frs., son of Pietro Zucchi. The 30*l.* short annuities, one-half to Ang. K.—, one-half to his brothers Joseph and Pietro and his nephew Frs. to be enjoyed equally. £4800 in money also to them subject to survivorship, with liberty to dispose of it mutually into any other stock. The value of the house to be invested in the bank of Venice.

In the following January Angelica wrote the following letter to Mr. Kuliff, which is undoubted evidence of the sweetness and generosity of her disposition ;—

“ Rome, Feb. 17th, 1796.

“ GENTLEMEN,—I received your kind favr. dated the 15th of January, the 10th of this month, when at the same time Mr. Cavaggi¹ paid me by your orders 50*l.* 5*s.* for the deed ye paid of 3350*l.* I kindly thank ye for your punctuality and attention and beg the continuance of your kindness.

“ I daresay ye have before now read my

¹ The banker and man of business of the Zucchis.

last, written in January, I forget the date, by which letter I announced to you my misfortune, the irreparable loss I sustained by the death of my worthy husband, friend, and best companion, but such was the will of God, to which we must submit. I find in your last favour that the affair about disposing of the house is still in agitation. What is done in that is now the business of Mr. Zucchi's heirs in Venice ; perhaps it will be necessary to inform them what steps are necessary they should take to come into possession of what was left to them by my deceased husband. *To me he has left only the half interest of his short annuity*, the other half goes to his nephew. What I must do to come to the possession of my little share ye will be so good as to tell me, as I am totally ignorant about these matters and melancholy affairs.

“ I am glad to hear from you that all the pictures arrived safe to their destiny. I hope my two friends, Mr. Keate and Mr. Braithwaite, are both well ; when ye see them remember me to them, I am sure they take part of my misfortune, but chiefly my good

friend, Mr. Kuliff, to whom I beg to present my best and most affectionate compliments.

“ I repeat my thanks for all your kindness, and remain, gentlemen,

“ Your most obliged servant,

“ ANGELICA KAUFFMANN-Z.”

To this letter she adds the following some days later :—

“ Tuesday, February 20th.

“ This was to have been sent by last Wednesday's post, but as I expected letters from Venice the day following, I thought to defer presenting this to this day, in case I should have anything particular to mention about the affairs now pendant with Mr. Zucchi's relations. I find that Mr: Joseph Zucchi, eldest brother to my deceased husband, has written to ye, but at the same time he begs me to recommend him to your kindness, which I do with the sincerest heart.

“ The best I think will be to transact business issues immediately with him, it will save time and a little trouble to me ; how-

ever, in whatever my assistance is necessary, I shall be very ready to give it.

“I have a high regard for the family of my deceased husband, and *approve* what he has done in favour of them.

“Pardon me, my worthy friends, for giving you so much trouble.”

This letter, in which there is not a word of reproach or a touch of bitterness, exemplifies the extraordinary generosity of Angelica's disposition, which would not see a fault in the conduct of one she esteemed as she did Zucchi.

On his tomb in the church of St. Andrea delle Fonte she had inscribed this touching inscription :—

“To my sweetest, kindest husband,
Not as I had prayed.”

There was no insincerity in these words. To one of Angelica's tender loving nature the outlook of a lonely life, widowed and childless, was so terrible that death would have been infinitely preferable. Writing to a friend shortly after Zucchi's death she says : “It is not poverty I fear, but this

dreadful solitude." Her health and spirits alike suffered, a hopeless depression seemed to settle upon her once bright nature. Her friends, alarmed at the continuance of her melancholy, made every effort to rouse her, and to induce her to return to her work. There were imperative reasons why she should do so, for not only was her income considerably reduced by the death of Antonio, but her money in the English funds was threatened by the war which was general all over Europe. Necessity, therefore, was added to the entreaties of her friends, and, to their gratification, she resumed her usual occupations. In after years she would rejoice that she had been so necessitated, saying that she had two consolations—one that her hands were left to her, the second that she had lived in the past.

Once she had taken up work she remained constant to it, never laying down the brush so long as health was left to her, and in those last years some of her best work was done. The *Revue Contemporaine* says her faults of composition disappeared, her colouring

was more subdued. In 1797 she exhibited for the last time at the Royal Academy "The Portrait of a Lady of Quality." This was probably Lady Hervey, a very fine portrait.

Orders, however, came in very slowly. Rome was deserted by visitors, and money was scarce. The Bishop of Münster gave her a commission for two large altar-pieces; one of the "Incarnation," the other "The Saviour Calling the little Children to come to Him."

Rossi says she executed both with the utmost delicacy and devotion, and to the extreme satisfaction of the Bishop. We may, however, be allowed to doubt this. From some cause, Angelica found it impossible to portray religious subjects. She was, however, of a most pious mind. "In her moments of solitude," says Rossi, "this excellent lady was in the habit of occupying herself with holy thoughts, which, according to her custom, she wrote down on little pieces of paper, and which she preserved in her pocket-book." Some of this *trouvaille* the good Rossi collected, by which

it will be seen how constantly she turned to God as the only source of comfort and consolation.

“ Oh ye, who fear the Lord,
Believe in Him, hope in Him and love Him ;
His divine mercy will descend and console ye.

“ Expect in patience that thou dost expect from God.
Remain united to God in order that thy life may be more perfect.
Confide in God, and He will lead thee into the port of Salvation.

“ Oh, holy Religion !
Guide of poor mortals into peace everlasting,
Ah ! kindle in my heart fervent love for thee,
And be my comfort and my stay in the bitter pains I now endure.”

This year she undertook a large picture of Religion, with all her lovely train. Rossi said she did this as a sort of protest against the infidelity which was now growing rampant, and from the pious hope that the representation of the divine emblems, Faith, Hope, and Charity, might rekindle the faith amongst the believers, “ for,” he adds, “ Angelica was in all manner of her life a perfect Christian, and the attacks made upon religion and the desecration of all holy objects was one of her bitterest trials.”

That Rossi is wrong in ascribing these high-souled motives to Angelica, is made evident from the following account given by Mr. Forbes, an English gentleman, then visiting Rome, and for whom the picture was painted.

He says: "During my stay in Rome in the year 1796, I enjoyed the greatest pleasure in cultivating the friendship of Angelica Kauffmann; I had at all times free access to her studio, where I passed many delightful hours.

"I was with her when she put the finishing touches to her picture 'Suffer little Children to come to Me.' I gladly embraced this opportunity of introducing the sublime description of 'Religion' and her lovely train, which I had copied from a sermon by Doctor Horne, of Norwich, before I left England, in the hope that I should engage Angelica to paint me a picture upon that exalted theme. She entered deeply into the spirit, and said she had every hope of giving me satisfaction.

"On my leaving Rome in 1797, she had only made the first sketch of her picture; she favoured me with a small copy to let me see what I might expect, but in a few weeks after, the French entered Rome, the Arts and Sciences dropped, and she was involved in the general distress."

In Rome itself a Republican government had been established, and everything was in utter confusion. For Angelica it was a terrible moment; all the money she had in the savings banks lay there useless. An annuity, which she against her will had bought, shared the same fate; a money changer took advantage of her inexperience and gave her, instead of an order on the London bank, paper money, which was for some time of no value. A letter she wrote at this time to the firm of Kuliff shows how harassed she was at the situation in which she found herself.

"Messrs. Kuliff, Grellier and Company,
"London.

"Rome, July 23, 1798.

"GENTLEMEN,—I have yesterday, the 22

of this, receivd your very obliging favour, dated May the 18, by which I understand that you have receivd my dividend on the 5000*l.*, and given orders to Messrs. Donald, Ord and Son at Florence to hold that sum at my disposition there. Friends have very punctually informed me of the order they had, forwarding me your kind letter. With this day's post I write to the sadye friends returning them the quittances signed for the 76*l.* 15*s.*, enclosing to them at the same time this in answer to yours, being at this present moment the securer channel.

“ It is fair that ye reimburse yourself for all expenses ye may have on my account. I am glad that the trust deed is settled, and that my little affaires are in the hands of friends who take my interest and my advantage so much to heart. I have no words sufficient to express ye the sentiments of my gratitude ; it is indeed a great happiness to have such friends in these very critical circumstances. I have thus far been unmolested till now, but I sustained, for one in my situation, very considerable losses in paper money, in which

I had considerable sums now reduced to next to nothing. This is the fate of most of the inhabitants of this place, so that I leave ye to consider the consequences and misery of the greatest number, some few except who had the managt of affairs. . . . May God Almighty save Engd from such distress.

“Amongst the many unavoidable vexations and troubles, thank God, my health continues well till now. A cousin-german, who has now been with me this 6 years past, a very honest man, takes care of my affaires, of which I have but little notion, being used to other occupations. Times, at present, tho, are everywhere unfavourable to the fine arts, yet I endeavour to occupie mysellf as much as I can to deviate melancholy ideas—all friends I had in this place are dispersed, and all is changed.

“It makes me happy to know that my worthy friend, Mrs. Kuliff, and Mrs. Henry are both well. I beg ye will present my kindest compts to them both.

“Nothing else remains to mention at present, except to ask your pardon for giving

ye so much trouble. My obligations to ye are infinite, and all deeply impressed on my heart. I beg the continuance of your friendly attention, to which I shall endeavour to prove my gratitude as far as it lays in my power. Assuring ye that I am, and ever shall be, with the greatest esteem, gentlemen,

“Your most obliged humble servant,

“A. K.

“P.S.—I thank ye kindly for the letter ye was so kind as to forward to my friend at Brussels, it is sufficient to me to know that it reached your hands.”

CHAPTER XII.

LAST YEARS.

THE beginning of the year 1797 was heralded by a disappointment. Goethe, who had held out hopes of visiting Rome, once more now definitely gave up the idea, the state of the Continent being such that it was impossible for him to cross the Alps. Perhaps it was as well. A friendship like theirs, once it is dead, cannot be rekindled.

“Weimar, 25 June, 1797.

“The hope I had entertained, *most honoured friend*, of seeing you in the coming year, is through this most miserable war at an end, as the way to Rome is completely barred, at least for the present. Professor Meyer,¹ whose continued residence in Rome is the

¹ Heinrich Meyer, an artist following the footsteps of Winckelmann and Raphael Mengs.

groundwork for me still to cherish the hope of revisiting that delightful city, tells me that he has had the honour of waiting upon you—he has gone for the moment to Florence, but returns to Rome shortly.

• • • • •
“Will you pardon me a question? A friend of mine, a most respectable tradesman¹ in Leipzig, has prepared a catalogue with infinite care of the engravings which have been taken from your paintings. This work has occupied him many years, and he is now bringing it out. He desires nothing more ardently than to have a short account prefixed of the life of the artist (whom he esteems so highly and about whose works he has been so long occupied). When he told me this very natural desire, I remembered that Herr Zucchi, when he was collecting information about his own family, had also made a notice of the life of his distinguished wife. If you will allow me to have this to communicate to my friend, you will confer on me a new proof of your friend-

¹ Probably Andersen à Weigel.

ship, and you will likewise rejoice the hearts of your many adorers.

“Not many days ago your excellent picture of “Cupid and Pysche,”¹ which I saw in Dessau, gave me the most exquisite pleasure. You cannot conceive the impression these heavenly creatures make, when seen amidst the snowflakes of the icy north, which are only suited to a wild beast or a dull huntsman.

“It is not necessary to remind you that these words do not apply to the Dessau country. The Luiseum in which the painting is kept is for the rest in a garden. Such a background cannot impair its beauty.

“Farewell, and kindly answer either yourself or through others.

“GOETHE.”²

1798 and 1799 were naturally not very

¹ This is the “Cupid Drying Pysche’s Tears,” to which Steinberg gives such praise.

² So far as is known this is the last of the Goethe correspondence. Two significant circumstances are worth noticing in this matter: one that Rossi makes *no mention* of the Goethe friendship; the other, that in her will Angelica is equally reticent, leaving no token to her once dear friend.

fruitful in work, the times being too disturbed for any settled employment. Already foreign troops were filling the city, and rough soldiers were billeted in every household. The idea of such guests being introduced into her quiet home was in itself a torture to a mind like Angelica's. She had, however, friends in high quarters ready to interest themselves for her, and the leader of the French army, General Espinasse, showed himself in every way desirous of paying honour to so distinguished a woman. He gave a written order, by which she was exempt from all such visitors or imposts. In return for this act of courtesy, Angelica presented the General with his portrait. She also painted another distinguished officer of the French army, taking care to place him standing amidst some old ruins, as a reminder of the antiquity of Rome.

Being left undisturbed in her studio, Angelica occupied herself unceasingly, not that large orders came to her. Still she had a multiplicity of smaller commissions. Amongst these was "Ariadne holding the

Thread of the Labyrinth to Theseus;" a subject she treated very gracefully. For the Countess of Solms she painted a charming subject taken from "Ossian."

In consequence of her necessities she was obliged (and to a spirit like hers this must have been her hardest trial) to have recourse to her friends for pecuniary assistance. From a letter written at this period to her kind friend, Mr. Forbes, we find her asking for advances on the unfinished picture of "Religion."

"October, 1799.

"All these circumstances, my much-honoured and respected friend, to which a total suspension in the art I profess, must be added, induce me to a boldness unusual to me.

"When you honoured me with your commands respecting the picture of 'Religion,' you generously offered me half its amount, which I then declined, and told you how much I wished my situation was such that it might only be given and received as a pledge of my esteem and

friendship, and that no money might be mentioned ; nor do I forget your kind reply ; but I could not bring myself to accept it, having at that time several commissions for pictures from Germany, but the unfortunate war in which that country has also been overwhelmed, has occasioned a suspension of these orders, and I have therefore given all my time and attention to your picture, and I flatter myself, have, by frequent renewed touches, brought it to a greater perfection than I once thought of ; indeed, I have the satisfaction to hear it approved by all who see it, and that even the French generals have bowed before ‘ Religion.’ Oh ! how I do long for peace, that I may send¹ you your picture, and when you see it, I flatter myself

¹ “ Religion,” with five others, reached Mr. Forbes in 1802. See catalogue.

From the engraving by Burke one can see how crowded the canvas is with figures. “ Religion,” a hard-featured woman, seated on a throne, is surrounded by her attendant maidens, Faith, Hope, and Charity. They have all *Greek* profiles. Hope has her anchor, Faith has her arms crossed on her breast, while Charity sprawls on the ground, embracing a small family of naked children.

“ The inspiration,” says the author, “ of Miss Angel

it will give you satisfaction. I was delighted with the subject, and most sincerely respect the friend who honoured me with the commission.

“ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.”

At one moment a gleam of hope promising peace came to the harassed minds of those living in the times of those troublous days.

During this pause a few strangers came once more to Rome; bold travellers, who ventured to cross the Alps for a sight of the great city beyond.

Amongst these was Lord Montgomery and a Scotch Colonel Macdonald. Both of these were painted by Angelica in their national costume.

For some time Angelica had been revolving in her mind the idea of presenting her native Canton with a picture by her own is something like the apotheosis of Madame Tussaud, and yet a certain harmony redeems it.”

Waagen says it displays warm colouring and careful execution.

After Mr. Forbes' death the picture was presented by his widow to the National Gallery. It is too large for the walls of that palatial institution, and is now in the cellars!

hand. In 1800 she fulfilled this cherished scheme, and executed for the parish church of Schwartzenberg a large canvas of the "Blessed Virgin crowned by the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity." She was so much impressed by the magnitude of the conception, and the difficulty, above all, of portraying the Almighty, that she often wished she could throw a veil over the head and so conceal the features.

This year, too, she painted that very charming picture, "Omnia Vanitas": a young girl, tired with gathering flowers, sits down to rest upon a newly-made monument, upon which is this inscription:—

"All is vanity."

The maiden drops her flowers, which lie scattered around. Also "Coriolanus in the midst of his Family" was begun this year.

It was during the completion of this work that she was attacked by a severe illness. It was of a pulmonary nature, and although she recovered from it, her lungs and breathing were seriously affected. Work for a time was forbidden by her doctors, who strongly

recommended a complete change of air and manner of life. Although it was a hard struggle, Angelica followed this advice, and tore herself away from her beloved easel and a circle of devoted friends. Accompanied by Anton Kauffmann, her cousin, she left Rome in July, 1800, and went to Florence, from whence she undertook a still longer journey to Bologna and Milan.

It was now nearly twenty years since she had left Rome for more than a few weeks. The change was most beneficial to her, renewing her youth and strengthening her body. Everywhere she was treated with the greatest distinction, the highest personages vieing with one another in doing her honour. From Milan she went to Como. Here Anton Kauffmann left her, going to pay a short visit to his relations on the Begenz. Angelica had not been in Como since her childhood, when she had painted the Cardinal Bishop Nevroni.

Writing now in the sere and yellow leaf of her old age, she says:—

“You ask me why I care for Como. It

was here that in my childish days I experienced the first joys of life; there I saw for the first time magnificent palaces, villas, and a splendid theatre. It was like paradise to me. There, too, I saw Love pointing his arrows at me, but in my innocence and unconsciousness I turned aside and evaded the dart."

This passage would appear to hint at some youthful attachment. Oppermann, however, says this is an error, and it would seem manifestly one, as the young heroine was barely fourteen. Nevertheless, in the same letter from which I have just quoted, she goes on: "Many years after, I was led by Fate back to this charming spot. I enjoyed to the fullest the pleasures of my ripened years. I enjoyed the society of friends; I breathed again the breezes of the immortal lake.

"One day, wandering with some chosen companions through the delightful woods belonging to a friend's villa, in a shady spot I came once more upon Love. He was asleep; I drew near to him; he awoke and smiled in a friendly manner at me. He re-

cognized me—albeit time had silvered my golden hair.

“Suddenly he rose, mischievously determined to revenge the slight he had received from me in my early years. He pursued me, and, taking deliberate aim, threw his arrow at me ; I had all the trouble in the world to escape the dart.”

It is not quite easy to understand this allusion, and Rossi makes no effort at explaining it. Ill-natured people did talk of an attachment between her and her cousin Anton ; but he was at Bregenz during her stay at Como.

From Como Angelica made her way to Venice, where she wished once more to see her husband's relations, whose kindness to her at the time of her father's death she had never forgotten. She had in particular a great esteem for her brother-in-law Joseph, who had collected art mementoes of her life. After twelve days' stay in Venice, she returned to Florence by Padua and Bologna, thence to Perugia, where she was the honoured guest of Cardinal Cesari, and on

the 30th of October was once more in Rome.

Her friends made a festival of her arrival giving parties in her honour ; and the pleasure of being so welcome was very dear to Angelica's heart. At this moment of her life she seems to have been really happy. From Schwartzberg, where her coronation picture had arrived, she received an account of the reception given to her present. Such crowds had come from all parts to see it, that the pastor had erected a temple for it outside the church, where the multitude could behold it.

Here is a letter which is full of that kindness of heart which was one of Angelica's distinguishing characteristics. It is written to her cousin Casimir's son, to whom she left her sketches and drawings later, together with some of her letters.¹

"Rome, 29, 1801.

"MUCH BELOVED COUSIN,—I thank you from my heart for your letter, which I received with pleasure ; your good conduct

¹ These were nearly all sold in London.

and diligence in your trade has at all times given me joy. I hope that you will always continue striving to turn to account the years of your youth, applying yourself perseveringly to all matters connected with your business, and that you will specially seek to fulfil, to the best of your power, your duty towards God, from whom we derive our being and from whom we receive everything; as also your duty towards your parents. He who turns to good account the years of his youth, will, in his old age, enjoy its fruits. The present times are unhappily very dangerous for those who have little experience; one must commend oneself to God and seek association with good and pious men, and avoid idleness as much as possible—the reading of good books, such as serve to educate the heart and intellect, and teach scientifically; and in this matter the advice of a righteous man is very necessary, for how many have been deluded by the writings of the philosophers of our day. I do not doubt that you will strive to attain perfection in your trade as much as possible.

"Cousin Johann will add some lines. Herewith I conclude with the assurance that I shall at all times take the greatest interest in your welfare. God give you his blessing.

"I remain, your devoted cousin,

"ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

"P.S.—From a letter of your good father, Cousin Casimir, which I have recently received, I learn that he is convalescent, at which I heartily rejoice."

Immediately on her return, Angelica had resumed her beloved art, and with intense joy found that the cunning of her hand had not deserted her. She finished "*Coriolanus*," which had been interrupted by her illness, and soon sitters began to crowd into her studio as of old. At this moment the devout King of Sardinia, Charles Emmanuel, and his excellent consort happened to be in Rome. The queen, hearing of Angelica's talent and devotion, asked to be allowed to visit her studio, an honour which much gratified the artist. In this year, too, she made the acquaintance of Canova, who executed from her

designs some exquisite "Cupids" in bas-relief.

These peaceful days were, however, to be again interrupted. The eighteenth century had run its course, and the nineteenth was ushered in with a fresh outburst of war. A new conqueror had arisen. Already the canons of Toulon had filled the astonished world with Napoleon's name. Victory followed victory. Trumpets blew, drums beat, standards waved over battle-fields. Armies of soldiers filled the streets and market-places of every town on the Continent of Europe. The Alps were echoing with the cry of battle; a thousand voices took up the cry along the Italian frontier. In Rome, all was in confusion; Canova fled, taking with him the three "Naked Sisters," the little frozen "Cupids," and his poor wounded "Pysche," all his dear children, his entire marble family. Statues were wandering in every direction, paintings and frescoes changing places. The "Venus di Medici" travelled to Paris, and greeted, with a curve of her small Grecian mouth, the Alexander of the nineteenth century.

Poor Angelica! this new outbreak shattered

her already weakened nerves. Again was her income diminished, her credit in England interrupted. It was a cruel blow in her weakened health and advancing years. Still she struggled bravely on. Despite harassing care and ill-health she worked through 1803, 1804, and even 1805, when her health mended and she was back at her easel. Her spirits revived, her strength returned, as is shown in the following letter:—

“ Albano, 20th Sept., 1806.¹

“ MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND,—Before this reaches you Mr. Bonomi, to whom I wrote this month, I hope, according to my request, has informed you that I have in due time received your obliging favour.

“ I find myself in this delightful place since August 20th last. This change of air was necessary for the better restoration of my health, which has suffered so much by the long, lasting rheumatic pains suffered in my breast, but now, thank God, the air has been so beneficial to me that all my complaints are vanished and my spirits recovered.

¹ This was addressed to Mr. Bowles of Wanstead.

"I hope this will find you and all those dear to you in good health. Remember me to them most affectionately. All hopes of peace are, I fear, vanished. I am sorry for it, for many reasons. The picture was and is ready for exportation. I shall remain in this place all this month, if the weather continues good, and perhaps part of the next. The situation is beautiful, but we are now and then visited with some shocks of an earthquake, which have done considerable damage in most of the neighbouring places. Here they were not very sensible, thank God! I should have been much alarmed.

"Pardon me for being thus tedious to you before I conclude, repeating my sincerest, kindest, warmest thanks to you for all your kindness, for all the attention you have for me, which I do not know how to deserve, nor have I words to express the sincere attachment with which I am, and shall be as long as I exist,

"Yours truly obliged humble servant
and affectionate friend,

"ANGELICA KAUFFMANN."

But soon again she was beaten down by fresh attacks.

Steinberg, with his usual ill-nature, declares that she was surrounded by interested friends, dependents and flatterers, that these carefully kept from her that her artistic power was gone.

"Old age," he continues, "requires to be caressed, especially aged artists and poets; therefore, in consideration of Angelica's condition, these friends thought it only kind to deceive the failing artist with imaginary orders. Some of them were supposed to come from France and England. This pious fraud was most successful. Angelica, lying on her sick bed, would seize her brush, and, with a joyous smile upon her pale lips, complain of this rush of commissions."

"Is there no other painter?" she would ask; and the chorus of friends would answer, "No, there is none to equal you. If you die, art is indeed an orphan."

This is amusingly told, but on turning to Rossi we find, like many smart things, it has no grain of truth. He distinctly says, "From

the year 1803 Angelica neither received nor would undertake any large order, but she finished some portraits, and even commenced some fresh ones, all of strangers then in Rome ; as, for instance, that of the Crown Prince of Bavaria, also that of Count Pappasava."

She was so charmed with the beauty of the little daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Miranda, that she painted the child for the parents who were friends of her. It is a lovely picture, something in the style of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The last work undertaken by her was a charming "Magdalene" for Count Pezzoli of Bergamo, which was engraved on copper by Folo. Considering the extreme weakness of her health and her reduced condition, this is a wonderful piece of work, the same lightness of touch and brilliancy of colouring which was her attraction in her youthful days.

An excursion made into the country about this time seems to have benefited her. She writes in her old charming style to a friend in England, probably Mr. Forbes :—

“My kindest and warmest thanks have this time been longer delayed on account of a little excursion made into the country. I passed near three weeks at Tivoli, about twenty miles from Rome, a charming place, so much sung and praised by Horace, where he had his villa, of which, however, little or nothing remains. More is yet to be seen of the villa of Mæcnas and the villa Adriana and some others, but destructive Time has reduced all to the pleasure of imagination—perhaps a melancholy pleasure, to see only poor remains of the greatest magnificence. Oh! that you, my friend, could see this place, or that I could once more have the happiness to see you in dear England, to which my heart is so much attached, and where I should once more see you, my worthy friend, with the greatest joy. Too happy should I think myself to be the bearer of the picture I had the pleasure of executing for you. In peaceable times it would not, perhaps, have been amongst the impossible things; could I, however, find in the meantime a safe opportunity of getting it conveyed to you, I

shall certainly not lose it, as I long you should have at least this token of my gratitude for the many and numberless obligations for all the favours you continue to bestow on me. It makes me very happy that you and all your family are well. Be so kind as to remember me to them in the most respectful manner.

“I beg for the continuance of your friendship, and have the honour to be with the greatest esteem and gratitude,

“Your most obliged humble servant
and friend,

“ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.”

The year 1807 showed a great diminution of strength. The author of “A Dead Man’s Diary,” who was in Rome that year, mentions seeing her drive along the Corso, and being introduced to her. Although aged and ill, she was full of charm. She was called, he says, “The Mother of the Arts.” Soon, however, the malady gaining on her, she was unable to leave her bed. The deepest melancholy took possession of her, in spite of her efforts to

appear cheerful, by which amongst her friends she succeeded in gaining some appearance of gaiety. She would make them play games, and evinced the greatest interest in all their pursuits. Still it was evident how much this struggle cost her. In these last days she occupied herself going through her papers, and burning all that she did not wish should fall into strange hands. When this was done, she arranged all her affairs, and made presents to many of those who visited her, and were kind to her.

By the end of the summer her weakness had increased so much, that she could not leave her bed. Her face was like that of a corpse ; her eyes alone retained something of their former brightness. Her friends were devoted to her, and to humour her fancy not to be left alone, her visitors would come for the day, and carry on their occupations in an adjoining room. One at a time would sit with her, and she had always something kind to say, an expression of gratitude or affection on her lips. In October her illness took a most serious turn, there was no

longer a shade of hope. She received the last Sacraments, and from that time took farewell of the world, her only consolation being the visits of her spiritual adviser. Some of her friends, fearing that the ministrations of this clergyman, who was rather of the rough-and-ready order, were not suited to a person in her weak condition, tried to induce her to have one of the monks whose especial office it was to attend the dying. "No," said the sick woman, "my good pastor would be hurt if I sent for another, and it would be a bad return for his goodness to me."

On the 5th November, her cousin Johann was sitting by her bedside. She asked him to read her one of Gellert's "Hymns for the Sick." By some mistake he began one of the odes for the dying, but this choice did not please her; either she preferred the other hymn, which breathed a more Christian spirit, or a spark of hope still lingered in her breast. She interrupted him quickly: "No, Johann," she said, "I will not hear that. Read me the 'Hymn for the Sick,' on page

128." Her cousin sought the place, found the desired hymn, and began to read. But after a few moments he found that Angelica had passed peacefully away, without a sigh or pain. She was sixty-six years of age.

There was general mourning in Rome when the news was known, and the desire to do honour to the artist who had passed from amongst them was universally felt by all. A funeral service was organized, conducted in the manner by which in the golden days Rome delighted to glorify art. The architect, Uggieri ; the sculptor, Albaggini, and her cousin Johann undertook the arrangements, which were of a most splendid character. It took place on November 7th, in the Church of San Andrea delle Fratte. Canova received the invited guests, who were of the highest rank. The Brothers of St. Luke, and the virtuosi of the Academies of Science and Art, walked in the procession, which was swelled by every one of rank and distinction then in Rome. Canova and Pazetti (directors of the French and Portu-

guese Academies), Le Thiere and Le Rossi carried the coffin.

In the church the scene was most imposing. Two of her pictures, religious in subject, were placed on each side of the altar, and, in the centre, her bust in Carrara marble, the work of Canova, only finished a month before her death. Her body, by her own especial desire, was laid next to that of her husband in the smaller chapel. Over the grave, Johann Kauffmann and her heirs erected a handsome monument with the following inscriptions :—

XP

Antonius. Petrus. Franc. f. Zucchi.

Venet. in. Deum. Amore. in. Pauperes.

Picturae. Laude. concelebratus.

H. S. E.

Vix. A. 69. M. 7. D. 26. ob. VII. Kal. Jan.

ab. orbe. servato. 1795.

Angelica. Kauffmann.

Lachrymis. et. tristitiae. damnata. Marito.

dulcissimo. et. benignissimo.

contra. Votum. posuit.

A.

H.

S.

E.

·Ω

Angelica. Joannis. Josephi. f. Kauffmann.

Domo. Schwarzenbergio.

Cui. summa. Picturae. Laus.

Cenotaphium. in. Aede. Panthei. pro-

meruit. sed. ipsa. se. in. hoc. Monumen-
to. quod. Antonio. Zucchio. posuerat.
inferri. iussit.
ut. cum. Viro. concordissimo.
post. funus. etiam. habitaret.
Annos. nata. 66. dies. 6.
obiit. Romae. Non. Nov. 1807.
Ave. Mulier. optima. et. vale. in. pace.

A year later, her bust, executed by Peter Kauffmann, was placed with all ceremonial and honour in the Pantheon.

Nothing could prove more distinctly the sweetness of her disposition, and the generosity of her mind, than the provisions of her will, which were of the most just character. No one was forgotten; her servants were well remembered; so were the poor.

To her cousin, Rosa Bonomi, wife to the architect, then living in London, and with whom she had kept up constant relations, she bequeathed all her money standing in the English funds, amounting to five thousand pounds, besides the best of her jewels and plate. Her remaining capital of three thousand pounds she devised to her cousins Johann and Casimir Kauffmann, who were

with her at the time of her death, together with her pictures, furniture, etc. To her relations in Schwartzenberg she left seven hundred pounds. To her husband's family she bequeathed, with many kind words, several remembrances, together with all Antonio's plate, pictures, and everything which had come to her through him. All that was left in her studio of unfinished pictures, etc., she desired might be sold, and the proceeds distributed amongst the poor.

As she lived, so she died; even her enemy Steinberg calls her "a sweet creature—her very faults were lovable—and she, was above all, most womanly."

Letter from Signor Joseph Bonomi, to George Bowles, Esq., of Wanstead Manor.

"DEAR SIR,—This morning I received a letter from my correspondent in Rome, Dr. M. A. Borsi, concerning the death of Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann, which I shall transcribe word for word.

“ ‘DEAR SIR,—What I foresaw for some time, after twenty days’ confinement to bed, with the greatest tranquillity of spirit, always present to herself, having twice received the blessed Sacrament, and two days before Extreme Unction, perfectly resigned, courageously met the death of the just Thursday last, 5th instant, at half-past two, the great woman, the always illustrious, holy, and most pious Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann.

“ ‘I shudder in acquainting you with such unfortunate news, knowing the grief it will cause to you and Mrs. Bonomi. I shall now relate the particulars of her illness and funeral. During her severe illness, her numerous friends did what they could to restore her, and everyone was grieved in apprehension of losing her. You may easily believe, more than I can express, how much their grief increased at her death. I only, therefore, shall mention that they vied with each other in endeavouring to perform the last duties in the most decorous obsequies celebrated this morning in the Church of St. Andrea delle Frate, conducted by Canova

Y

and other virtuosi friends: The church was decorated as is customary for nobles. At ten o'clock in the morning the corpse was accompanied to the church by two very numerous brotherhoods, fifty capuchins and fifty priests. The bier was carried by some of the brotherhood, but the four corners of the pall by four young ladies properly dressed for the occasion. The four tassels were held by four first Gentlemen of the Academy; these were followed by the rest of the academicians, and virtuosi, who carried in triumph two of her pictures, and everyone had wax tapers lighted.'

"This is the melancholy account I thought it my duty to transmit to you as one of her most intimate friends. I shall take the first opportunity of communicating to you any further intelligence I may receive on the subject.

"I have the honour to be,

"Dear sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"JOSEPH BONOMI."

*Extract of a letter from Johann Kauffmann,
dated Rome, November 13th, 1808, to
Madame Bonomi.*

“In these days is celebrated in the church of the Rotunda (Pantheon) the anniversary of our Cousin Angelica, and her bust will be placed as suggested by your late husband. A memorial marble will also be erected in St. Andrea delle Frate with an inscription. A similar one, but of greater expense, is actually executing in her own country, with every function suitable to the occasion. Here, likewise, a magnificent requiem has been made with about two hundred Holy Masses in suffrage of her soul, besides many other things performed in her honour, so that since the death of Raphael Urbino till now a similar funeral has not been made at Rome.

“On Thursday, 29th November, 1808, the marble bust¹ in the Pantheon was uncovered. On this occasion a solemn funeral service

¹ A writer in the *Athenæum*, 1880, who had visited Schwartzberg in that year, speaks of the bust set up to her honour in the church :—

“It is a medallion bust of Italian workmanship in

was celebrated, at which the academicians of St. Luke assisted.

marble. Below is an inscription of which I send you a copy.

"The words of the inscription are most curiously run together, but, I believe, are correctly copied:—

"Der v. Nov. MDCCVIII. in LXVI. Jahre ihres aeters in Rom gestorbene Fraü Angelica Kauffmann der erstender Maler Künstler, der Grössen Wohlthaterinder Armen und Kirche der Zierde ihres Vaterlande des Zumstehen Andenken von ihren Freunden under Bendarckvollet gewidnet den XII. Juni.

MDCCCIX.

"Sie war als Mensch als Christ als Künstler gross ans Erden Willst Du, die ü dort dir ü Andern nützlich werden. Wie sie Ehre Rühm Rüh Verzungen haben Schätze Tugend Bennutz Talente des Schöpfers Gaben"

Translation.

Departed this life in the year 1807, in the forty-sixth year of her age, Angelica Kauffmann.

She was the first amongst artists, the greatest benefactress to the poor and to the church, the ornament of her country. This monument has been raised out of gratitude to her memory by her friends. June XII., MDCCCIX.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

BEFORE concluding this incomplete life of an interesting woman, it was thought only just to her memory, from an artistic point of view, to lay before the reader the different opinions entertained of Angelica's talent as an artist by the critics of her own time, as well as writers of the present day.

That so many eminent art critics should have pronounced so decidedly in favour of her undoubted talent and many merits, must surely go far to disqualify the judgment of those carping critics who condemn her only from her failures, and affect to disregard her many successes. That she should (even granting that fashion had much to do with her popularity) have attained such a maximum of success that no Art Gallery or private collection, either in this country or

abroad, is without at least one—(and many have six and seven of her pictures)—is surely an evidence of how her work was considered by her own contemporaries. That even in our own day her paintings command a high price is proof that some of them, at all events, have merit, and the desire of the best engravers to publish her works, must also be taken as testimony in her favour. It would be idle, however, to deny either the inequality of her work, or the many faults in colouring and composition which are remarkable in some of her pictures. Much of this was due to undertaking too much, for hurry, either in literature or art, is fatal to reputation. One of the artists best known in our day for his finish and colouring, is so aware of this fact that he never completes a picture until it has undergone for two years the process of drying, or allowing the colour to sink into the canvas, but then Mr. Burne Jones can afford to wait, and Angelica could not. Hence the loss her reputation as an artist has suffered.

But even extreme hurry can hardly account

for the strange contrast which exists between some alleged pictures of Angelica's and others; one would say that although preserving a general resemblance to her style and colouring, some were done by another hand; and this and other circumstances lead one to the conclusion that many of her pictures were not her work, but that of either her father or Zucchi. In support of this theory there is the testimony of Mary Moser, to whom Mr. Kauffmann confessed that he had many times copied his daughter's pictures and passed them off upon purchasers. In the same way much of the decorations ascribed to her were the work of Antonio Zucchi, and it is more than probable that, during her later years, she was assisted by her cousin, who was studying as an artist.

If such deceptions were practised with her knowledge, it does not speak well for her sense of what was due either to herself or to her client. A certain amount of help is permissible in cases. Artists of great reputation have probably been often themselves defrauded. Half the pictures of the old masters

credited as originals are only indifferent copies. If all the so-called Raphaels were genuine, the painter must have had three or four pairs of hands. Waagen says that at the sale of the Marquis of Exeter's collection, some years ago, scarcely one could be allowed to take rank amongst the works of the great masters whose names they bore in the catalogue, and the same story repeats itself in almost every collection that comes to the hammer. It is well known that comparatively few of George Morland's works were by his own hand, as replicas, Mr. Redgrave tells us, were made on the spot by artists in the pay of his employer, who set them to work so soon as the artist left the house. So too with "Bartolozzi's" engravings, many of which are the production of his pupils.

Nathaniel Dance produced pictures so like in style and colouring to Sir Joshua's, that even the best judges are deceived—in the matter of art mendacity is an old story.

CRITICISMS BY OUR CONTEMPORARIES AND
WRITERS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Gering says :—

“ Her discretion, which is the parent of all merit, was extraordinary, and this, together with the peculiar blending of her colours, raised this artist to a high place. In all her pictures there is made evident the workings of a tender soul.”

Nagler says :—

“ The tenderness and amiability of Angelica, which tinged her work with a certain softness and tenderness which was most pleasing, together with the facility and certainty of her method of painting, caused her historical pictures to be most popular, especially amongst the English. In portraits she attained a well-deserved reputation, as she not alone made an excellent likeness, but also gave the mind and character of the sitter. Her portrait of Winckelmann is a proof of this. Her subjects are always well-chosen, and her figures marked by dignity and grace ;

this last applies especially to her women. Her men are timid-looking fellows.

“Heroes and dramatic situations being alike foreign to her gentle nature, she was unable to depict them. Nevertheless, Angelica, together with Mengs and Füger, must not be judged by the present day standard. She appeared at a moment when all was dark in the horizon of art, as a messenger of better times that were at hand, and if she herself failed in accomplishing all she might have done, so did the two before-named artists. She is blamed for a certain incorrectness in the outlines, monotony in her backgrounds, and for the use of too brilliant colours.”—*Nagler's Kunst Lexicon.*

Steinberg, her hardest critic, acknowledges “that she had a sweet nature but a feeble talent. Her reputation never could have risen to the level of a national artist, it was confined to drawing-room coteries; and such fame as she attained was due to the vanity of the amateurs amongst whom she lived, far more than to any artistic merit she possessed. From England her trumpet was blown most loudly, and there her patrons filled their

houses with her pictures. Everyone knows, however, that in matters of art *this little Island has no claim to be listened to.*"

Goethe pronounces decidedly in her favour. "Her paintings are full of thought, beautiful in form, composition and colour, and their treatment is excellent. These are the principal characteristics of this artist, whom no living painter can approach in taste and lightness of touch." He adds: "For a woman she has a really wonderful talent, and one must judge her by her success, not by her failures, for how few artists would stand the test, if one takes into account their failures or shortcomings?"

Herder, in his *Kunst-literateur*, speaks highly of Angelica's talent. The article should be read for its clear definition of the Grecian forms of art. "How can we sufficiently admire," he says, "the beauty of their figures—how body and soul seem to unite in perfect harmony without one discordant note; and where there is more than one figure, how perfect is the attitude of both; how they look at one another; how they listen to one another; persuasion dwells upon their lips,

although no word issues from their mouths. When their hands touch their soft arms intertwine and their eyes meet: what sweet harmony directs every motion. I have never seen a group, such as 'Orestes and Pylades,' or 'Orestes and Electra,' without observing this tender union which exists between each figure. So it is with the few paintings left of their work, and also in the numerous *basso relievos* which adorned every Greek dwelling-house. There we find that repose which is so wanting in the tumultuous compositions of our days. Raphael imbibed much of this spirit, and Mengs shows somewhat of it in his picture of 'Jupiter and Ganymede.' In Angelica's compositions, too, there is an effort to attain this harmony. Her men and women have this innate moral grace; her young men are more like Genii walking this earth; a savage even becomes gentle in her hands. So far as a pure and innocent mind may, she has gone to the depths of humanity, and her fine intelligence has so arranged the whole as to develop each portion like a growing flower."—*Kunst Literateur*, vol. vii.

Waagen in his art treasures, while giving a side thrust at her sentimentalities, speaks of the warmth of her colouring and careful execution.

A French critic says: " Her heads have much of the majesty and divinity of Guido, with a mixture of the light school of Albano and Corregio. She was capable of expressing all the elevated and tender passions.

"An examination of her style, however, obliges us to acknowledge that there is a lack of energy underlying her elegance and nobility of thought, and therefore it is that she always avoided any strong or terrible situations, in depicting which she would have utterly failed. In subjects of domestic interest, calm and not heroic, she is at her best, that is to say, full of tenderness and inexpressible grace. Her exaggeration in colouring was greatly modified during her residence abroad; and, in her later pictures, her style is broader, less brilliant and more vigorous. Her touch was large, her knowledge great, and she possessed in a high degree a feeling of the picturesque as also

of the art of grouping, having acquired a habit of seizing the best attitudes in which to place her models. She arranged her draperies with such consummate art that, as one of her admirers remarked, 'Your figures could walk without disarranging their garments.'"—*Biographie Nouvelle*.

A writer in the *Art Journal* says:—

"She was a woman, and therefore an optimist; she believed in the possibility of regenerating art, and, womanlike, she would be satisfied with nothing but the highest motives, and loftiest aims. There was to be no truckling to expediency, no half-hearted compromises with indifference and a public taste, which has gone to the bad. High art, art of the highest, was her model." He, however, adds some strong words of criticism, principally directed against her colouring, which has "a tendency to vinous tones, which is often unpleasant."

Anthony Pasquin says: "That connecting her beauty with her knowledge, and her sweet disposition with both, she was, perhaps, the most fascinating woman in Europe."

Seguier says : " Angelica Kauffmann loved to make a composition of her portraits, and this she did remarkably well—the figures are generally three feet high, and in an interior the children are generally represented naked or as angels. Her great point of beauty is the grace of the attitudes and the care she bestows upon the hands, in her faces she brings the nose too near the mouth."

Miss Charlotte Knight, the authoress of " Dinorben," and whose memoirs are such pleasant reading, gives a charming picture of the artist, whom she classes amongst those who have ennobled the profession, and whose works are intended not merely to please the eye, but to elevate the mind. " She was great as an artist, engaging and amiable as a woman. In her house, her garden, her domestic establishment, all was most proper and unostentatious. Her choice of books was excellent, and with her all was harmony and grace."

A writer in the latest number of the *National Biography* suggests that " admiration for her personal charms had a good deal to do with the exaggerated

praise bestowed upon her by her own contemporaries."

With these words, which somewhat mar an otherwise sympathetic article, the critical notices most worthy of note are brought down to date, and nothing further remains but to place before the reader the amount of work done by this exceptional woman.

A catalogue of her paintings has never yet been undertaken, and the one now presented is not set forth as a complete one. There are, no doubt, numerous omissions. That it appears in its present form is mainly due to the co-operation of those who were in a position to help, and who with great kindness did so. I have to offer my thanks for such assistance to Mr. Armstrong, South Kensington Museum ; Sir Frederick Burton, R.A. ; Victor Bowring, Esq. ; the Earl of Derby ; Mr. Donaldson, New Bond Street ; Mrs. Hoare ; Mr. Harvey, St. James Street ; Mr. Lindo Meyers ; the Earl of Morley ; the Viscount Portman ; Mr. Neale, New Bond Street ; the Duke of Richmond and Gordon ; the Duke of Rutland, and Mr. Vokens.

APPENDIX.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Albemarle, Earl of	Portrait of Anne, wife to the 2nd Earl. 29 × 24. ¹	
Adams, Esq., of New York.	Portrait of a lady and child. ²	
Aders, C.	Portrait of an English lady of quality. ³	
Anhalt-Dessau, Prince of.	1. Allegorical Picture of Psyche fainting when the vessels were opened which contained a beautifying lotion for Proserpina. 2. Portrait, Princess of Anhalt-Dessau, full length.	
Anhalt-Dessau, Luisium Museum.	3. Cupid drying Psyche's tears with her hair.	
Anhalt-Dessau, Princess of.	4. Agrippina clasping to her heart the golden vessels containing the ashes of Germanicus.	
Aschaffenberg Gallery.	Princess of Courland as a Vestal. A Madonna.	
Bagwell, Richard, Esq., Marfield, Tipperary.	Mrs. Bousfield, Portrait of.	1771.
Bandittini, Thérèse	Portrait of.	1782.
Barbaro, Almero	Portrait of.	1781.

¹ Exhibited R. A., 1873.

² Bought from Mr. Dowdeswell, New Bond Street, April, 1892.

³ Exhibited Suffolk Street, 1833.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Baring, Sir Thomas.	View in Rome.	1789.
Baronneau, Francis, Esq.	Telemachus redux a Penelope exceptum.	Wynne Rylandt.
Bell, Mr., Publisher of "Bell's Editions."	Louisa Hammond writing to her brother.	Bartolozzi.
Berlin Museum of Arts.	Angelica Kauffmann, Portrait of, in the character half Muse half Bacchante; her head is crowned with a laurel wreath, and she wears a robe and girdle of gold colour.	
Bernini.	Angelica Kauffmann between the rival arts of Music and Painting. A present from the artist to the sculptor.	
Berwick, Lord.	1. Portrait of Venus laughing at Cupid, who sits on her knee. 2. Cupid leading Bacchus to Ariadne to console her for the desertion of Theseus.	1791.
Bergamo, Town of Birchall.	Holy Family, an altar piece. 1. Una and the Lion. ¹ 2. Angelica Kauffmann, Portrait of, with palette and brushes. 3. Anna and Abra "amidst the maids of Zagan's peaceful groves." From Collins' Eclogues.	1795. Burke. European Magazine.
Bloomfield, Sir Thomas, Wingfield Road, Wimbledon.	Angelica Kauffmann, Portrait of.	1781.
Boddam, C., Esq.	Leda and the Swan.	
Bowles, George, of The Grove, Wanstead. ²	1. Angelica Kauffmann, Portrait of, in the character of Design listening to Poetry.	Burke, 1787.

¹ Una is a portrait of herself. She repeated this subject often.

² George Bowles was a member of the ancient family of Bowles, of North Aston. He is often confounded with Carington Bowles, the print-seller, of Cheapside. Mr. Bowles was a patron of art and artists, and a collector of enamels and curios. He lived at The Grove, Wanstead, in Essex. His admiration for Angelica made him the largest collector of her works in England; it includes some of her best. Joseph Bonomi, writing to a friend in 1793, makes arrangements for driving down to Wanstead in a hackney coach to see Angelica's pictures. After Mr. Bowles' death, his collection

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Bowles, George, of The Grove, Wanstead.	2. Abijah and Jeroboam.	Bartolozzi.
	3. Alexander resigning his mistress Campaspe to Apelles.	Burke.
	4. Angelica and Sacrepant, from Ariosto.	Bartolozzi.
	5. Aspasia and Pallas.	
	6. Achilles discovered by Ulysses. 44 X 32.	Bond. The British Museum contains a fine print of this.
	7. Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi.	Mary Rylandt.
	8. Christ and the two Maries.	Bartolozzi.
	9. Cleopatra and Augustus.	Burke.
	10. Cupid binding Aglaë to a laurel tree (Metastasio). ¹	
	11. Cupid and Cephisa.	
	12. Cupids at play (ovals) ² and	Boydell. 1781.
	13. Cupid's pastime.	Boydell and Facius.
	14. Cleopatra passing the cup.	
	15. Clio and Angelica. ³	
	16. Cupid disarmed by Euphrosyne. ⁴	
	17. Flora finishing a flower for Verelst.	
	18. Gualtherius and Griselda.	1780.
	19. Hector reproaching Paris. 44 X 32.	Boydell.
	20. Henry and Emma, from Prior.	Burke. 1792.

and fortune passed to his sister Rebecca, Lady Rushout, whose husband, Sir John, was raised to the peerage in 1797, with the title of Baron Northwick, the second Baron assuming the name of Bowles with the facing name Rushout. The male line failing after the death of the third Baron in 1859, the name of Rushout was taken by Sir Charles Cockerell, who had married the eldest surviving daughter of John, the first Baron, and to him and his heirs the collection of George Bowles passed. It was sold at Messrs. Phillipps and Neate's, New Bond Street, 1879. Through their kindness a correct list is presented, and the tracing of the pictures to the hands into which they have fallen has been partially successful. Many of them were purchased by a commission agent, Smith, for the American market; but the best have remained in England, and will be found under the alphabetical headings. The sale of the pictures realized £6800.

¹ See under letter "S."

² See under letter "S."

³ For present owner see "S."

⁴ For present possessor see under letter "R."

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Bowles, George, of The Grove, Wandstead.	21. Horace and Virgil. A pair—small ovals.	
	22. Holy Family. ¹	
	23. Elizabeth Woodville imploring Edward IV. to restore to her son his lands; ² and	Bartolozzi.
	24. Queen Margaret of Anjou and the robber. (A pair.)	Bartolozzi.
	25. La Bergère des Alpes. (Oval.)	Dickenson.
	26. Lavinia and Palemon; and	Tayler.
	27. Damon and Musedora. (Ovals—pair.)	Dickenson.
	28. Nathan reproaching David.	
	29. Numa Pompilius with the Nymph Egeria, who covers herself with the shield which makes her invisible, while she discourses on Science.	
	30. Lady Northwick, Portrait of, with child holding a garland of flowers. (Large oval, 50 X 42.) ³	Bartolozzi.
	31. Pliny the Younger at Musinium during the Eruption of Vesuvius, '79.	Burke. Macklin Gallery.
	32. Rinaldo arresting the arm of Armida, to prevent her purpose of suicide. (From Tasso.) 50 X 42.	Green.
	33. Praxiteles the Sculptor giving the little statue of Cupid to Phryne.	
	34. Phryne seducing the Philosopher Zenocrates.	
	35. Temple of Gridus, a scene from Montesquieu's works. Large circular.	
	36. Telemachus and Mentor in the Island of Calypso.	Bartolozzi.
	37. Tibellus writing an ode on Lesbia's Sparrow.	

¹ For present possessor see under letter "R."² See under "M."³ This is one of Angelica's best portraits; it is finely coloured and graceful. For present owner see "R."

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Bowles, George, of The Grove, Wanstead.	38. Ulysses in the Island of Circe. 39. Virgil writing his own Epitaph. 40. Venus attired by the Graces. (Oval, 40 × 32.) ¹ And 41. The Judgment of Paris. (A pair.) 42. Zeuxis composing the picture of Juno. ²	William Bond. Bartolozzi.
Bowring, Victor, Esq., 30, Eaton Place. ³	1. Penelope and her dog; and 2. Angelica Kauffmann, said to be portrait of. (Pair—full length.) 3. Angelica Kauffmann. (Half length.)	
Boydell, Josiah, Cheapside. ⁴	Troilus and Cressida. Shakespeare Gallery. Two Gentlemen of Verona. Ditto. Industry and Patience, assisted by Perseverance, crowned by Honour and rewarded with Plenty. Sappho, inspired by Love, composing an ode to Venus. The Flower Girl, after Sir J. Reynolds.	Schievanetti, 1792. Facius. Facius. Spielsburg.
Bridgewater, Duke of. ⁵	Holy Family.	

¹ For present owner see under "K."² See under "C."³ Mr. Bowring's collection is large and well selected. The two Angelicas are good examples of her *at her best*. The colouring is clear, the background somewhat confused. The smaller picture of her is much the best likeness, the companion to Penelope bearing little resemblance to her. Both pictures are signed with her name, and came from Ireland.⁴ The eminent firm of Boydell did more for the advancement of art in England than the whole mass of the nobility put together. He laid out upon his magnificent idea of a National Shakespearian Gallery, thousands of pounds; some say £150,000, others double that amount. When he was ruined by the French Revolution he petitioned Parliament for permission to dispose of the gallery by lottery. The tickets were quickly bought, but he died before they were drawn. The lot fell to Mr. Juone, who set it up to auction. The well-known and highly artistic Mr. Graves, of Pall Mall, is a descendant of the Boydells.

Sold in 1802 for £4. 14s.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Briscoe, Esq., Kensington.	Euphrosyne disarming Cupid. Painted on copper. Small oval.	1767.
Brown (said to be Count Brown).	Pyrrhus carried in the arms of his nurse to King Claudius.	
Bryer, Ann.	Dido invoking the Gods.	
Bryer.	Aglaë bound to a laurel tree by Cupid.	
Brunswick, Duchess of.	Portrait of. One of her best portraits. It is now at Hampton Court.	1782.
Calonne, Colbert, French Ambassador. Collector of pictures and curios. His collection was sold in 1825.	1. Jupiter and Calista. 2. Orpheus and Eurydice. ¹ Two large ovals. 3. Zadig. ²	
Capucini, Monsignor Nevroni, Bishop of Como.	Portrait of.	
Ceci, Duke of.	Portraits of Duke and Duchess.	
Cheeseman, Esq.	Portrait of Angelica Kauffmann. ³	McArdle, Dublin, 1771.
Charlemont, Earl of.	History and Music. ⁴ A pair.	
Clements, the Hon. Lieut.-Col., M.P.	Mrs. Clements and infant, Portrait of.	
Courland, Duke of.	1. Telemachus and Mentor in the Island of Calypso. 2. Adonis equipped for the Hunt. 3. Bachum in remotes Carmina vide, from Horace's odes.	
Corbett, J. Esq., 20, Hertford Street, W.	Zeuxis composing the picture of Juno. ⁵	

¹ Sold in 1825 at Messrs. Christie's for £70. The picture of Orpheus was the likeness of the artist who was in love with her at Montfort Castle. See page 20.

² Zadig sold in 1825 for £43, to Count St. Brude.

³ Exhibited in Suffolk, 1833.

⁴ Sold at the Roxborough Sale, May, 1892, for £63.

⁵ This fine picture was bought at the Rushout-Bowles sale for £136.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Derby, Earl of. ¹	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Family Group of Edward, 12th Earl, with Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, his first wife, and their infant son, afterwards 13th Earl. 4 feet × 3 feet. (The figures appear small and separate; and the divided action of the child who is between them, destroys all simplicity and unity.) 2. The Return of Telemachus. 2 feet 2 inches × 5 feet. (A long picture, originally designed for a "Sopra Porta." The composition comprises seven figures. The tints are broken and the shadows strong and heavy.) 3. The parting of Ulysses and Penelope, a companion picture to Telemachus. (The composition is far superior to and much more effectively coloured than Telemachus.) 	
Digby, G. W., Esq. Donaldson Gallery, New Bond Street.	Portrait of Margaret Digby. ² Two small ovals, very pretty, of <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Cupid, with Nymphs breaking his bow; or Cupid punished. 2. Cupid with Nymphs asleep. The death of Sylvia's stag.	
Downes, Chief Justice, Ireland. Dowdeswell Gallery, New Bond Street. Dresden Electorate Gallery.	Two large ovals, subjects unknown. <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Portrait of herself as Sybil. 3 feet 6 inches in height, 2 feet 10 inches in width. Very fine. 2. Portrait of Princess Mary of Courland as a Vestal. 3. Ariadne deserted by Theseus. Study of a head. A sketch.	Schultz. Krüger.
Dugnami, H.		

¹ The collection of paintings at Knowsley is one of the finest in England, comprising works of the best masters. The catalogue is a most interesting volume. Besides Angelica's pictures there are two of Zucchi's.

² Exhibited in 1867 at the National Portrait Gallery.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Dublin National Gallery.	Family group of Lord and Lady Ely, their niece, Dorothy Monroe, and Angelica at the clavichord.	1771.
Dulff, Mr.	2. Portrait of Dolly Monroe. ¹ Portrait of.	1771. 1797.
Edinburgh Gallery.	Novoluski, the architect, portrait of.	
The Queen.	George III., Portrait of.	1767.
Exeter, Marquis of. ²	Charlotte, his Consort, ditto. Story of Abelard and Eloisa in fifteen tableaux, including:— 1. Eloisa. 2. Eloisa reading Abelard's letter. 3. Abelard offering Eloisa Hymen. 4. Abelard and Eloisa surprised by Fulbard. 5. Abelard's Death. 6. Death of Eloisa. 7. Miss Harrod, Portrait of. ³ 8. Beauty and Prudence rejects with scorn the solicitations of Folly. 9. Fame adorning the Tomb of Shakespeare. 1. Death of Alcestes.	1765. Mdlle. Bareiulle. Rylandt. Thane, 1785. Felsingén. Delabre. Burke. Ryder. Delabre, 1783. Krüger. A fine engraving proof before letter in the collection of Angelica's print-room, British Museum.
Esterhazy, Prince Nicolas.		

¹ A celebrated beauty. See page 135. The portrait was bought at Lord Ely's sale at Messrs. Christie's, 1889.

² Lord Exeter was a friend and admirer of Angelica's; he ordered pictures from her by the yard. Waagen in his "Art Treasures" says:—"I have seen no seat which affords so completely a view of taste in art, which prevailed in England in the 18th century, as that of Lord Exeter. Several of the finest apartments are adorned with very confused and unattractive figures by Antonio Verrio, who spent twelve years in completing these masterpieces of bad taste."

³ This portrait was sold at the sale of the Burleigh pictures at Christie's.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Esterhazy, Prince Nicholas.	2. Pyrrhus presenting his foster-brother to King Glaucus. 3 feet high $2\frac{1}{2}$ wide.	Jaques Clerk, Vienna.
Fitz-Herbert, Sir William. Florence, the Uffizie Gallery. Frankfort Gallery. Forbes, Esq.	Alagia Fitz-Herbert, Portrait of. ¹ Her own portrait. Abbe Winckelmann, Portrait of. 1. Religion with all her lovely train. 2. The departure of Hagar and Ishmael from the tents of Abraham. 3. Cephalus and Pocris. 4. The Blessed Mary watering a lily. 5. The Discovery of Achilles by Ulysses in the Court of King Lycomedes, disguised as a Virgin. 6. Angelica between the Rival Arts of Music and Painting. 44 x 32. ² A present from the artist.	Bartolozzi. Scorodomorff.
Flacao, Cardinal.	Portrait of Cardinal Flacao.	
Garrick, David. Garrick Club. Grimani, Marchese, a beautiful Venetian lady, Venice. Gartaut, Monsieur. Grindley, Esq.	Portrait of David Garrick. Mrs. Hartly, Portrait of. Portrait of. Portrait of. 1. Horace's dreams. ³ 2. Virgil asleep. A pair.	1765. 1781.
Hamilton, Sir William.	Emma, Lady Hamilton, portrait of, as the Comic Muse.	R. Morghen, 1797.

¹ Exhibited at the N. P. E., 1867.

² Barry, R.A., passed the highest encomiums upon all these pictures, especially the last, which is a reminiscence of the struggle she had once gone through. See p. 20. He declared that he envied Music the squeeze she received, "for," said he, "the impression is actually imprinted on her hand."

³ Bought at Messrs. Christie's, 1883, for £173.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Hamilton, Sir William. Hampe, John Henry, M.D. The Queen; now at Hampton Court Palace. Hervey, Lord. ²	Emma, Lady Hamilton, as a Bacchante ¹ (only the head). Portrait of. Duchess of Brunswick, portrait of. Lady Hervey, portrait of. Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, portrait of, in a white hat. ³	1767.
Hoare, Sir Francis, of Stourhead.	Francis Hoare, portrait of, full length. Portrait of a lady in a Greek dress. ⁴	Raphael Morghen.
Hoare, of Wavenden Manor.	Allegorical picture of Penelope sacrificing to Minerva. 44 x 32. ⁵	
Howe, Earl of.	Angelica Kauffmann, R.A., portrait of. ⁶	
Houldsworth, Lady. Holstein-Beck. Hufupoff, Prince.	Portrait of Lady Houldsworth. Large family group. Venus, on a couch, counselling Helen to fly with Paris, whom Cupid leads by the hand into the room. Ovid in his old age writing verses, while Cupid, behind him, draws his bow. Telemachus before Mentor.	
Haynes, Searle, Esq., M.P., Belgrave Road, S.W.		

¹ Sold at Sir William Hamilton's sale, 1801, for £32 10s.

² Lord Hervey was the eldest son of the famous Dean of Derry, Marquis of Bristol.

³ This portrait came into the possession of Lord Howard de Walden from the Herveys; it was sold by the late lord in 1869, at Messrs. Phillips's, for £162. For purchaser see "S."

⁴ This picture has been sold.

⁵ Penelope is the portrait of the second wife of Sir Richard Hoare, née Acland, a lady of remarkable beauty, between whom and Angelica a great intimacy existed.

⁶ Sold at Messrs. Christie's, 1888.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Illustrations :— Mr. Bell.	1. Vignette Frontispiece, 2. Churchill's Poems. 3. Collin's Eclogues.	Bartolozzi.
Mr. Bell.	4. 1st volume, page 54, Savage. 5. Hammond's Love Elegies. 6. Love Elegies. 7. Mallet, Canto I., verse 268, Chaucer.	Bartolozzi. T. Lewis. Bartolozzi. Bartolozzi.
Taylor's Moral Emblems.	1. Fortitude. 2. Hope. 3. Justice. 4. Mercy and Truth. 5. Patience. 6. Perseverance. 7. Prudence. 8. Omnia Vanitas. 9. Temperance. 10. Wisdom. 11. There's a slip 'twixt me and Death. 12. Instruction. 13. Simplicity.	Ryland. Watson. W. Rylandt. Scorodomoroff.
Verner & Hood, Thompson's Seasons.	Flora— <i>Frontispiece</i> .	Bartolozzi, 1778.
Macklen.	A shipwreck. A frontispiece. Silence and the Shepherd's moral.	
Scott.	Vignette, a Muse. A volume of poems.	
Johnstone, Captain Frederick, Gloucester Place.	1. Mrs. Damer, the Hon., por- trait of. Graceful and charm- ing. 2. Earl and Countess Derby, portraits of. Augustus and Cleopatra. Virgil sending Augustus before the Judges.	
Josepoph, Prince of.	Samma at Benoni's Grave. (Presented by the artist to the author of the <i>Messiah</i> .)	1769.
Klopstock.	Penelope. Venus and Cupid.	Harding.
Knight, John, Esq.	Venus attired by the Graces. ¹	
Kimber, Arthur, Esq.		

¹ This large oval was bought at the Rushout sale for £535.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVE.
Leven and Melville, Lord.	Clio and Angelica. ¹	
Lyte, H., Esq.	Holy Family. ²	
Loretto Holy House.	Venus and Adonis. ³	
Lothian, Marquis of.	Mosaic of the Blessed Child watering the lily.	
Royal Academy, Diploma Gallery, London.	Portrait of Elizabeth, Marchioness of Lothian. ⁴	
National Portrait Gallery, Bethnal Green, London.	Design, large oval; one of the four removed from Somerset House.	
National Gallery, London.	Portrait of herself, oval, half length, in a white dress with yellow scarf. She rests her right hand, holding a portecrayon, on a portfolio, the other, <i>without a ring</i> , is raised to her breast.	
South Kensington, London.	Religion, bequeathed by Mr. Forbes. ⁵	Bartolozzi.
MacDonald, Colonel.	1. Emma, Lady Hamilton, ⁶ portrait of, as a Bacchante. 2. Raphael Mengs, portrait of. 3. Sleeping Nymph watched by a Shepherd. Small oval, on copper. 4. A nymph drawing her bow on a Swain. Cupid encouraging her. Small oval on copper.	1792.
	Portrait of, in Scotch national costume.	1800.

¹ This large oval was bought at the Bowles-Rushout sale, in 1878, for £110.

² Bought at Bowles-Rushout sale, 1878, £56.

³ Bought at Messrs. Christie's sale, 1792, by M. White, for £74.

⁴ Exhibited at R. A. Exhibition of 1887.

⁵ See Forbes.

⁶ There is some mistake as to the cataloguing of this picture, which is set down as "Emma Hart," Naples, 1796. Emma was *Lady Hamilton* some years before this date, likewise Angelica painted her in *Rome* in 1792. She painted her *twice*, once as a Bacchante, a great failure, and once as the Comic Muse, holding a mask in her hand. This last was engraved by *Morghen*, and is in the collection of the B. M. *Morghen* made some alteration in the picture, at which Angelica was so much displeased that she would not allow Lady Hamilton's name to be placed underneath. It is, however, far superior to the Bacchante.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Martinenghi, Count of Brescia.	Altar piece of John the Baptist.	
Massarene, Viscount, Antrim Castle.	Lord Ferrard and his son, portraits of.	
Meyers, Lindo, Esq., Saville Row.	Magdalene, St. Cecilia.	
Medley, Esq.	Politicians quarrelling over their cards. ¹	
Milan, casa Trivulzu.	Duchess of Massa Carrara, portrait of.	1754.
Miranda, Duke of.	1. Portrait of his youngest daughter in a peasant's dress. 2. Historical picture (subject unknown).	
Montfort Castle.	Portraits of Count and Countess of Montfort and the different members of the family.	1757.
Morley, Earl of.	1. Portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds. 2. Ulysses discovering Achilles in the disguise of a Virgin. 3. Penelope hanging up the bow of Ulysses. 4. Venus meeting Eneas. 5. Hector taking leave of Andromache. 6. Elfrida's interview with King Edgar after her marriage with Athelwood. 7. Rowena presenting a cup to Vortigern. ² 8. A woman in Neapolitan costume. 9. Portrait of herself playing the guitar. 10. Edmund Bastard, Esq., portrait of. 11. Hebe, on copper. A small copy of a large picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Miss Meyer. 12. Crayon copy of the Magdalene, of Correggio.	Bond. Watson. Rylandt. Finished by Bartolozzi for the benefit of Rylandt's widow.

¹ This picture was sold at Messrs. Christie's in 1888.

² 2 to 8 were painted expressly for Saltram, Lord Morley's seat, near Plympton.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Montgomery, Lord. Münster, Bishop of.	Portrait of. 1. The Incarnation. 2. Christ calling the little children to Him.	1800. 1790.
Munich National Portrait Gallery, Neue, Pmatothek.	1. Angelica Kauffmann, portrait of. 2. Christ and the woman of Samaria at the well. 3-10 × 55 inches. 3. Portrait of the Crown Prince of Bavaria in the costume of a Knight of St. Hubert. 4. Portrait of Prince Nicolas Esterhazy. 3 feet high.	
Maughan, Rev. G. M. A., East Kirby Vicarage, Spilsby. ¹	Meeting of Edward IV. with Elizabeth Woodville, when she implores him to restore his lands to her son. 7 × 4½ feet.	
Naples, Capodomonte Gallery.	1. Large family group of the Royal family. 2. Portrait of Ferdinand, King of Naples. 3. Duchess of Corigliano. Historical painting. Portrait of Angelica Kauffmann. ² Family group, lady and three children. ³ Ditto, gentleman and his sons. ³	1783.
Nollekens, R.A.	Mrs. Nollekens, portrait of, as Innocence with Doves.	
Northwick, Lord, Thirlestane House. ³	Cephalus and Pocris with Cupids.	1790.
Paris, the Louvre.	Portrait of the Baroness von Kinder and child.	

¹ Mr. Maughan probably bought the picture at the Bowles-Rushout sale, or it may be a replica of the one painted for George Bowles. See Engravings.

² These three were sold in 1876; the portrait of herself (oval) to Mr. Algernon Graves, of Pall Mall, for £105.

³ The collection at Thirlestane was sold after the death of the last Baron Northwick, in 1825. Cephalus and Pocris was sold to G. B. Smith, commission agent for the American market, for £64.—Art Sales.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Parma, Archduchess of. Panini Count. Pappavafa, Count. Pepper, W., Esq., presumably of Ballygarth, Ireland. Pezzoli, Count. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Gallery.	Portrait of. Achilles discovered by Ulysses in the disguise of a Virgin. Portrait of self and brother. Portrait of self and brother. A Cavalier. 1. Virtue directed by Prudence to withstand the solicitations of Folly. 2. Portrait of herself. Joachim and St. Anne with the Blessed Child. Mary watering a lily for the Holy House of Loretto.	Boydell, 1782, after Scorumodorff.
Pius VI., Pope.	1789. 1. Virgil reading the Eneid to Ottavia, and companion picture of 2. Augustus reading the verses over the death of Marcellus.	
Poland, Stanislaus, King of.	1. Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi, showing her children. 2. Brutus condemning his Son to death. 3. Portrait of the Count in an allegorical picture.	
Poniatowski, Count.	1. Portrait of Lady Caroline Damer. 45 x 47. ¹ 2. Portrait of Lord Milton. 3. Portraits of Duke and Duchess of Dorset. 4. Portrait of Angelica. Two Sopra Portas of 1. Scenes from King Lear, including a fine picture of Cordelia. 2. The death of Rinaldo. Portrait of the Hon. E. Clive. ²	
Portarlington, Earl of.		
Portman, Viscount.		
Powis, Earl of.		
Redshaw, J.	Death of Pocris.	Fielding, 1767.

¹ This portrait exhibited at the R. A. Exhibition, 1878.² Exhibited at the National Portrait Exhibition of 1867.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Rezzinocono, Cardinal Johann Baptista.	Portrait of, as appearing before the Senate.	
Richmond and Gordon, Duke of. At Goodwood.	Mary, wife of 3rd Duke of Richmond. Small full length.	Wynne Ryland.
At Gordon Castle.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Alexander, 4th Duke of Gordon, half length. 2. Jean Maxwell,¹ wife of 4th Duke of Gordon, half length. 3. Venus and Adonis. Copy from Titian. 4. Danæ. Copy from Titian. 5. La Madonna della Seggiola. Copy from Raphael. 6. St. Cecilia (the Cumean Sibyl). Copy from Domenichino. 7. Sybilla Persica. Copy from Guercino. 8. Abraham and Hagar. Copy from Guercino. 9. Joseph and Potiphar's wife. Copy from Guercino. 10. St. Paul rebuking Peter. Copy from Guido. 11. Salome. Copy from Guido. 12. Dido. Copy from Guido. 13. Ulysses and Calypso. 	<p>1772.</p> <p>1772.</p>
Robinson, Doctor, Primate of Armagh.	Portrait of.	
Roth, Cardinal, Prince Bishop of Constanz.	Portrait of.	
Rosebery, Earl of. ²	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Portrait of Lady Northwick and child. Large oval, 50 x 42. 2. La Bergère des Alpes. 3. Gualtherius and Griselda. (Oval.) 4. Cupids at play. (Small ovals, pair.) 	<p>Bartolozzi.</p> <p>Dickenson, 1787.</p>

¹ Exhibited Art Treasures, 1857.² Lord Rosebery bought these pictures at the Bowles-Rushout sale in 1878.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Rosebery, Earl of.	6. Horace and Virgil. (Small ovals, pair.)	
Rome, Academy of St. Luke. Rushout Lady.	7. Lavinia and Palemon. 8. Damon and Musidora. Hope. Birth of Shakespeare. Tomb of Shakespeare, dedicated to Mrs. Montague.	Rylandt. Bartolozzi. Poggi.
Rutland, Duke of, at Belvoir Castle.	The death of the stag. 26 x 36. This picture hangs in the Queen's sitting-room.	
Russia, Count du Nord, afterwards the Emperor Paul I.	1. Leonardo da Vinci expiring in the arms of Francis I. 2. Portrait of the Countess du Nord, afterwards Empress of Russia.	
Russia, Catherine II., Empress.	1. The birth of Servius Tullius. 2. Achilles discovered by Ulysses in the disguise of a Virgin at the court of King Lycomedes. ¹	Scorodomorff. Rylandt.
Rylandt, Wynne.	Cymon and Iphigenia.	G. W. Rylandt, 1782.
Sayer. Schwartzenberg, Church of.	Mirror of Venus. 1. Fresco of the Twelve Apostles, after Piazzetti. 2. Altar piece, the coronation of the Blessed Virgin. 3. Her own portrait in the national dress, bequeathed.	Sayer and Bennett. 1757. 1799.
Seckingen, Fraulein Hochgehorne, Kammer Fraulein, or lady-in-waiting to the ladies of the order of St. Elizabeth.	Portrait of. 3 feet in height, 2½ in width.	Sintzenick.
Schlessingheim Gallery.	Portrait of Louis I., Duke of Bavaria.	

¹ Angelica treated this subject *twice*, making replicas of both. The first, as Achilles discovered disguised as a woman, is much the finest. In the second, painted for the Empress Catherine, Achilles is seated, while one of the daughters of the King Lycomedes, whom he has deceived, is imploring him to remain for the sake of their unborn child.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Scantellbury, Esq.	1. Duchess of Devonshire in a white hat. ¹	
Scott, Sir B.	2. Cupids at play. Euphrosyne disarming Cupid. ² Cupid and Aglaë. ³	
St. Petersburg Academy.	1. Thetis bathing Achilles in the Styx.	
St. Petersburg, the Hermitage.	2. The Monk of Calais and Juliette. (From Sterne's "Sentimental Journey.") 3. The adieux of Abelard and Eloisa.	
Sussex, Duke of.	Portrait of, with his dog.	1797.
Spencer, Earl.	1. Family group, including portraits of John, 2nd baron, with his sisters, Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, and Harriett, Countess of Besborough. ⁴ 2. Margaret, Countess of Lucan. ⁵ 3. Portrait of Angelica. 4. Portrait of Lord and Lady Spencer. Cleopatra and Augustus.	1771.
Sommariva, Herr (of Milan).	Scene from Ossian's poems.	1799.
Solms, Countess of.	Angelica Kauffmann, portrait of.	
Stokes, T., Esq.	Coriolanus going into exile.	Bartolozzi, 1802.
Shepherd, Esq.	Rival arts, Painting and Music.	- <i>Sal. 1808</i> <i>over 1800</i>
Strickland, Mrs., Cokethorpe House.		
Taccone, Marquis of.	Mary, Mother of God, with the child and two angels.	
Taylor, Charles. (See illustrations.)		
Taylor, George, M.P.	Ariadne and Penelope. Pelamon and Lavinia.	

¹ Bought in 1869 from Lord Howard de Walden, for £162.

² and ³ Bought at the Rushout-Bowles sale.

⁴ This portrait is at Althorp, Lord Spencer's seat. It is let into the wall over the chimney-piece. The grouping is excellent. The two ladies are seated in a garden; Lord Spencer is standing.

⁵ Exhibited at the N. P. E., 1867.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Taylor George, M.P.	1. Eurydice. ¹ 2. Cordelia. ² 3. Celadon and Amalia struck by lightning. "From his void embrace, Mysterious Heaven, that moment to the ground, A blackened corpse, was struck the beauteous maid."	Bartolozzi. Bartolozzi. Bartolozzi.
Thornton, G., Esq.	Theseus finding his father's sword and sandals.	Tomkins.
Torre, F. De, Esq.	La Penseroso.	
Townshend, Marquis of.	Portrait of Lady Charlotte Compton, his first wife, with infant. Large family group of the Marquis and eight children.	1771.
Vereker, Colonel, the Hon. C. S.	1. Armida. 2. Venus showing Carthage to Dido.	
Vernon, Sir Edward.	1. Electra and Chrysothemus, from Sophocles. 2. Pileus and Thetis.	Macklin.
Vienna, Belvedere Gallery.	1. Thusmilda receiving Herminius after the battle of Varus. 2. The companion picture of Æneas paying funeral honours to the corpse of Pallas. ³	
Volpato, Giovanni, engraver, Rome.	Portrait of. Portrait of his daughter and daughter-in-law.	
Walch, Herr, Dornbirn, Bregenz.	Portrait of Angelica. ⁴ Portrait of Joseph Kauffmann.	

¹ Exhibited 1824. Sold.

² Both pictures exhibited at Leeds, 1868.

³ These enormous pictures were a commission from the Emperor Joseph II., and on receiving them he wrote to Cardinal Harring, his plenipotentiary at Rome: "As a token of my gratitude I join to this letter a snuff-box and medal which Your Eminence will have the goodness to present to Angelica. I desire you to inform her that the two works are placed in the Imperial collection, for I wish that, as well as myself, all my subjects may admire her talents."

⁴ A writer in the German *Kunstbild* (a magazine on the lines of the *Art Journal*) states, that in making a tour through the Bregenz, he chanced at

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Wadmore, Esq. Waldeck, Prince of.	Cleone drawing. Allegorical painting of the first meeting of Leander with Hero ; the priestess of Venus, surrounded by her vestal virgins, is offering sacrifice to Adonis. Hero is the portrait of Prince Waldeck's affianced bride, who was then in Rome.	
Waldegrave, Earl of.	1. Prince Frederick of Gloucester. 2. Princess Sophia of Gloucester.	
Walker.	1. Virgil asleep. ¹ 2. Horace dreams.	
Watson, George, Esq.	A small head of Laura. ²	
Wells, Esq.	Griselda. ³	
West, Mrs.	Eurydice.	Bartolozzi.
Woodhouse, Esq.	1. Rival sports. 2. Griselda.	Bartolozzi.
Zamoiski.	Large family group.	
Zamoiski.	A handsome child painted as the God of Love.	Porporati.
Zelada, Cardinal.	Nathan reproaching David.	
Zucchi, Family of, Venice.	A Madonna touching a sleeping child and laying a wreath of flowers upon his head. Portraits of Antonio, Guiseppe, and Francesco Zucchi.	
Zurick.	Abbe Winckelmann, portrait of.	

Dornbirn to meet a certain Herr Walch, the drawing-master of the Realschule in the village.

"I was," says the writer, "not a little surprised to find that my acquaintance turns out to be a descendant of Angelica Kauffmann's family, and the heir to her belongings, which, after her death, in 1807, had been brought to Schwarzenberg. Herr Walch has many interesting relics, notably a charming portrait of the artist, also the portrait of her father, together with different works of art and curiosities which she collected in England and elsewhere, and divers presents made to her by friends and admirers." For the purpose of this biography, Joseph Baer, the excellent bookseller at Frankfort, communicated with Herr Walch, but received no reply.

¹ See Grindley.

² Sold at Messrs. Christies', 1823.

³ Sold in 1888 by Messrs. Christies.

SUBJECTS OF PICTURES WHOSE OWNERS ARE UNKNOWN TO COMPILER.

SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
1. Arcadia.	
2. Penelope weeping over the bow of Ulysses.	Delabre.
3. Penelope taking down the bow of Ulysses.	Ryder.
4. Messalina sacrificing to Venus and Cupid before she obtained liberty for the Roman ladies to have several husbands.	Thane Hayward.
5. Andromache weeping over the ashes of Hector.	Burke and Rylandt.
6. A young couple.	Morghen. (Very fine engraving, British Museum.)
7. Alcestis sacrificing her life to save that of her husband.	Kinnigen. (British Museum has a fine engraving proof before letter.)
8. A lady contemplating her own picture.	
9. A group of children.	
10. An English lady and child.	1779.
11. An English lady as Psyche.	
12. Portrait of a lady in an Eastern dress.	1777.
13. Portrait of a lady playing the harp.	1778.
14. Portrait of a gentleman.	1779.
15. Portrait of a lady as a nurse.	1780.
16. Portrait of a group of children as Centaurs.	1788.
17. Portrait of a gentleman.	1755.
18. Portrait of a lady.	
19. A nobleman's children.	1799.
20. A gentleman (full length).	1777.
21. Portrait of a lady in Eastern dress.	1775.
22. Portrait of lady (full length).	1772.
23. Erminia finding Tancred asleep.	

SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
24. Eleanor sucking the poison from the wound of Edward IV., dedicated to the Queen. From Rappius' history.	Parisot and Mlle. Bareuille, Paris, reproduced by W. Rylandt.
25. Achilles lamenting the death of Patroclus.	Rylandt.
26. Venus in her chariot. Designed for a ceiling.	Rose Le Noir, aged 14, daughter to the printseller.
27. The flight of Paris and Helen.	Rylandt.
28. A sacrifice to Pan.	Rylandt.
29. Aristotle requested to sign the ostracism for his own banishment by an illiterate citizen.	W. Dickenson. (A very fine engraving, B. M.)
30. Penelope awakened by Eurydice with the news of the return of Ulysses.	Burke.
31. Winter.	Rylandt.
32. Cupid reposing.	
33. Cleopatra adorning the tomb of Mark Antony.	Burke.
34. Modesty embracing virtuous love.	1780.
35. Madonna and Child.	
36. Andromache fainting at the sight of Æneas.	
37. Paris and Helen directing Cupid to inflame other hearts.	
38. Calypso calling Heaven to witness her affection for Ulysses.	
39. Venus presenting Helen to Paris.	Rylandt.
40. Juno borrowing the Cestus of Venus.	Rylandt.
41. Sylvia overcome by Daphne.	Tomkins.
42. Werter and Charlotte.	
43. Werter.	
44. The power of music.	Hogg.
45. Lady contemplating her lover's picture.	Scoromodoff.
46. Picturesque amusements.	Bettani.
47. Tancred and Clorinda.	
48. Telemachus in Sparta, deploring the misfortunes of his country.	Wynne Rylandt.
49. "L'Amour dort."	
50. Venus crowned by Cupid.	Tomkins.
51. Sappho.	Marcaud.
52. History.	
53. Poetry.	Bartolozzi.
54. Ulysses conducted by Calypso to the forest where he can cut the trees to build his ships.	A. K. J. Zucchi.
55. Postunio, Consul of Rome, examining the Courtesan Ispalia in the presence of his mother, as to the Feasts of Bacchus.	Delabre.

SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
56. Blind man's buff. 57. Conjugal peace. (Two ducks in a basket.) 58. Paris and Enone. 59. Diana and one of her nymphs. 60. Papirius Praxiteles revealing to his mother the supposed secret of the Senate. 61. Practical exercises. 62. Morning amusements. 63. Charlotte. 64. Virtue. 65. The flight of Paris and Helen from the court of Menelaus. 66. Pomona. 67. Cupid and Psyche. 68. The beautiful Rhodope in love with Æsop. 69. Laura. 70. Nymphs awakening Cupid. With a quotation from Horace's "Odes":—"Dorme innocens vix imprime expurge feceris." 71. General Stanwick's daughter. A memorial picture, ¹ very popular in its day, being largely engraved. There were six lines of poetry at the foot of engraving.	Burke. Bartolozzi. Bettani. Stipple engraving by Rose Le Noir. Wynne Rylandt.

¹ The German biographers of Angelica allude constantly to *this picture* as one of her best paintings. So far no trace seems to exist of such a painting, and this would lead to the idea that the popular engraving was taken from her "Etching." See page 362.

ETCHINGS BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

ETCHING is, as everyone knows, a process in which the design is freely drawn on copper with a metal point, afterwards bitten in by a strong acid. This art was much practised by artists in the last century, particularly abroad, where the *peintre graveur* flourished; it, however, fell into disuse, and seemed in danger of being put by as not suitable to the taste of the day. Then came a reaction. Mr. Tuer, in his "Life of Bartolozzi," published some ten years ago, remarked upon the strong indications there were that etching was about to resume its place in public estimation. Since then these indications have developed. Mr. Herkomer and his Society of Artist-etchers have done good work, and have given an impetus to this beautiful art, which it is to be hoped all young artists will once more cultivate.

The thirty-five etchings by Angelica are of great value, first, because she excelled in this branch; secondly, because she never practised it after she left England.

Her earlier productions are very fine. There are several specimens in the collection of engravings after her pictures, to be found in the print room of the British Museum. Many of these were purchased by Boydell Brothers, and reproduced in aquatint, or lavis, to suit the taste of the day. Some of her later etchings were reproduced in mezzotint, or, as the French call it, *à la manière noire*. In all the dictionaries¹ of the *peintre-graveur* of the last century, these thirty-five plates of Angelica's are mentioned with much commendation, and the reproduction by Boydell (where it took place) is set down in the following

¹ Berault, Le Blanc, Hüber, and Rast are amongst the best. Andersen von Weigel gives a catalogue of her etchings; so does Bryant, but an imperfect one.

manner :—*2nd Ed. à la manière de Lavis*,¹ or “lavis” simply with the date of the reproduction. In the catalogue here given this example is followed.

In some of her plates Angelica was assisted by Joseph Zucchi, the engraver (brother to Antonio), and in such cases on the footnote of the engraving or etching appears the words *Eadem and Joseph Zucchi*.

These explanations are given for the advantage of those who, perhaps, have not studied these matters.

SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
1. Susanna surprised by the Elders.	
2. Holy Family, an angel offering flowers to the child Jesus.	
3. Repose in Egypt. (Angel with a dish.)	
4. Marriage of St. Catherine of Sienna, after Correggio.	1770. 2nd lavis, 1781.
5. Venus with the corpse of Adonis on her knees.	1771. 2nd lavis, 1781.
6. Juno with the peacock, right hand resting on the altar.	1770. 2nd lavis, 1781.
7. Hebe, holding a shell in her right hand, a vase in her left, into which she pours nectar for Jupiter, who is in the disguise of an eagle.	1770. 2nd lavis, 1781.
8. Urania measuring the celestial globe.	Eadem and Joseph Zucchi.
9. Simplicity with Doves, after her portrait of Mrs. Nollekens.	
10. Hope. (Large oval.) Figure of a woman with a turban on her head, her arms resting on an anchor.	
11. Rinaldo crowned with flowers by Armida, two knights in the distance.	Reproduced lavis with Bistre.
12. Calypso and Ulysses swearing eternal fidelity.	Eadem and Joseph Zucchi.
13. Sanzio. A bust after Raphael.	
14. Winckelmann seated at his desk preparing to write.	1764. Proof before Letter.

¹ Mezzotint, or *à la manière noire*.

In this process the artist worked upon a grained board, called the cradle. Upon this board the drawing was fixed, and the lights were brought out by means of a sharp instrument called *le grattoir*.

Lavis or aqua-tint are identical. The copper, upon which the design is drawn, is plunged in a bath of water, into which either salt mastic or sand has been mixed. The effect produced resembles Indian ink or bistre.

SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
15. Young man leaning on his left hand.	
16. Bust of a man (three-quarters) holding a stick.	1762. 2nd aquaforte finished 1781 in mezzotint.
17. Bust of a man (in profile). In the left-hand corner the letters A. K.	
18. Man with turban, leaning on books, a pencil in his hand.	
19. Woman, with her arms and feet naked, sitting with her back to spectators on some stones.	1770. 2nd lavis, 1780.
20. De Haarflechterinn (Hair-plaiter).	1765. 2nd lavis, 1780.
21. Woman meditating.	2nd 1781. lavis and Bistre.
22. Woman reading.	
23. Woman with a veil, one end knotted in her hair, the other falling on her shoulder. Both hands support a book, over which her head is bent.	1771. 2nd lavis, 1781.
24. A female figure weeping over a monumental urn. (In memory of General Stanwick's daughter, lost in her passage from Ireland.)	1772.
25. A woman reading from a large book.	
26. A woman (half-length) leaning on her elbow, holding a ribbon.	
27. Bust of a woman, her profile to the right.	
28. Head, in profile, of a young woman.	
29. L'Allegro. (Oval.)	1779. } These are two
30. La Penseroso. (Oval.)	1779. } of her best.
31. Two philosophers.	1765.
32. Bust of an old man.	
33. Study of the head of an old man.	1762.
34. St. Peter rebuking his brother apostle, St. Paul. After Guido's celebrated picture in the Casa Sempière in Bologna. Angelica did this subject three times, in 1772, 1773, and 1776. Joseph Zucchi helped her with the last, and his name is found with hers on the leaf. The one executed in 1772 is the best.	
35. Sappho conversing with Homer. From the original by Antonio Zucchi. ¹	1781. Fadern and Joseph Zucchi.

¹ This was the last etching executed by Angelica in England. Le Blanc says she married "*Homer*," and that she was the model of Sappho.

PICTURES AND DESIGNS ENGRAVED BY BARTOLOZZI.

BARTOLOZZI's engravings hold such a high place in public estimation, that it would seem desirable to append a list of those which he published of Angelica's, as an assistance to collectors. The proofs, especially those in colours, are the most difficult to obtain, and are very beautiful.

There have been several collections made of the Bartolozzi-Angelicas. At the Bowles-Rushout sale a portfolio containing 250 Bartolozzis, many of them proofs before letter, were sold to Smith, the commission agent for the American market.

An album put together some years since by Mr. Hervey,¹ St. James' Street, of Bartolozzi's engravings, contained a number of beautiful ones after Angelica. It was sold at Mr. Sotheran's, in the Strand, for £400, to an American.

Mr. La Touche of Belview, in Wicklow, has a room full of Bartolozzis, amongst them many Angelicas.²

Mr. Tuer has a large collection of prints, and sold some of his Bartolozzi-Angelicas not long ago. The British Museum has a portfolio containing 250 engravings after Angelica (some very fine ones), and three or four valuable proofs before letters. Anyone wishing to know more of this interesting subject should consult Mr. A. Tuer's big book about Bartolozzi.³

The list here given has been compiled in part from his exhaustive catalogues.

¹ After Bartolozzi's death his prints went for a time out of fashion. They could be got for the small sum of sevenpence and a shilling. The Americans raised the price by offering large sums for the collections.

² It is not generally known that Bartolozzi lived for a couple of years in Dublin, and it was owing to the influence of Mr. La Touche and Lord Charlemont that he secured the patronage of the fashionable world of London.

³ Miss Hoare, of Charles Street, had a collection of Angelica-Bartolozzis which have been sold. She has still three or four.

1. Penelope hanging up the bow of Ulysses. From the original in the possession of the Earl of Morley.
2. The Death of Sylvia's Stag. From the original in the possession of Lord Justice Downes.
3. Gualtherius and Griselda, printed in red chalk.¹ From the picture painted for George Bowles, Esq.
4. Cleone, printed in brown.
5. Cordelia, in red chalk.
6. Bacchanalian nymphs.
7. Penelope weeping over the bow of Ulysses. Oval.
8. Calais—the snuff-box. From "Sentimental Journey." In red chalk.
9. Companion ditto. Sterne's Maria and the handkerchief.
10. Innocence. From the portrait of Mrs. Nollekens.
11. Abijah foretelling the death of the son of Jeroboam. From the original painted for G. Bowles.
12. Christ appearing to the Maries. From the original painted for George Bowles, Esq.
13. Dido invoking the Gods.
14. The birth of Shakespeare. (Very fine.) From the original painted for Lady Rushout.
15. Companion oval. The tomb of Shakespeare.
16. Telemachus and Mentor in the Island of Calypso.² From the original painted for George Bowles, Esq.
17. Winter.³
18. Sincerity.⁴
19. Rinaldo and Armida.⁵ From the original painted for George Bowles, Esq.
20. Pomona.
21. The Death of Clorinda and her companion. Proofs in black and brown before letters. Very fine.⁶
22. Louisa Hammond ; or, the miseries of war.⁷
23. L'Allegro.⁸
24. The beautiful Rhodope in love with Æsop. Proofs in brown, very fine. Ditto in red before letters.⁹
25. Coriolanus appeased by his family.¹⁰

¹ The red chalk method was successfully practised in Paris by De Martin, who imitated by this process the chalk studies of Boucher and Vestro. De Martin taught the method to Rylandt, who introduced it into England about the time Bartolozzi arrived, when it became very popular. Everyone raved about these charming red prints. Angelica Kauffmann, then in the zenith of her fame, warmly encouraged this new taste amongst her fashionable patrons ; hence the great number of red chalk engravings after her prettily-conceived designs. "Life of Bartolozzi," by A. Tuer, Esq.

² This was sold at Mr. Tuer's sale for	£	1	14	0
³ and ⁴ were	"	"	"	5 10 0
⁵ and ⁶	"	"	"	5 10 0
⁷ was	"	"	"	3 5 0
⁸	"	"	"	2 2 0
⁹	"	"	"	2 2 0
¹⁰	"	"	"	2 4 0

See Tuer's "Life of Bartolozzi."

26. Venus attired by the Graces.¹ From the original painted for George Bowles.
27. A vestal.
28. The handkerchief. From "Sentimental Journey."
29. History.
30. Paulus Emilius educating his children. Proofs very rare.
31. Diana preparing for the hunt. Oval. Red chalk. Proofs in red and black, very rare.
32. Paris and CEnone engraving their names on the bark of a tree.
33. Zeuxis composing his picture of Juno. Proof most rare and beautiful. From the original painted for George Bowles.
34. The four parts of painting. Invention, Composition, Design, Colouring. (Ovals.)
35. The fine arts; or, les beaux arts. Architecture, Sculpture, Painting.
36. The rainbow in four parts. In dark brown chalk.
37. Socrates in his prison. Oval.
38. Penelope weeping over the bow of Ulysses.
39. Queen Margaret of Anjou and the robber.²
40. Elizabeth Woodville imploring Edward IV. to restore his lands to her son.³
41. Elfrida meeting King Edgar after her marriage with Athelwood. From the original in possession of Lord Morley.³
42. Bergère des Alpes. Proof before letters, rare and beautiful.
43. Religion. Proof beautiful.
44. Horace.
45. Sallocia girl with box.
46. Veillez amants si l'amour dort.
47. Turkish lady at her devotions.
48. Cleopatra persuading Maleagar to defend his country.
49. Corsica.
- 49a. Coclia.
50. Fatima.
51. Liberal fair.
52. Rosalinda.
53. The fair Alsatian.
54. Rural sports. From the original picture in the possession of Mr. Woodhouse.
55. Zobeide, the beautiful Moor.
56. Young girl with bird-cage.
57. Antelope.
58. Diana.
59. Purydice.
60. Female, walking in a wood, comes upon Cupid playing the harp.

¹ This was sold at Mr. Tuer's sale for £6 6s. See Tuer's "Life of Bartolozzi."

² The price asked for an engraving of either of these pictures is from £5 to £10.

³ This had been commenced by the unfortunate Wynne Rylandt, and after his death it was completed by Bartolozzi for the benefit of his widow.

61. Hermione.
62. Nymphs after bathing.
63. Penelope.
64. Venus showing Æneas the way to Carthage.
65. Women, one with lyre.
66. Miranda and Ferdinand.
67. Girl with garlands.
68. Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi. Proof beautiful. From the original painted for George Bowles.
69. Venus and Cupid.
70. Cupid and Aglaë.
71. Cupid sleeping on the lap of a woman, another Cupid standing by.
72. Tancred and Erminia.
73. Virgil.
74. Virgil reading the Æneid.
75. Adoration.
76. Humility. Proofs before letter.
77. Sacrifice to Ceres. 1782.
78. Hope nursing Love.
79. The Passions.
80. The Seasons. A series of four.
81. Tragedy and Comedy.
82. Vanity and Modesty.
83. Daman and Delia.
84. Death of Alcestis.
85. Griselda.
86. Henry and Emma.
87. Apollo and his companion.
88. Emma Corbett.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND FRONTISPIECES BY BARTOLOZZI.

1. A Muse for Scott's Poems.
2. Flora for Thomson's Seasons. Bell's edition.
3. Frontispiece for Churchill's Poems.
4. Felicity, from Collins' Eclogues.
5. Vol. i. The Wanderer. (Savage.)
"Content, from noise and court retires,
And smiling sits, while Muses tune their lyres."
6. Hammond's Elegies, vol. i., page 38.
"And Love could flatter me no more."
7. Mallett's Aristo, vol. ii., chap. 23.
"And close within his grasp was clenched a broken oar."

DRAWINGS TO BE SEEN IN THE PRINT ROOMS, BRITISH MUSEUM.

1. Death of Rinaldo.
2. Una and the lion. Una, a portrait of herself.
3. A girl reading.
4. Portrait of herself.
5. Sketch of a beggar holding out his hand. From the collection of Mr. Payne Knight. Very spirited.
6. Classical design for decoration.
7. Sacrifice to Ceres. Design for a sopra porta.
8. A Bacchante.
9. Paris and Helen with Cupid.

GUIDE TO THE HOUSES DECORATED
BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

[1771—1781.]

To present anything approaching to a complete list of the ceilings, friezes, etc., painted by Angelica during the ten years she undertook this work, would be impossible. In the constant changes which occur in a large city, many of the houses have disappeared, others have fallen into decay, while some, during the benighted period which set in about 1830, and which may be termed the Dark Ages, were deliberately spoiled by their owners, who were genuine iconoclasts so far as art was in question. The fact that Angelica painted these ceilings, not on wood, but on canvas or foolscap which was afterwards put up, made the work easy to remove, and also more liable to the influence of damp or neglect, and in this manner much of her decorations has been lost.

To find out the names of the original owners of the houses she decorated has been a task of some difficulty. Great help has been given by those who possess such houses, either by right of succession or by purchase, and the result has been fairly successful.

I have to thank, in a special manner, for their kind help, Viscount Portman, Dowager Lady Watkins Wynne, the Lady Constance Leslie, Mr. Sketchley of the South

B b

Kensington Museum, Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., Mr. Wright of the Adelphi, and Mr. Müntzer of Dover Street.

I.

THE ADELPHI.

This interesting and now beautiful part of the Strand takes its name from four brothers, Robert, John, James and William Adam, who, in 1765, obtained the lease of the land from Sir Thomas Maupasson for ninety-nine years, and called it the Adelphi, Greek for brothers. Robert and James were architects of repute and men of genius. William, in company with Clarisau, the French artist, and Antonio Zucchi, then a young draughtsman, undertook a journey to Dalmatia, in order that he might perfect himself in the best types of Ancient Art. The result can be seen in the magnificent designs of the houses he built and the exquisite finish of his finials, friezes, panels, etc.

Being natives of Scotland, the brothers Adam were patronized largely by Lord Bute. For this unpopular statesman they built Lansdowne House (Joseph Bonomi furnishing the design), and Caen House,¹ Hampstead. Their nationality, together with their enjoyment of the favour of the hated minister, made them disliked, and when in 1771, in building the Adelphi, they encroached

¹ Caen, or Kenwood House, was decorated by Zucchi, and was bought by Lord Mansfield, in the possession of whose descendant it still remains. Another house built by the brothers for the minister was Luton House.

too far on the rights of the citizens, the inhabitants applied to Parliament for protection, but did not get it. This increased their annoyance. Squibs were freely circulated at the expense of the brothers :—

“ ‘ Four Scotchmen, by the name of Adams,
Who keep their coaches and their madams,
Quoth John, in sulky mood, to Thomas,
‘ Have stole the very river from us ! ’ ”

The Adelphi is a standing memorial of the master hand that designed and built it. Walking through Adam Street and the adjacent streets, anyone with an eye for architectural beauty must be struck with the exquisite symmetry of the designs—notably in Mr. Attenborough's offices—the architraves of the doors of the houses in John Street, and the elegance of the terrace itself, upon which immense care had been bestowed. Most of the ceilings in the principal rooms were decorated by Zucchi,¹ and more than one was the work of Angelica. The chimney-pieces were handsomely carved, and the shutters, door and skirtings had all carved mouldings of very elegant design. Much of this still remains, although the houses suffered considerably through the vicissitudes through which they passed. The speculation of the brothers turned out a failure, the expense of the building and of the arches that were necessary for the foundation was not recouped owing to the difficulty of finding tenants rich enough to pay sufficiently high rents. The houses remained unlet, and gradually fell out of repair. The

¹ Zucchi was an old friend of the Adam Brothers, and had come to London on their invitation. It was he who probably introduced Angelica to the decorative business. Zucchi decorated Caenwood House, Osterley Park, Luton House, Buckingham House, and many others ; he was often assisted by Angelica and her father.

property was heavily mortgaged, and, as time went on, came into the hands of the principal mortgagee, Mr. Drummond, to whom it now belongs. In 1872 the houses subsided, and the attention of the authorities being called to their dangerous state, an order was made to compel immediate repair. They are now in excellent order and all occupied, but in many of them the decorations had to be removed, as the damp and rain coming through the roofs had completely obliterated them.¹ This happened to the ceiling in No. 6, now occupied by the Savage Club. There are decorations to be seen at :—

No. 1a, the residence of the Bishop of Durham, then the Junior Garrick Club, and now belonging to the Christian Police Association. Here the ceiling is good, but the paintings, half-moons in shape, nine in number, representing flying Cupids and Nymphs, are very poor. They are said to be by Angelica, but have great traces of John Joseph.

No. 5, which bears the well-known medallion, "to David Garrick," now belongs to the Society of Naval Architects, and has a very good ceiling with a medallion in the centre and several small ovals. These are said to be the work of Angelica,² and probably some of them are, as she had such a close friendship with Garrick and his wife. The subject of the centre medallion is "Venus attired by the Graces." It is very highly coloured.³

¹ Much information about the terrace was kindly given by Mr. Wright, agent to the estate.

² In "Old and New London" it is distinctly stated that Garrick's house was decorated by Antonio Zucchi.

³ In all decorative work which has been restored, it is hard to distinguish the original colouring, and this applies especially to Angelica's work, which was too delicate to bear the presence of certain mediums and varnishes.

At No. 6, now the home of the Savage Club, underneath the whitewash there was discovered a painted ceiling, said to be by Angelica. It fell to pieces in removing.

At No. 7, now the residence of Mr. D'Oyley Carte, there is a perfect gem of a ceiling, and the work is distinctly Angelica's. It is soft and lovely, and, if restored, has been most judiciously done. The subject is one often repeated by her—"Aglæ, one of the Graces, bound to a tree by Cupid."¹ There are fifteen small ovals. Mr. Carte may consider himself very fortunate in possessing such a piece of work.

On the other side of the Police Institute, in the Adelphi Hotel, there is a ceiling with three plaques; the paintings require cleaning to enable one to discern the subjects. The ceiling has been divided. It is probable that in its first condition this house, and the one formerly occupied by the Junior Garrick, were one, and may have been the residence of the brothers, which is the tradition. On the other hand, it would seem unlikely that those artistic minds would have such inferior work.

No. 9, John Street, Adelphi.² Antonio Zucchi's house, which he bequeathed to his nephews. A good house with a good deal of Adams' work on the staircase and doors; one of the rooms has a nice ceiling let in with faint blue here and there, and a medallion with three figures in the centre. The figures are of Grecian pattern in stucco, and are probably the work of Bonomi. They are well designed. There is a tradition that Ange-

¹ From Metastasio.

² Now occupied by different professional gentlemen. The ceiling is in the possession of Messrs. Reid & Perry. Zucchi got 90*l.* a year for this house.

lica painted some decorations for Zucchi's house. If this ceiling represents her labour of love, it did not cost her much trouble.

Just opposite Zucchi's house in John Street is the Society of Arts, what was once the Society of Incorporated Artists, who removed from Spring Gardens to the Adelphi in 1774.

After the failure of the proposal to decorate St. Paul's, it was suggested that the principal artists of the Royal Academy should be invited to contribute each a painting to decorate the Great Hall of meeting or Council Chamber of the Society. There were to be eight historical and allegorical subjects; Reynolds, Cipriani, West, Dance, Barry, Romney, and Angelica Kauffmann were named. The idea, however, fell to the ground in 1777; three years later Barry offered to decorate single-handed the Council room. He had sixteen shillings in his pocket when he made the offer. He accomplished his work, and anyone visiting the Society's rooms can see his seven enormous canvases.

II.

22, PORTMAN SQUARE, THE RESIDENCE OF VISCOUNT PORTMAN.

This noble mansion, designed by Bonomi, built by Adams, decorated by Angelica, Zucchi, and Cipriani, was the wonder of the day in which Mrs. Montague, *née* Robinson, lived. Miss Burney, in her pleasant Memoirs, tells of how that lady, of whom the clever little authoress

stood considerably in awe, invited the Streatham party to come and see her new house, where Angelica was at work.

Horace Walpole, who disliked the Montague and her blue-stocking friends quite as much as does now-a-days Mr. Gladstone the Women Suffragees, writing to Sir Horace Mann, says, "On Tuesday with the Harcourts to Mrs. Montague's new palace, and was much surprised to find no vagaries, but a simple noble edifice, magnificent, yet no gilding. It is grand, not tawdry, not larded, embroidered and pomponned with *shreds* and *remnants* and *clinqant* like the harlequinades of Adam, which never let the eye repose one instant."¹

That there is wonderful harmony and a dignified repose in Montague House is certain; but a lack of gilding is not its predominant feature: on the contrary, its gilded walls and ceilings have always been famous. We must therefore conclude the critic of Strawberry Hill visited it before it had received all its trappings; neither does he make any mention of the Feather Room, to which Mrs. Montague's friends in all countries contributed. Cowper alludes to this eccentric chamber in the well-known lines:—

"The birds put off their every hue,
To dress a room for Montague."

After a time the congregation of moths became so numerous, that the gay plumage had to be stripped from the walls.

¹ Again he says, "Dined at Mrs. Montague's. When I came home I recollected that although I thought it so magnificent, there was not a morsel of gilding." This was in 1782.

Lord Portman, upon whose property the house was built, has lately made Montague House his residence, and the improvements done by him are most judicious, including the portico, which looks as if it had formed part and parcel of the original house.

Inside it is purely Georgian, the medallions and entablatures being thorough Adamesque, if we may so call them. The ball-room, a superb room, has a highly decorated ceiling with three large oval paintings representing Olympus. The subject of the centre is Venus borrowing the Cestus of Juno. The friezes round the room, which are in stucco, reproduce Venus in her chariot drawn by Cupids. Lord Portman does not count the ceiling as the work of Angelica. "The paintings in the reception-room," he says, writing to the compiler, "are by Angelica Kauffmann. Most of the decorations in the ball-room on ceiling are by Bonomi,¹ date 1791." If we accept the date as correct, there can be no doubt that they could not be Angelica's work, as she was no longer residing in England; in addition to which there is a certain Italian touch and brightness of the colouring unlike her. At the same time, we have Miss Burney's testimony that Angelica was decorating the house in 1781, and, moreover, it is certain that Bonomi was no colourist, but an architect and teacher of perspective. It is probable, taking into account Walpole's remarks, that

¹ Joseph Bonomi came to England in 1767, on the invitation of the Brothers Adam. He was chiefly employed as architect by noblemen and gentlemen. He designed the Duke of Argyll's villa at Rosneath, the saloon at Mrs. Montague's house in Portman Square, the library at Lansdowne House, and the gallery at Townly Hall for the reception of the marbles now in the British Museum. He was elected R.A. 1804, and died 1808. His son Joseph, who was curator of the Soane Museum, died 1878.

the gilding was an addition, and that at the same time some portions of the ceiling may have been painted by Cipriani,¹ which would account for the Italian colouring, which is very unlike Angelica's. There is a fine marble chimney-piece in this room, and the skirtings are all of the purest Italian marble.

In the reception-room there are six sopra-portas by Angelica on each side of the wall, matching exactly in shape a large one in the middle and a smaller on each side. The subjects are taken from Shakespeare's plays, King Lear especially. There is Cordelia's corpse carried on a bier ; a good picture. The others are somewhat poor, and it is a pity they should be framed, as it spoils the effect ; particularly on the side of the room where the door is they would look better let into the wall as panels.

III.

STRATFORD PLACE, SIR JOHN LESLIE'S HOUSE.

Few persons hurrying along the busy thoroughfare of Oxford Street have leisure to give more than a passing glance at this old-fashioned place, which stands back, as it were, with the quiet dignity of age, from the bustle and tumult of the new world which now surrounds it, and which is out of tune with its past.

¹ Cipriani, the intimate friend of Bartolozzi, whose fellow-countryman he was. They were like twin brothers. Cipriani was remarkable for the elegance of his groups and the grace of his contours.

Stratford Place was built in 1771 by the Brothers Adam, and Stratford House, with its noble frontage, was the residence of an Irish peer, O'Neale Stratford, Viscount Aldborough.¹ The viscount was a *dilettante* nobleman of the Charlemont and Powerscourt type, the viscountess being quite as eccentric as her contemporary, Lady Burlington, with the result that the extravagances of both husband and wife left a legacy of debt to the heirs, which necessitated parting with Stratford House, while the old family residence near Dublin was first converted into barracks, and has now sunk to being a tenement house of the most ruinous description.²

Sir John Leslie, of Glasslough, is the present owner of Stratford House, and in his hands the beauties contained in it are well cared for. There is a fine staircase with the Adam cornices and finials. The ceilings are in Angelica's best manner. In the Cupid drawing-room, "the Paphian Boy" is to be seen in every mood and shape, truly painted by the "pencil of fascination." In the dining-room we find another ceiling with the subject so well known, and which Angelica so much liked, that of Aglaë bound by Cupid and the Nymphs to a laurel tree.

There are other houses of interest in Stratford Place. Cosway, the macaroni artist, removed in 1792 from Pall Mall to the corner house, No. 1. It can be known by the lion on top. Hardly was he established, when a

¹ Hence the name Stratford Place.

² It is a most weird-looking old house, degradation written upon its neglected walls. But up to quite recently it contained some fine chimney-pieces by Wedgwood, and carvings, which have been sold to English dealers.

pasquinade, attributed to the malicious Peter Pindar, was affixed outside :—

“ When a man to a fair for a show brings a lion,
 ’Tis usual a monkey the signpost to tie on.
 But here the old custom reversed is seen,
 For the lion’s without and the monkey’s within.”

Cosway, who was as sensitive as he was vain, was so annoyed at this sorry jest, that he moved to the opposite side, and lived and died in No. 20.¹ It has been always said that in his house there was a beautiful ceiling by Angelica Kauffmann; but this seems improbable, as in 1792 she had been living many years in Rome. She may have painted one for him either in his house in Pall Mall or Berkeley Street.

IV.

SOHO SQUARE, LORD FAUCONBERG’S HOUSE.

(*Now a portion of Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell’s Warehouse.*)

One of the charms of London is the quaint little squares set apart in the midst of the busy capital, and reminding one in their quietude and almost desolation of some grey, joyless lives, who have no share in what is going on around them. Silent as it is now, Soho Square was in Angelica’s day a centre of gaiety and dissipation,

¹ His end was sad. His daughter’s death, together with his adoption of Swedenborg’s fantastic creed, unhinged his mind. He kept his child’s coffin in the drawing-room for months, and indulged in all manner of extravagance.

for here lived Mrs. Cornelys, called in her time the modern Heidegger. To her and her famous rooms was attributable the ruin of many a promising youth and maiden.

Another celebrated place of fashionable dissipation was the White House, situated on the opposite side of the Square from Mrs. Cornelys', where Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell's premises now stand. The White House was frequented by such well-known personages as the Marquis of Queensberry, familiarly called Old Q, the Marquis of Hertford, and the Prince of Wales. The different apartments were known as the silver, the bronze, and the gold rooms, the painted chamber and the grotto.

Next door to this White House was the residence of Lord Fanconberg. It is now incorporated with Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell's buildings, and in it the sale of the pickles is carried on. In one of the upper rooms a painted ceiling was found in a dilapidated and neglected condition. It fortunately fell into the hands of the head of the firm, who, finding it was painted on canvas, had it carefully removed, restored, and conveyed to his own residence, The Cedars, near Pinner. The four ovals of the ceiling have been framed, and hang in the hall as pictures. There is a slight coarseness about them, for as a natural consequence, work intended to be seen from a distance is never so highly finished. There is Cupid and the nymph Euphrosyne,¹ Angelica and Urania with the Celestial Globe, and a larger picture, the subject of which it is hard to make out, but it is much the best, the nymphs carrying garlands being graceful and well

¹ Angelica was fond of introducing herself into an allegorical picture as a nymph, muse, or sibyl.

coloured. It is intended to represent some sort of sacrifice, probably Messilina's, but it is not the same in all particulars as the picture of the same subject engraved by Burke.

V.

12, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LORD WYNFORD'S HOUSE.

This house has changed hands several times. It was built for Lady Charlotte Grenville, sister to the third Duke of Buckingham, afterwards wife to Sir Watkins Wynne. Apparently it was a present from her brother, but before it was completed he (being an irascible man) fell out with architects and builders, and it was never occupied either by him or Lady Charlotte. Early in this century it came into the possession of Sir Henry Bulwer Lytton, afterwards Earl Lytton. The author of "The Last Days of Pompeii" seems to have shared the opinion of Horace Walpole as to the "Adams harlequinade," for he had the elegant mouldings, friezes, cornices, all disguised in dull Pompeiian colours, one room being called the Pompeiian room. After the earl's death, about twenty years ago, the present owner bought it, and with commendable good taste abolished the relics of Herculaneum and restored the Georgian character of the house. There is, however, a superabundance of gilding. Fortunately each reformer spared Angelica's ceilings, which are exquisite in the softness of colour and delicacy of treatment. The large ovals represent in

the front drawing-room, Venus attired by the Graces, in the back room, Apollo playing the lyre to his companions; while the smaller ovals, charming little gems, present the most enchanting Cupids and graceful Nymphs.

In an inner room on the same floor there are two sopra-portas, also by our artist, as fresh as if done yesterday, in which the favourite Chariot of Venus reappears, drawn by the most enticing Cupids.

There is also a painting by Angelica, the subject unknown, of an allegorical character.

VI.

39, BERKELEY SQUARE.

This house, which has recently been sold by Lord Downe to Mrs. Hartmann, is a thoroughly sound specimen of the Georgian era. It was built by Adams, and some of his best work is here. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the ornamentation on the friezes, enriched with motley masks and strange devices of all kinds, and the well-known Adams' "Fillings," as they are called. So too with the ceilings, two of which are octagon in shape and wonderful in elegance of design and ornament. Doors, mouldings, cornices likewise, are in excellent taste and are made for use as well as for ornament.

Like most houses of the last century, 39 has had its vicissitudes. In the "dark ages" the hand of the spoiler

was busy destroying all of beauty, and replacing it by the tasteless improvements then in fashion. In this way the elegant mouldings were disfigured by coat upon coat of paint, until the original design became utterly lost,¹ while other malpractices were used in regard to friezes and ceilings. No. 39 has now, however, come into good hands, and the work of restoration will be complete. It is somewhat to be regretted that in the beautifully panelled library, or reception-room, the old style is to be replaced by a Louis XVI. decoration. The white octagon morning-room and the octagon drawing-room are specially noticeable; the first has a pure Adams ceiling, beautiful in its design; the second is a splendid piece of work, the panels (ovals) being painted by Angelica most exquisitely. They are soft in colour, graceful and harmonious in grouping, and excellently restored. The centre oval (through which some Goth had run a gas-pipe !) represents the nymph Euphrosyne disarming Cupid; the smaller ovals, which are interspersed between the ornamentation of the ceiling, present a series of Nymphs and Cupids: the whole thing is a feast to the eye as a work of art.

The chimney-pieces cannot be passed over without a word of admiration. They are the work of Wedgwood

¹ This painting over of ornamentations was very common from 1830, at which period the "dark ages" began. In this instance the wood has had to be scraped and pickled down to get at the original design, which was concealed by layers of paint. It is a fact that in many houses of the Georgian era the beautiful Adam doors have been taken off and thrown into a stable, and the Wedgwood chimney-pieces replaced by marble or velvet-covered mantel-boards. So, too, with old panellings and surbasses; and in many instances ceilings have been painted over or gilt, and gas-pipes run through the centre plaques.

with all the elegance of shape and design, and with the coloured flutings, which is his characteristic.

This house when finished will be a rare treat to those who understand and reverence such relics of the days when art was present in every finial, cornice and moulding, and when the *true* principle was observed of making everything for use as well as for ornament. That principle is now utterly neglected. Hence the reproduction of the Adams or Inigo Jones ornamentations are failures.

VII.

THE ARTS CLUB, HANOVER SQUARE.

Hanover Square and its surroundings form an interesting region peopled by many recollections, as of the old Hanover Square rooms, once the great musical centre, where Bach led the orchestra and George III. loved to come and listen. Fashionable concerts were given even so lately as ten or fifteen years ago, although the rooms were then getting into the sear and yellow condition, and marked down for sale.¹ Opposite to the Hanover Square rooms is the Arts Club, established in 1873. The house is an old one; there is a good deal of panelling, and a general air of having a history, but so far what its story is has not been ascertained. The Square is out of fashion, and its fine houses are mostly clubs, or belonging to professional men; but in Angelica's day, several of the

¹ The old house has been converted into a club. There is a beautiful ceiling painted by Cipriani.

nobility lived there. At 23 her first royal patroness, the Duchess of Brunswick, lived for many years, and died there. In the Arts Club we find two ceilings, one painted by Angelica is an oval representing "Aurora" after Guido.¹ It is well painted, the colouring good. In the other room, which is a very delightful sort of library, or reading-room, the ceiling is an olla podrida of styles and hands, in which anyone conversant with John Joseph can recognize his touch. Zucchi is also present, and if Angelica did have a share, and doubtless she had, it must be said she is not much better than the others. Still, the effect is good; the varnish is high, and the whole thing recalls forcibly an old art, once much practised, of transferring prints to tables, etc., which is now utterly forgotten, but which can be seen still in some old houses of the last century.

VIII.

ARLINGTON HOUSE, 23, ARLINGTON STREET.

When this fine old house was taken down some few years ago, it was discovered that the drawing-room ceiling had been whitened over *to conceal* a painting by Angelica. The present Lord Walsingham, finding it was on canvas, had it carefully removed, and it is presumably

¹ This subject was evidently the inspiration of Angelica's picture of Venus drawn in her Chariot by Cupids, which had a great success, and was engraved both by Marcaud and Rose Le Noir.

at his country seat ; but as he is at the time of writing abroad, there is no means of obtaining information about the painting.

IX.

FULWELL PARK, TWICKENHAM, THE RESIDENCE OF THE
DOWAGER LADY FREAKE.

Here are four ovals by Angelica, which formed part of a ceiling in Lord Derby's residence in Grosvenor Square, but which were carefully removed and restored by their present owner. They are in excellent preservation.

X.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, THE DOWAGER LADY WATKINS
WYNNE'S HOUSE, No. 20.

There are many reminiscences called up when we enter the precincts of this stately square, with its grand ducal mansions representing the houses of Norfolk, Marlborough, Cleveland. Here, round and round through the long hours (fortunately) of a summer's night, walked Johnson and Savage, both homeless and hungry, but by no means depressed. In connection with the Square, Johnson was fond of repeating the following lines :—

“ When the Duke of Leeds shall married be
To a fine young lady of quality ;
How happy will that gentlewoman be
In his Grace of Leeds' good company !

She shall have all that's fine and fair,
And the best of silks and satins shall wear,
And ride in a coach to take the air,
And have a house in St. James's Square."

Here, too, on another June night, when a ball was going on at Mrs. Boehm's, came rushing up at tearing speed Major Percy, with the news of the battle of Waterloo. What a scene was there ! how the ball was interrupted—how Major Percy told his tale—what grief and distraction it brought to many who had been laughing only a moment before. It was a dearly-bought victory to these. Mrs. Boehm's house was on the south side, so was Lord Radnor's, elegantly decorated by the French artist, La Guerre.

Lady Watkins Wynne's house is one of the finest specimens of Adams' work in London. Every cornice and curve has its use, each medallion is elegant in design, all the ornamentations and mouldings are graceful and to the purpose. Curiously enough, Lady Charlotte Grenville, for whose use, 12, Grosvenor Square was built and decorated, was the first occupier of No. 20, she having married Sir Watkins Wynne in 1771, about the date of the house. The ceiling of the dining-room, which is altogether Adams in design, is enlivened by ovals painted on *foolscap paper* by Angelica,¹ and allegorical in subjects. The centre one represents the story of Alexander resigning his mistress Campaspe to Apollo. It is very beautiful, being soft in colour and the design good.² The smaller ovals represent the fine arts. There

¹ This was discovered when the ceiling had to be repaired.

² The height of the Adams ceilings were, as a rule, very favourable to Angelica's work, as the distance at which the spectator is conceals any deficiency in the outlines.

are about fifteen. The sopra-porta represents a sacrifice to the God Pan.¹

In a smaller room on the same floor there is a delicious ceiling painted in monochrome, also by Angelica; the subjects are not her usual designs, although Cupid figures very largely; it would seem to be a history of the little god, to whom she always seems to have had a particular attraction.

We now go up the magnificent staircase, and passing through the spacious vestibule (Adams never stinted space on landings), we enter the large drawing-room, or ball-room, where the splendour of the carved ceiling and musical character of the decoration takes one's breath away. Every portion of its spacious arches are covered with ornamentation in different styles, but all blending harmoniously. To do it justice by description is impossible, and even a photograph would give little idea of its beauty. There are six panels, allegorical subjects, long, not oval in shape; the remaining spaces being filled in with Egyptian scrolls and quaint devices.

Mr. Müntzer of Dover Street, who accompanied the writer on a visit to the house, said that when the ceiling was restored and repaired not long since, he had a close inspection of the work, and that it was evidently by different hands, the panels being far superior to the scrolls, figures and ornamentations. Most probably Zucchi and John Joseph assisted Angelica. The panels present many of her favourite subjects, The Chariot of

¹ In this room there are likewise two portraits by Nathaniel Dance. They are good paintings of female subjects; both of them are like Angelica. Like Romney and Lady Hamilton, he could not keep the face of the woman he loved out of his pictures.

Venus, Nymphs and Shepherdesses. There are two which it does not appear she ever treated before, one is that of Aphrodite rising from the sea ; and from this circumstance and the peculiar colour of the blue backgrounds, might be formed the conclusion that Cipriani, who often worked for the Adams, had some hand in the ceiling.

In this room the panels of the doors (which are of singular beauty)¹ are also painted. This work, which unfortunately is so close to the eye, is most unworthy of its surroundings. It is certainly not by Angelica, Cipriani, or even Zucchi ; or if it were originally done by either of these artists, it had got blurred, and in the effort to restore it has been altogether defaced, especially the nymphs, who hang their limbs in a purposeless sort of manner. The chimney-piece of white marble is splendid, the centre being from a design of Angelica's.

It is pleasant to think this fine old house is so valued by its owner, and kept in excellent preservation.

XI.

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE, REGENT'S PARK. MR. WALTER GILBEY'S HOUSE.

Here there are two beautiful chimney-pieces, the frontispieces painted by Angelica. The one in the second drawing-room is the best ; it represents Una and the lion. Una is a portrait of the artist. Mr. Gilbey has

¹ To reproduce such doors would cost 150*l*.

also a most interesting relic, a clavichord, the plaques of which are admirably painted by Angelica.

Some of the pieces of furniture supposed to be painted by either Angelica, Cipriani or Cosway, are simply modern work, as is often the case with the so-called Sheraton and Chippendale furniture, of which a large manufacture goes on at Birmingham and elsewhere.¹ Some people, however, are fortunate enough in possessing the real thing, and Mr. Gilbey's clavichord is a genuine antique.

Lord Portarlington possesses at Emo Park a table painted by Angelica for his ancestor, Lord Milton. Lord James Butler has a small cabinet, so has Lord Spencer ; and many more of such genuine relics are to be found.

XII.

OSTERLEY PARK, THE SEAT OF LORD JERSEY, NEAR BRENTHAM, MIDDLESEX.

Decorated principally by Zucchi in 1781, assisted by Angelica, and probably by her father.

Waagen says one apartment was entirely embellished by him, and in another room the frieze was the work of Angelica.

Taylor says, "The chamber decorations at Osterley

¹ Mr. Phillips, of Bond Street, says that hardly a week passed without pieces of furniture being brought to him for sale, supposed to be painted by some of the well-known artists of the last century ; Angelica being the favourite, probably because she was the more easily imitated.

are very inferior art. A series of views in Tempora. Another apartment of this great house was decorated in body colour by Angelica Kauffmann.

XIII.

LUTON HOUSE, OR LUTON HOO.¹

Rebuilt by the brothers Adam for Lord Bute, and partially burned down in 1843. It was decorated by Zucchi and Angelica. There still remains a chimney-piece of her design from the *Tempest*—Ferdinand and Miranda.

XIV.

BELVEDERE, NEAR ERITH, THE SEAT OF SIR CULLING EARDLEY.

Waagen says the dining room at Belvedere is decorated with thirteen pictures by Angelica Kauffmann, let into the walls, which, by their pleasing composition and cheerful colouring, have an agreeable effect.

XV.

At a house in Liverpool a ceiling painted by Angelica, subject, Selim addressing the Persian nymphs, was disposed of quite recently by private sale.

¹ Luton Hoo now belongs to Monsieur and Mdme. de Falbe.

IRELAND.

Rathfarnham Castle, near Dublin, formerly Lord Ely's, now in the possession of Mr. Blackburne; Lord Meath's house, now the Church Temporalities, Dublin; Lord James Butler's house, 18, Rutland Square, Dublin, formerly belonging to David La Touche, Esq.; Dr. Mahaffy's house, North Great George's Street, Dublin, have all ceilings and panels painted by Angelica during her visit to Ireland. For description of these, see Chapter VI.

This is all of her work that can be traced in Ireland, but doubtless there was much more which through neglect got injured or was painted over.

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